The Saturday Evening
POST
May 12, 1956 – 15¢

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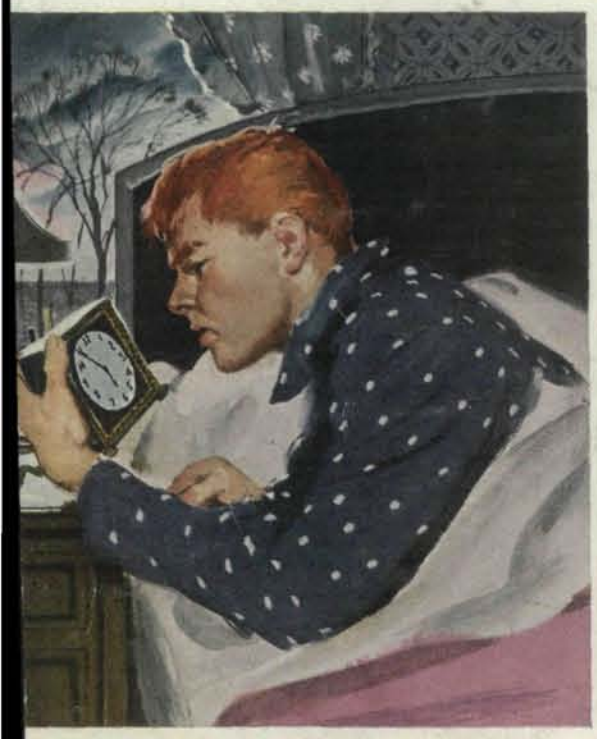
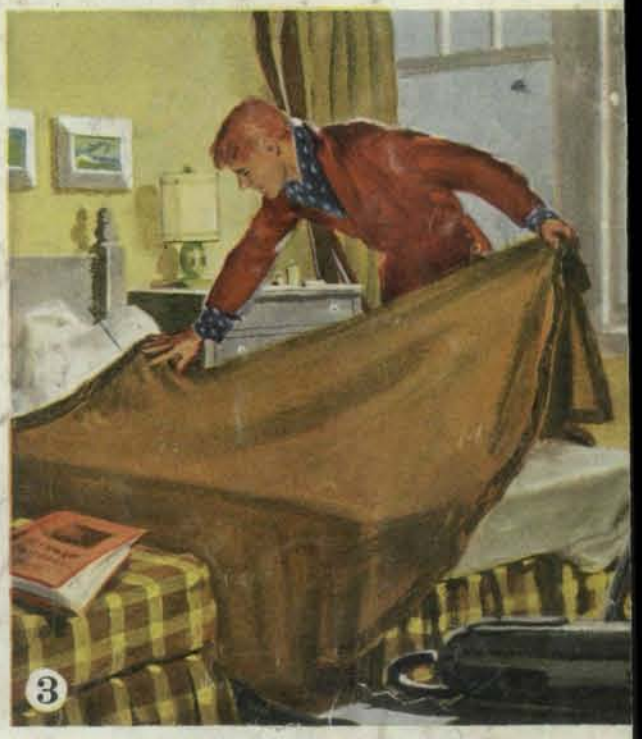
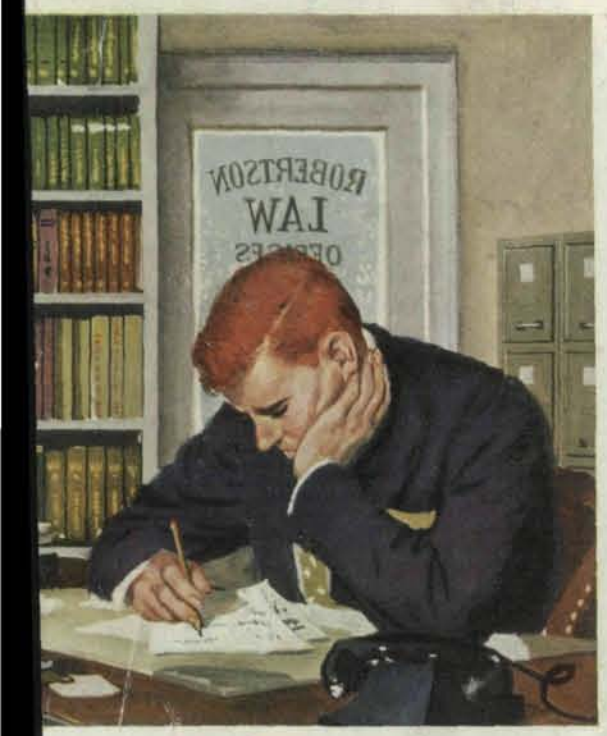
The Things Marilyn Monroe Says About Herself

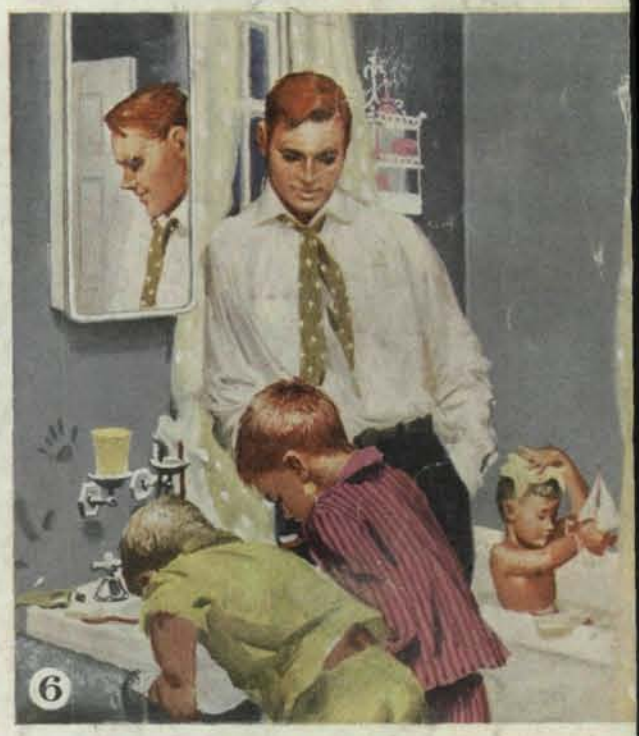
By PETE MARTIN

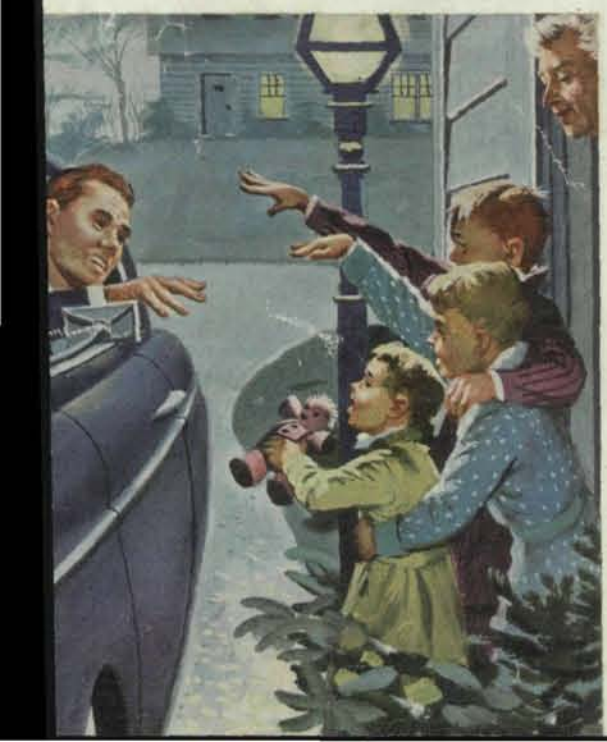
WHITEY FORD OF THE YANKEES

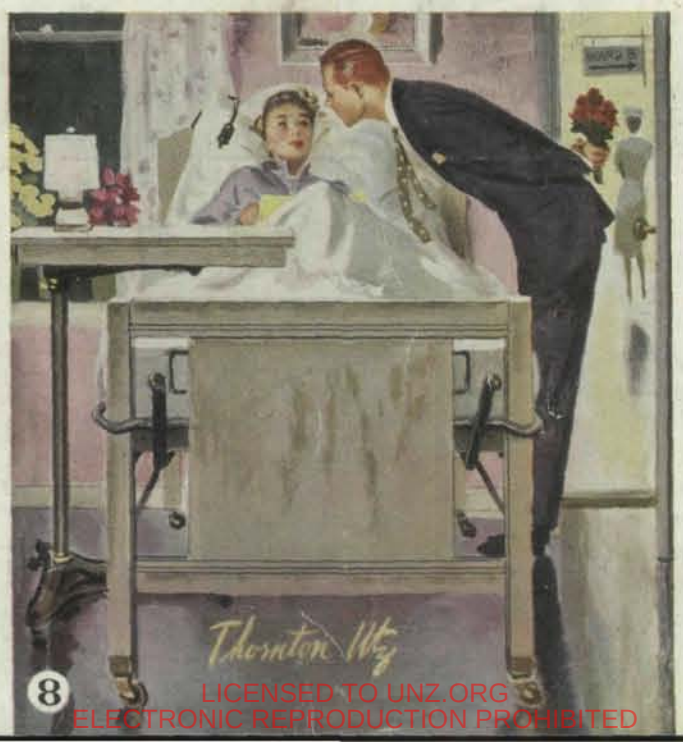












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Floor is Armstrong Town House* Inlaid Linoleum, Newport Style No. 1720.

a smart girl lives here

The woman who planned this kitchen didn't miss a trick. She knew she was going to spend more of her day here than anywhere else in her home—so she made it as light and airy as could be and gave it the finishing touch of elegance with a black-and-white floor of Armstrong Town House Inlaid Linoleum—the very latest in Armstrong Floors. Look at the life and distinction it gives this room. And how this floor eases her housework! A quick once-over with a damp mop will remove children's muddy footprints, an upset glass of milk—almost anything—from the smooth, greaseproof surface of Armstrong Linoleum. Dirt and dust can't hide away in cracks, either—for there aren't any cracks to hide in. Ask your flooring dealer to show you the many smart up-to-the-minute styles and lovely colors in Armstrong Town House Linoleum—the modern fashion in floors.

Send for new free book, "Decorating Ideas for Today's Living." Description of this lovely kitchen and list of furnishings are enclosed. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5605 Madison St., Lancaster, Penna.

*Trade-mark.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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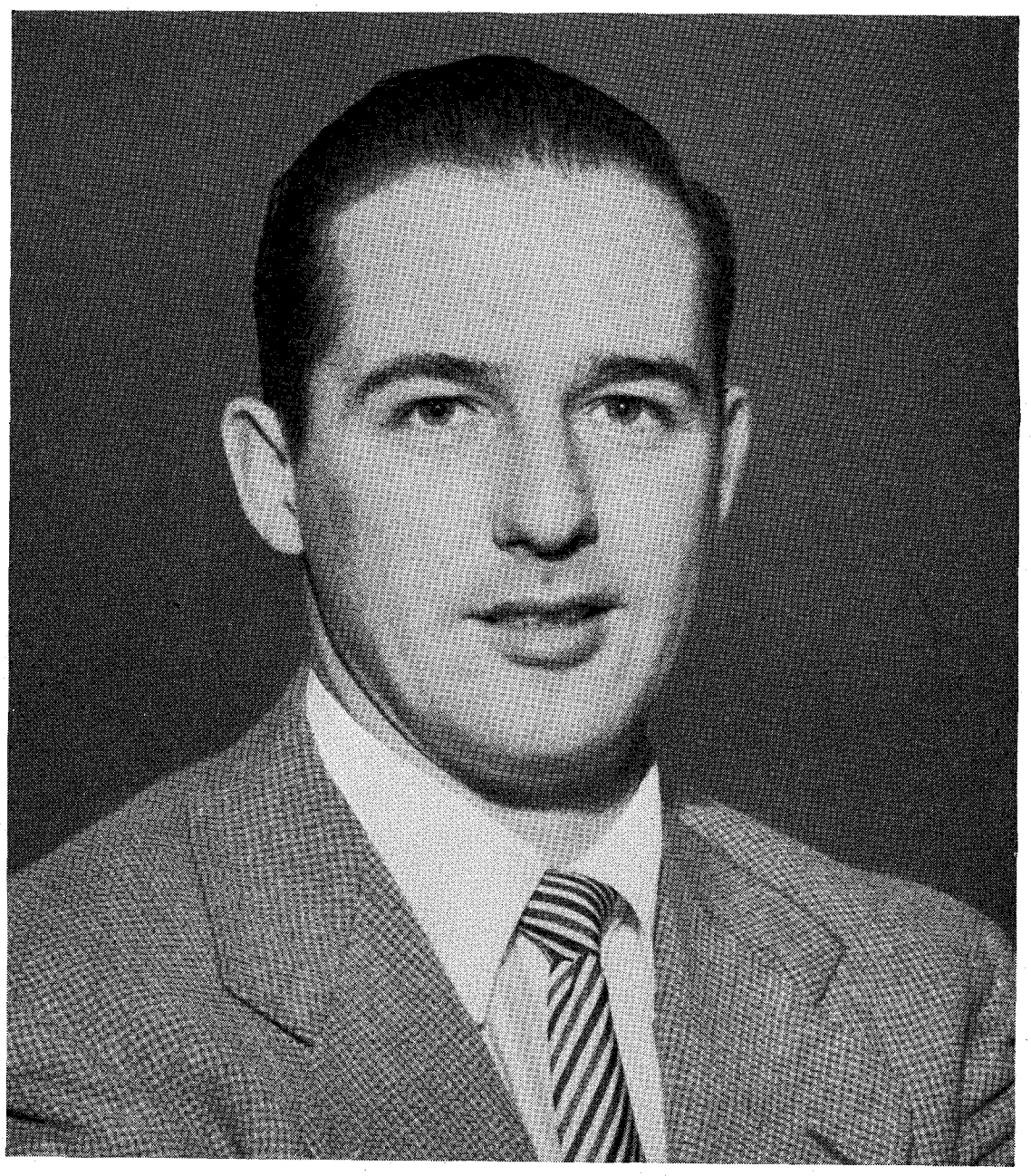
Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.

RESCUE AT HAND. Telephone man fights his way through swirling waters to bring marooned cottagers to safety during hurricane.

HELPING HANDS — *The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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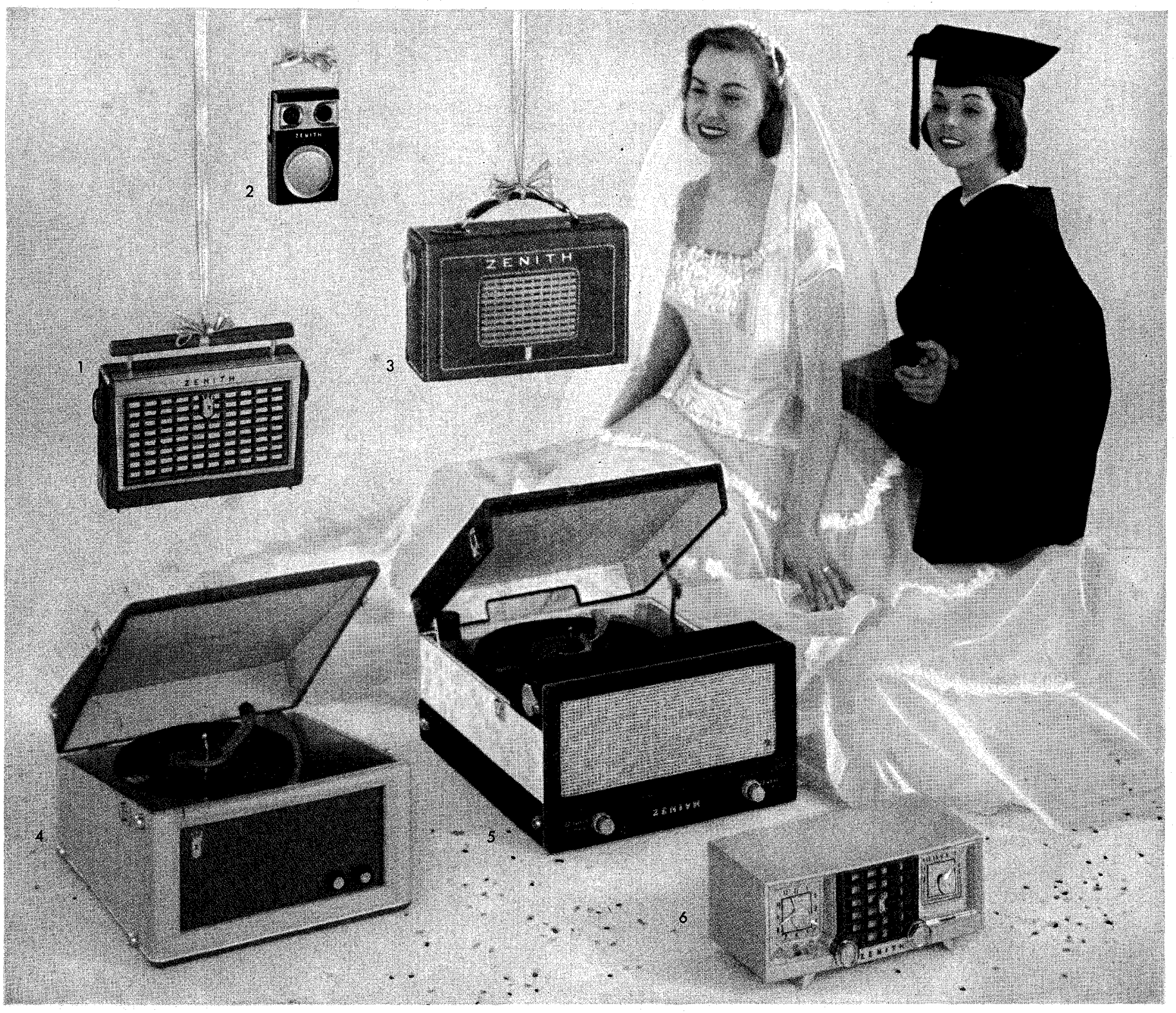
Why give someone you love anything less than a Zenith?



Zenith assures better tone, better styling, far better performance!

LET Zenith quality say "Best Wishes" for you, for Zenith has a 37-year reputation for giving unmatched pleasure at incredibly low upkeep!

In Portable Radios *alone*, Zenith has *all* these great features: the Wavemagnet® antenna which increases signal reception sensitivity up to 25 per cent; the Zenith Long Distance AM Chassis which pulls in far-away stations; the Zenith-quality speaker with mighty Alnico-5 magnets for richer tone, and the new slim *unbreakable* case!

In Phonographs, High Fidelity and Clock Radios, Zenith's exclusive *quality* features assure top performance...always. No wonder so many people are giving a Zenith this June. They know they're giving the *quality* gift...that gives the *most!*

ZENITH'S NEW PRESIDENTIAL PORTABLES! POWERFUL! TRIM-LINE STYLING! UNBREAKABLE CASES!

1. NEW! Handle-Antenna Boosts Reception!
The Carnival plays on AC-DC or battery. Colors: Garnet Red, Ebony, Sorrento Green. One year warranty against case breakage! Model **Z402**, $34.95*...Model **Z400**, The Frolic (not illustrated) in colors of Tangerine, Cuban Sand, or Charcoal Blue, only $29.95*.

2. NEW! Pocket Radio Defies Comparison!
The Royal "500" has 7 transistors, no tubes! Up to 15 times more volume than radios of equivalent size. Uses mercury batteries (up to 400 hours), or easy-to-get penlite batteries. Functions as car radio, too! Earphone Jack. Black **(500Y);** Maroon **(500R).** $75.00*.

3. NEW! Pulls in Weak, Far-Away Stations!
The Holiday is the most powerful Standard Broadcast Portable radio featuring Zenith's Long Distance AM Chassis. AC-DC or battery. Battery Saver Switch. Beautifully tooled, top cowhide case. 7⅜" high, 11⅛" wide, 3¹¹⁄₁₆" deep. Weight: 6 lbs., 5 oz. **Y506L.** $49.95*.

ZENITH GIVES FINEST TONE IN CLOCK RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, HIGH FIDELITY!

4. NEW! Automatic Portable Phonograph!
The Largo features a 4-speed, Zenith quality automatic Record Changer. Automatic Intermix and Shut Off. Dual needle cartridge. Front-mounted speaker beams sound forward. Trim, two-tone Brown cabinet. **YP-8L.** $69.95*.

5. NEW! 3-Speaker Portable High Fidelity!
The Grieg has 3 speakers, 4 speeds, and is fully automatic. High Fidelity amplifier. Zenith Custom-Matic Record Changer. Beautiful Black-and-White cabinet, or Mahogany color with silver-color flecks. **HFY-10.** $99.95*.

6. NEW! Beautiful Colors in Clock Radios!
The Super Clock Radio has the famous Zenith Wavemagnet® Antenna, Radio Control Switch, Set Alarm Button, and many other Zenith quality features. Dazzling array of color combinations. **Y519.** As low as $39.95*.

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THE COVER

Panel 1: How time flies. P. 2: Wherein Mr. Robertson is Mrs. Robertson. The kidlets are clothed, toothbrushed and tomato-juiced, and papa will now inadvertently bust the yolks of some fried eggs while maneuvering them onto a plate. It needn't give him an inferiority complex; women can do that too. P. 3: Tuck in the sheet, buster. P. 4: And so to work. Attorney Robertson writes a brief, and it does look pretty brief. P. 5: To supermarket, to supermarket, to buy a fat provender list. P. 6 and 7: The kidlets are unclothed, toothbrushed, and the general idea is for them to go right to bed right away, which maybe they will do. P. 8: Isn't mother lovely? When papa kisses her, the whole day seems divine. P. 9: And isn't *she* lovely? Yep, old Doc Utz says she's a girl.

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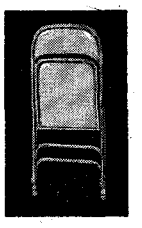

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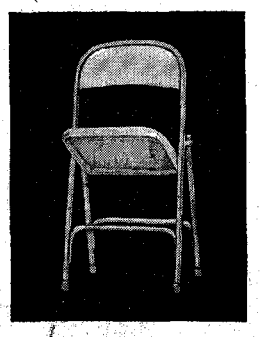

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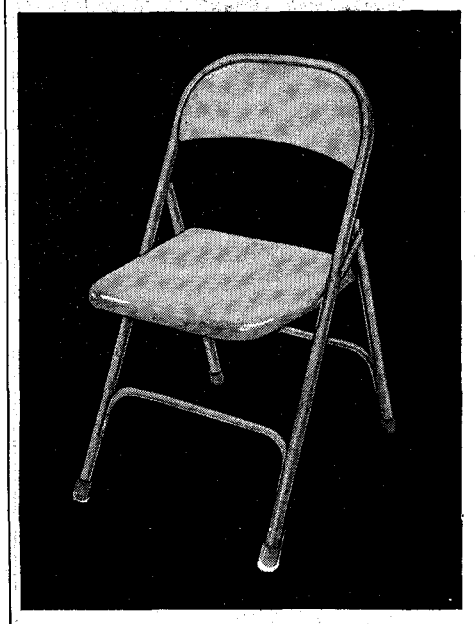

Now—an all steel folding chair that adds a *bright, modern lift* to every auditorium, meeting room or classroom! Samsonite designs it in ten new decorator colors that cheer up every room! And these chairs resist rust, won't peel, fleck, tilt or wobble. They're strong enough to stand on! Fold quickly with one finger, have safety-guard hinges, comfortable posture-curved backs. Astonishingly low priced, too! See your dealer or write today for our free color chart.

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"Are pickles worth more than people?" asks FEDDERS

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS

Don't laugh! Do you keep your pickles fresh and cool in a refrigerator costing hundreds of dollars more than a Fedders Air Conditioner—while you yourself swelter in humid, unhealthy summer heat?

You don't have to be a doctor to know how much a spell of hot, sticky sleep-destroying weather can take out of you. So live more comfortably—enjoy the most modern health protection with a Fedders Air Conditioner in your home.

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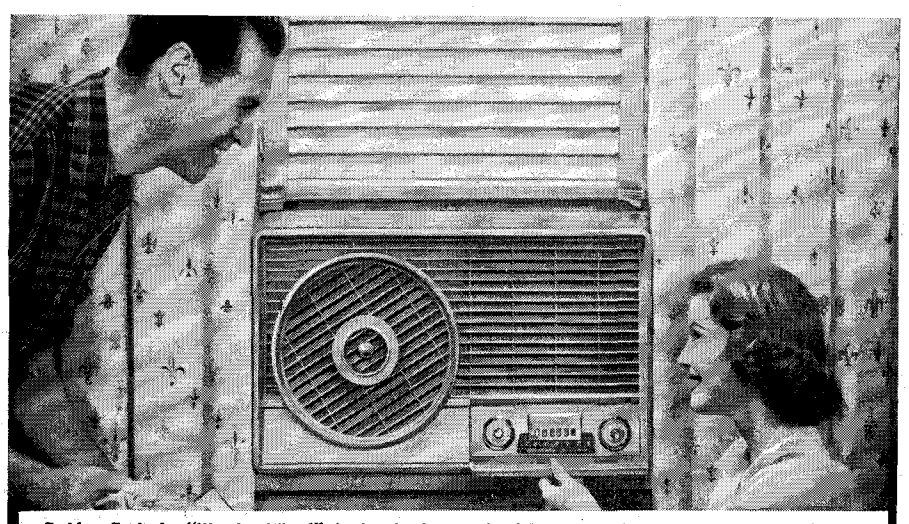
See the wonderful new Fedders line at your dealer. You'll find his address in the yellow pages of your telephone directory.



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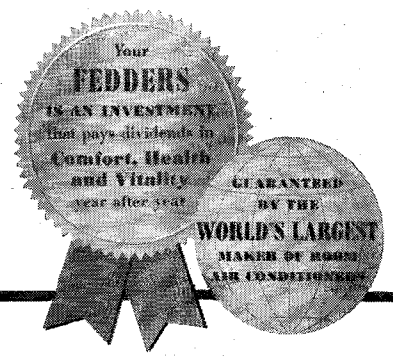
Silver-Bond Hermetic Seal. Heat-applied layer of silver at all joints seals in precise pressures . . . gives top refrigerating efficiency without corrosion or leakage. Silver-bond seals can't shake loose . . . can't wear out.

New Crescent Compressor Valve adjusts to compressor load automatically, provides optimum performance under any operating conditions. Made of imported steel to closer tolerances than those in the finest automobile engine. Guaranteed for five years.



FEDDERS AIR CONDITIONERS

Letters

Pity the Poor Teacher?

Dear Sirs:

After reading Jeanne Kellar Beaty's "real touching" story of WE SWEAT OUT OUR CAMPUS MARRIAGE [April 14] I felt one big *so what?*

She has said she and her husband are doing exactly what they want to in order to get out of life what they want. . . .

This young lady wants her cake and wants to be able to eat it also.

ROBERT P. FREEMAN
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I do not feel sorry for struggling Ph.D. families at the University of California, but for those married graduates who will take teaching jobs at the University of Idaho or some other Rocky Mountain or Southern state university, whose salary scales will keep them in the kind of poverty they can bear as graduate students, but not as important, full-fledged, productive members of their society. My wife did not work when I was a graduate student; but she does now that I have a Ph.D. and a teaching job, even though my school's salary scale is very high compared to those of many state universities.

HULON S. WILLIS
Bakersfield, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if Jeanne considered the following facts when she politely complained about the salary of a professor and compared same to that of a dentist. The dentist receives no financial remuneration—however slight—while going to school. The dentist works approximately 2500 hours per year—the professor works approximately 400 hours per year. The dentist must finance his own retirement plan—the professor has his financed for him. The dentist spends between $10-000–20,000 to initiate a practice—the professor spends nothing. The average dentist consumes 60 per cent of his gross income on operating expenses—the professor has no operating expenses. The dentist's practice is dependent on the whims of his patients—the professor enjoys tenure. Shall I go on and on and on?

R. J. MALLIN
Perth Amboy, N.J.

● *No.—ED.*

Mama Girl

Dear Sirs:

Who else can write as William Saroyan? He is a poet who has a genius for writing the most amazing and entertaining prose. Congratulations on I LOVE YOU, MAMA GIRL [March 31–April 28]. . . .

DALE T. GUHL
New Cumberland, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for snagging Wm. Saroyan . . .

HELEN J. FISHER
Southington, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I hate it and I hate it without loving it, Editor Boys.

R. R. JACOBS
East Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

William Saroyan's I Love You, Mama Girl . . . leaves me consumed with anxiety for Twink. Maybe they should consult a child psychiatrist to discover why the poor thing has the reasoning power of a four-year-old. It can't be the result of low mentality because she has learned to read and to tell time, but all her other reactions and lack of inhibitions would point to an alarming age regression.

LOIS M. FLETCHER
Everglades, Fla.

Stunt Fliers

Dear Sirs:

In speaking of one of the most difficult and dangerous aerial maneuvers—the outside loop—Paul Mantz [HOLLYWOOD'S PLANE CRASHER, by Richard Thruelsen, April 14] concludes an amusing anecdote with "I kept going until I had made forty-six consecutive outside loops. That was twenty-five years ago and the record still stands for stock planes."

Just to keep the record straight, Dorothy Hester completed the first outside loop ever flown by a woman and she did it in a stock-model Great Lakes sport trainer powered by an American Cirrus

engine. This was on June 29, 1930, when Dorothy was nineteen years of age. On May 18, 1931, using the same stock-model trainer, Dorothy made sixty-two consecutive outside loops at Omaha, Nebraska. She was in the air more than two hours and her record-breaking flight was witnessed by twenty thousand spectators.

ROBERT D. HOBER
Portland, Oregon

Of Kids and Reading

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for COMMON SENSE ABOUT CHILDREN'S READING [by Robert U. Jameson and E. Gillet Ketchum, April 7th]. It was a restrained and scholarly presentation and did much to relieve the somewhat wild-eyed resentment I had toward modern teaching methods. . . . The final test, as I see it, is not how well a child can read, but how well he can read after he is grown up. Unless he specializes in the subject, one learns very little of the fundamentals of English grammar and pronunciation after he leaves grammar school.

FLOYD W. ZWICKY
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

After the many stereotyped charges against public education and reading in particular, many without research as to whether they are "false" or "true", to find your article at the beginning of the magazine is indeed refreshing.

FRED SCHNELL, *Principal*
Jefferson and Lyman Schools
Sheboygan, Wis.

(Continued on Page 6)

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B.F.Goodrich Tubeless – because you're only as safe as your tires

WHEN you're in your car, your tires are your only contact with the road. If they aren't safe neither are you. Think of all the places you'll be driving this summer. . . to the beach, the golf course, on week-end or vacation trips. Wherever you drive, here's something important to keep in mind. *You're only as safe as your tires.*

That's why your family needs the safety of B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires. A patented inner liner protects against bruise-blowouts. The patented grip-block tread protects you against dangerous skids. And *unlike* most tubeless, LIFE-SAVERS seal punctures permanently, nail in or out. LIFE-SAVERS are backed by 8 years of use and proof that only the Inventor of Tubeless, B. F. Goodrich, can offer.

LIFE-SAVERS with nylon give extra protection

Nylon-Plus LIFE-SAVERS offer all this protection, plus the added protection of nylon against blowouts started by bruising impacts.

Switch to the extra safety of LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires today, regardless of the condition of your present tires. Always remember . . . *you're only as safe as your tires.*

Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Terms as low as $1.00 DOWN at most retailers. B. F. Goodrich Tire and Equipment Company, a Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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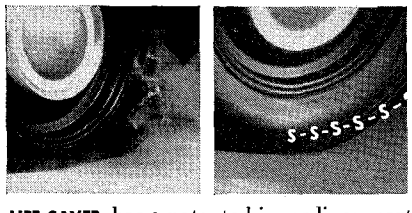
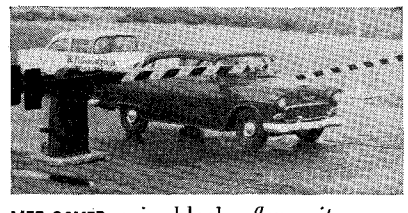
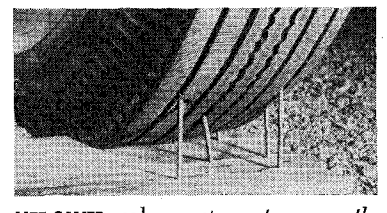


LIFE-SAVER has a patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, that slows air loss. Instead of a sudden dangerous blowout you get only a safe s-s-slowout.



LIFE-SAVER grip-blocks *flex, wipe away* water, *hold* on the dried path where other tires slide. They stop you quicker (light car above) on slippery roads.



LIFE-SAVER seals punctures *permanently, nail in or out.* A patented puncture sealant gets airtight grip on nail. Seals hole permanently when nail is pulled.

SAFETY TIRE SALE

Pick your price, pick the tire to fit your needs. Buy safety at a saving during this sale. Special prices on all sizes and types, both tubeless and tube-type. See your B. F. Goodrich retailer—sale ends June 2nd.

FREE SAFETY REFLECTOR

SAFE DRIVER LEAGUE

when you join the SAFE DRIVER LEAGUE sponsored by B. F. Goodrich. Sign the safe driving pledge at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's. Help the President's Committee for Traffic Safety cut the accident toll.

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NOW $1.00 BUYS A WRITING MIRACLE!

NEW Scripto® M.R. SUPER DOLLAR BALL PEN

The most beautiful, best balanced ball pen ever with magnificent 2-tone color combinations. Superb quick-click push button mechanism. Crystalloy tapered point writes instantly at your own natural writing slant. Choice of fine or medium points. Sealed transparent cartridge—easy-to-see, king-size supply of non-smear Scripto Rx* Ink.

GUARANTEED!

SCRIPTO SUPER DOLLAR
WILL OUTPERFORM ANY BALL PEN YOU'VE EVER USED, OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Buy one... try one! If you don't agree the Super Dollar is the best ball pen you've ever used, return it within 30 days for your money back.

Buy SCRIPTO SUPER DOLLAR Ball Pens now from this SCRIPTO Revolving Service Station (which carries a complete assortment of SCRIPTO Pens, Pencils, Leads, Erasers and Ball Pen Refills).

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED • FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED • SCRIPTO, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA
SCRIPTO OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA • SCRIPTO PRODUCTS AVAILABLE IN CANADA AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

The visual problems that arise are more often inadequate seeing skills, and only rarely "eye defects." . . .

Some of the skills that may need development to withstand the sustained close work of reading are: maintaining clear focus; co-ordinating the vision of the two eyes; localizing on the page (to avoid losing place); perception of differences in similar forms like *want* and *went;* knowledge of left to right as a perceived direction (to reduce reversals); and lastly, retaining a visual perception during a search for meaning.

DANIEL WOOLF, *O.D., Ph.D.*
Vice President, N.Y. State Optometric Ass'n.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

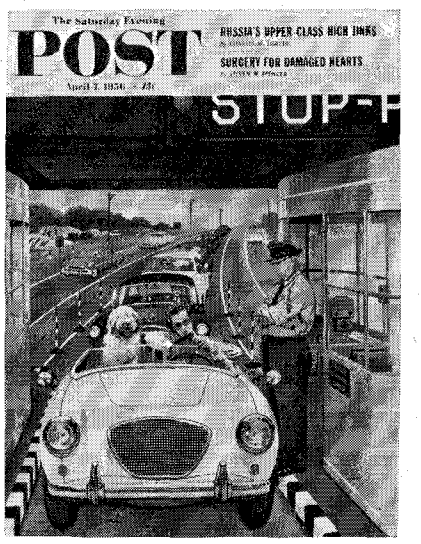
Everyone knows phonics is taught in schools but a lot of parents do not think it is taught systematically and thoroughly enough so we are filling in the gaps. Over 60,000 of us bought Why Johnnie Can't Read and a lot more are going to.

MRS. MARGARET D. JEFFERSON
Sarasota, Fla.

Change Fumbler

Dear Sirs:

After spending seven and one half years in "Mr. E. Tracey's shoes," I can truthfully say from experience of your



April 7 cover [by Stevan Dohanos] "Oh, HOW true!" You say Mr. Tracey *possibly* is exasperated? I could give you a much more descriptive phrase for his mental processes at the time, especially when Mrs. Incognito shows up during a holiday or Sunday-evening rush period and then no doubt comes up with a twenty-dollar bill.

JACK GREENWELL
Ex-Toll Collector, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The cover on your April 7 issue was cute, but why in the —— pick on sports cars?

WILLIAM J. FERLATTE
San Rafael, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Re your April 7 cover; *who* did you say was holding up traffic [see drawing]?

DRAPER HILL, JR.
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Re. your cover April 7, 1956:

I wonder if "Tracey," with his silent curses,
at dopey dames who lose their purses
Will tell her (when his rage abates),
that her car has also lost its plates?

JACK CARROLL
Montreal, Canada

● *In 17 states motorists are issued only one plate.* —ED.

Race Relations

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial THE BEST RACE RELATIONS ARE THOSE THAT "JUST GROW", April 7, is certainly a tranquilizing antidote against the poison which has been and is being injected into our people.

DR. O. F. WHITMAN
Albany, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Every day down here in Dixie, some white man is doing something nice for a Negro and some Negro is doing something nice for his white neighbor. Until all this vicious campaign was launched by self-serving persons mostly from the North, race relations were improving day by day over the years and all of us down South, white and colored, felt a kinship toward one another.

JOHN C. SHEFFIELD
Helena, Arkansas

Dear Sirs:

If there is any place where race relations do not "just grow"—if there is any place where race relations are planned, cultivated and pruned by military directive, it is in the armed forces. Once the pattern is laid down, the men get along with each other or go to the guardhouse. How, by any stretch of the imagination, can you allege that Army race relations "just grow"? . . .

PAULINE T. HARRIS
Bellaire, Texas

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Ollie Atkins, Wide World. • 24, 25–Bob Spring. • 26, 27–Paul Rabut. • 28–Cecil Beaton. • 29–20th Century-Fox, International, two from Globe; Topix, Gene Lester. 30–Tom Dunn. • 31–Gus Pasquarella. • 32–Ollie Atkins, three from Wide World. 33–United Press, two from Wide World; Ollie Atkins. • 34, 35–Bernard D'Andrea. 36–Larry Fried. • 37–Amos Sewell. • 38, 39–Ewing Krainin. • 40, 41–Bill Shrout. 42, 43–Robert Moore. • 44, 45–Larry Keighley. • 49–Bruce Bomberger. • 79–Ewing Krainin. • 109–Culver. • 113–International. • 136–Anonymous, Andrew Crofut, anonymous, Ira Spring, anonymous.

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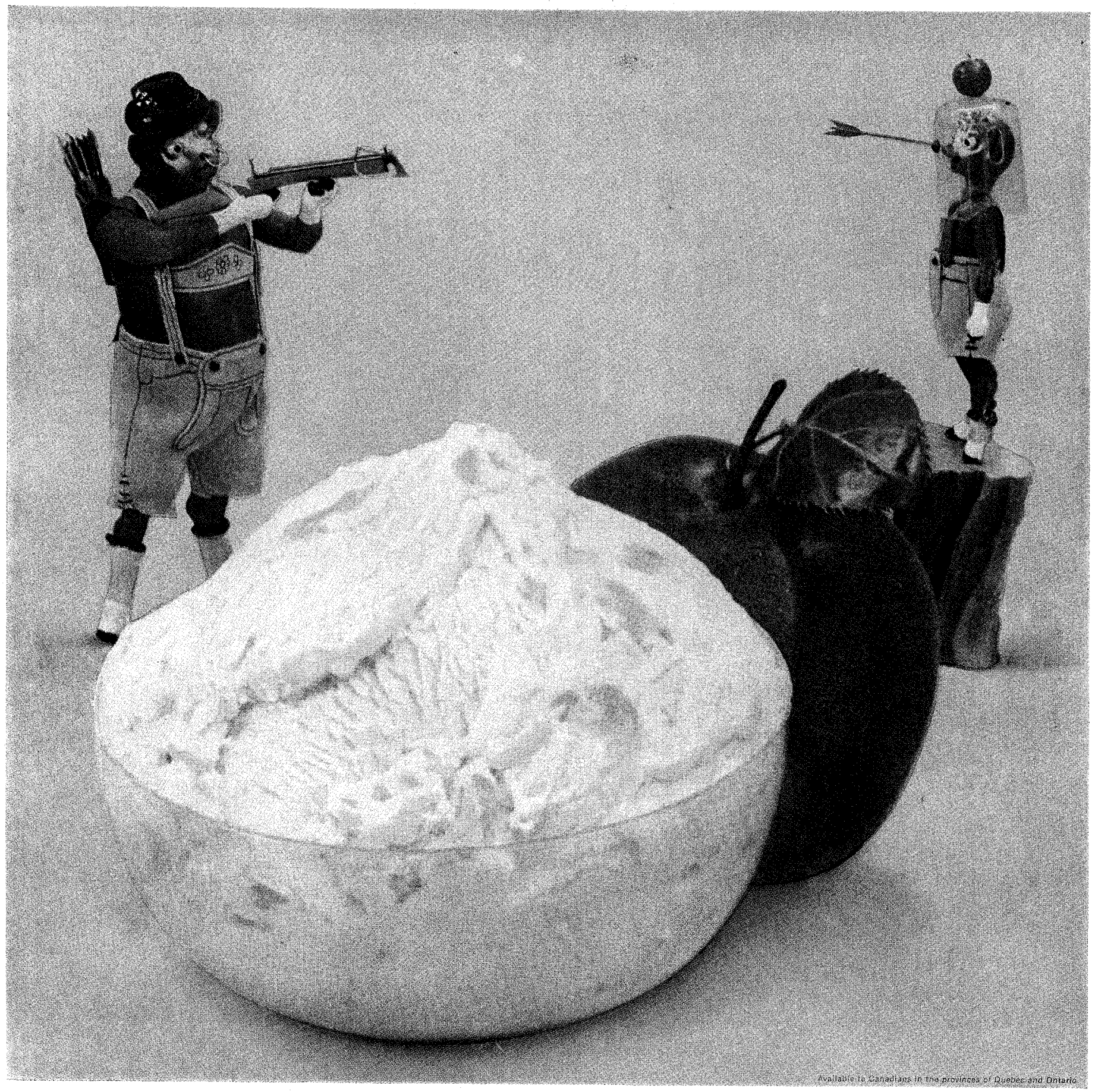

Available to Canadians in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario

Don't you miss it.

Borden's new **APPLE LA MODE** ice cream!

Elmer, the bull: Say, what is this Apple La Mode?
Is it an apple with ice cream on the top?

Beauregard: 'Course not. It's creamy ice cream all through
and *it tastes just like apple pie 'n ice cream.*
It's as good as . . . as good as Borden's Ice Cream!

Elmer, the bull: Well, there's nothing better than that.
Come on, let's have some right now . . .

If it's Borden's it's got to be good—
good ice cream, good cheese, good milk, good coffee!

Get the big HALF-GALLON size
at your neighborhood store

See Borden's two TV shows, "The People's Choice" (weekly) and "Date With Life" (daily) over NBC. © 1956, The Borden Company.

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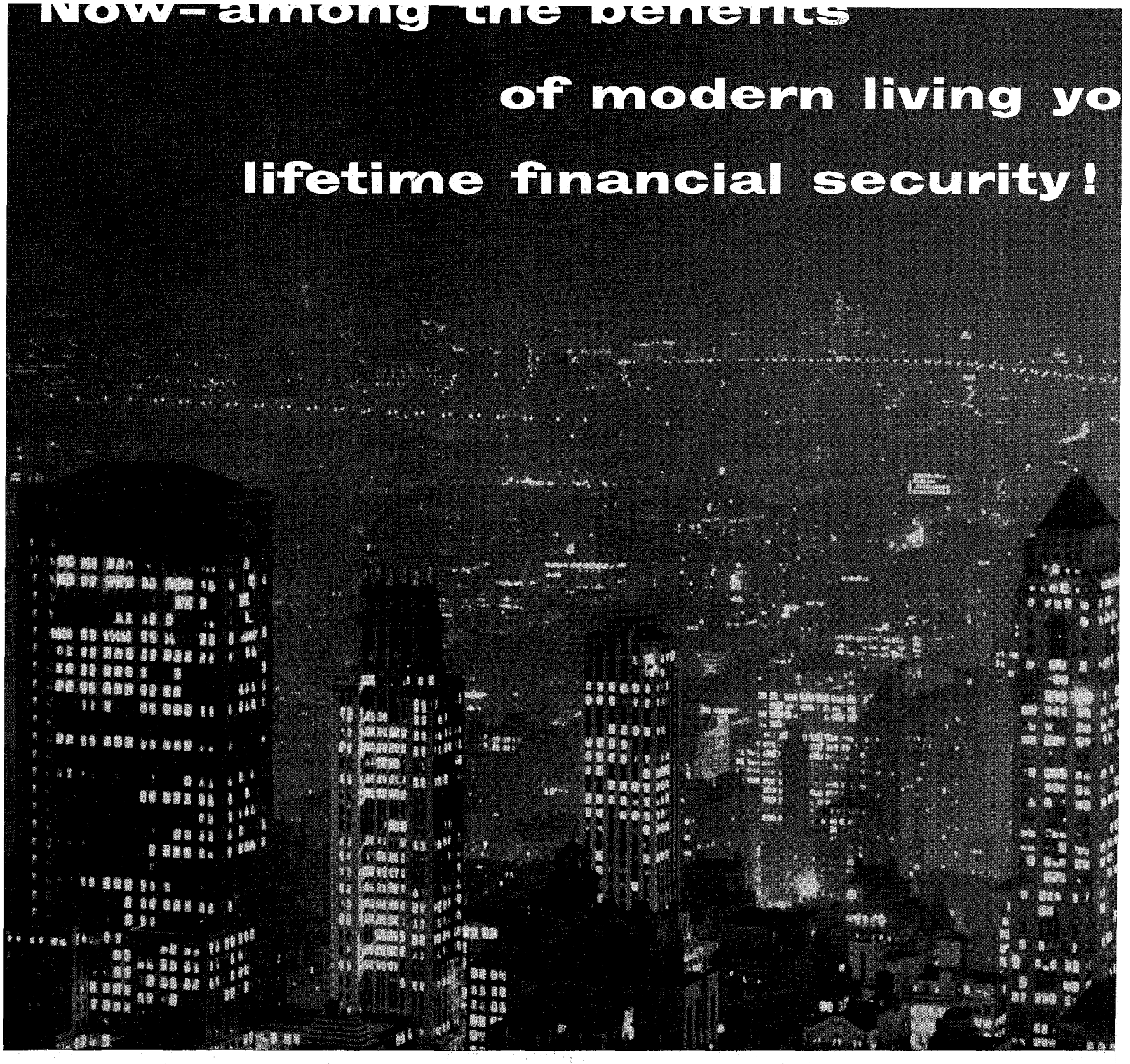

New York Life's WHOLE LIFE insurance offers your family protection of at least $10,000 today—can pay you a monthly income at retirement—all at budget cost!

Today, many young men are finding it increasingly difficult to give their families all the important advantages progress has made possible—and at the same time build a vital backlog of financial security.

New York Life's Whole Life policy was designed to meet this problem. Its minimum face amount of $10,000 permits economies which are passed on to you in lower premium rates. These low rates make it possible for you to take more than the minimum coverage and still have enough left in your budget to enjoy the other good things of modern living. Yet, from the start, your family is substantially protected in case you should die unexpectedly.

Cash values build fast. At the beginning of the third year a growing fund is available for emergencies. At retirement, these substantial cash values can pay you a monthly income *for the rest of your life.*

Can you think of any simpler, surer way to provide for tomorrow while you're getting the most out of life today? See your New York Life agent about Whole Life—or mail the coupon now.

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$10,000 MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT!

Serves as a solid foundation for family protection. Issued to age 70, Whole Life is usually available at higher rates to those who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

LOW PREMIUM RATES!

Annual premium per $1,000 for standard Whole Life insurance is only $17.59 issued at age 25; $23.59 at 35; $33.64 at 45. Policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at most ages at slightly higher premium rates. Dividends can be used to reduce premium payments.

BUILDS CASH VALUES FAST!

Cash and loan values accumulate rapidly—equal to the full reserve at the end of the seventh year; i. e.: Seventh year cash value per $1,000 taken out at age 25 is $92; at 35, $123; at 45, $164.

NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-16
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

nylic

Please furnish me, without any obligation, your booklet, "Measuring Your Family Security."

NAME_____ AGE____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____

STATE_____

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

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Editorials

The Reds Hope We'll Outflank Ourselves

The revelations of Stalin's crimes and brutalities, which have been known to almost everybody for years, are plainly a Soviet maneuver. Some experts believe that important unrest exists in the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, and that it is considered necessary to blame the dead Stalin for the people's miseries. Others interpret the maneuver as an effort to convince the West that a new era is really at hand, and it is now safe to strike hands with Stalin's old accomplices on the engaging theory that they are "twice-born men." If it is necessary to go further and announce that the murder of the czar and his family in 1918 was all a mistake, the Kremlin will come through, and there will be plenty of suckers.

While the awe-struck West is trying to decide what all this apologizing and confessing means, it will be no more than common sense to take account of how Soviet policy is operating in other fields. Even a superficial study of events suggests that General MacArthur is not far wrong in his belief, as summarized recently in U.S. News & World Report, that the Soviet Union is attempting to outflank the West in Asia and the Middle East, while making a feint toward Western Europe to divert attention from its real objectives.

Ironically, the communists have relied on the West to help outflank itself. America's natural distaste for so-called "colonialism," has been skillfully exploited to produce a tolerant attitude toward the expulsion of British, French and Dutch power from strategically important areas in the Pacific and the Middle East. The evils of Soviet colonialism are not mentioned. Age-old antagonisms in Cyprus conveniently burst into open conflict. Iceland demands the withdrawal of American forces from that strategic point.

Here at home the ability to diagnose Soviet policy and the will to resist it have been systematically weakened by propaganda designed to break down our security system and destroy public confidence in those charged with administering it. While Soviet military preparation continues at a pace which is already believed to have outstripped us in some categories, Americans are led to expect substantial results from disarmament discussions. Even a Soviet counterproposal plainly designed to disarm us while leaving Soviet strength unimpaired is greeted as progress.

One cause of the state of Western morale is the existence of the H-bomb. As Philip Spratt pointed out in his little book, Blowing Up India (Prachi Prakashan, Calcutta), for the past ten years the world has been confronted with the dilemma: Either yield this or that advantage to communist imperialism or face a nuclear war which may destroy civilization! This communist blackmail was as successful when the United States had a monopoly of nuclear weapons as it is today, when atomic stalemate has been reached. The Kremlin knew we wouldn't start anything, and since this was so, they could proceed to gobble up what they liked, bomb or no bomb.

All this is discouraging, but while we no longer have a monopoly of atomic weapons, we can be certain that the leaders of the Kremlin are no more anxious to face annihilation than we are. Surely the risk in defending our principles and standing by our obligations is less appalling than the certainty of eventual defeat if we back away from them.

Why Not Let Our National Forests Use Some of the Profit?

With the increasing rush for outdoor recreation the number of visitors to the national forests has doubled in the past seven years. They reached a total of 45,000,000 last year.

But many of the visitors had reason to complain. That is because the recreational facilities of the national forests have not kept up with this fastest growing of their multiple uses. A lot of the facilities date back to CCC days in the 1930's. Virtually all of the 4700 improved camping ground and picnic areas are crowded far beyond their capacity. Other visitors are compelled to camp out in undeveloped areas, without fire protection, sanitation or other accommodations. Some of the recreation areas have been closed because there was not money enough to keep them in proper condition.

The situation has so deteriorated that the Forest Service estimates that at least double the present appropriation is needed for cleanup and maintenance alone. Funds are even less adequate for the needs of the many annual visitors to the unimproved wilderness areas as campers, hikers, hunters, fishermen or trail-riders. The national forests, with their 81,000 miles of streams and 2,750,000 acres of lakes, comprise the choicest public hunting and fishing areas in the nation. But funds to maintain favorable game and fish habitat conditions have lagged behind with the others.

The national forests are a profitable investment. The receipts they turned in last year, principally from timber sales and grazing fees, exceeded operating and other costs by $18,000,000. It seems logical that some of this profit should be reinvested for the benefit of the public.

This is the practical proposal in a bill introduced in Congress by Rep. Lee Metcalf, of Montana. It would establish public recreation use of the national forests as a policy of Congress. No such policy now exists. The bill provides that 10 per cent of the national forest receipts be set aside each year for the development, maintenance and operation of facilities and areas for recreation use. The amount to be set aside is limited to $5,500,000 in any one year, and none of it can be used for further land acquisition.

There is nothing revolutionary in this policy. As far back as 1908 Congress adopted a similar policy, allotting 25 per cent of all money received from the forests to the states for roads and schools in the counties that contain national-forest lands. The Metcalf proposal would not disturb such funds.

The national forests are a good place to begin catching up with the need for greater recreational facilities for the people, and the Metcalf bill provides a logical method by which it can be done.

Uncle Sam Isn't Too Sharp as a Trader in Stocks

On a day last February, when the stock tickers all over the nation were recording that one share of American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock was worth $183 on the New York Stock Exchange, the United States Treasury put up twenty-two shares of "Telephone" at auction. It actually accepted a bid of $165 a share, eighteen dollars less than current value.

The successful bidder probably couldn't believe his ears when the twenty-two shares were knocked down to him at a price which meant he could turn around and sell them through a broker at a profit of $396, less commissions and taxes. That $396 would have helped, in its small way, to balance the budget.

Secretary George Humphrey's Treasury Department couldn't help itself. It was bound by regulations ordained by the Congress. The twenty-two A.T.&T. shares had been seized by the income-tax people to assist in settling an unpaid income-tax bill. The Internal Revenue Service's code, based on the laws enacted by Senate and House, requires specifically that such tax sales shall not be conducted in any manner other than by public auction or sealed bids.

The code further requires that the auction must be held within the county inhabited by the debtor, except by specific order of the Secretary of the Treasury or his delegate. Thus the sale of Telephone shares was confined to the county in which the delinquent taxpayer lived. There was an advertisement in a local newspaper. Another notice was affixed outside the local Internal Revenue office. One was posted in the local post office.

Probably the Congress made these foolish regulations as a precaution against fraud and "fixes." But suppose that the auction had been not for twenty-two shares of Telephone, but for 22,000? Who is the "fall guy"? The Government. And who is the Government? You and I.

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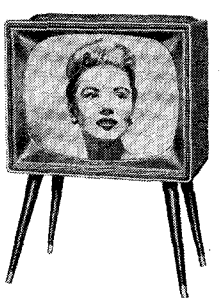
Magnavox Gold Seal instruments carry a full year's warranty on all tubes, all parts—and a service guarantee for 3 months. Only Magnavox gives you this protection—this assurance of complete reliability.

Tune in "Private Secretary" starring Ann Sothern—CBS-TV Network

The magnificent Magnavox looks alive...sounds alive

or the first time you feel the picture is real—sweeping you into the scene. In this agnificent Magnavox four high fidelity speakers, two on each side of the big, lifelike cture, surround you with natural sound that lets your ears believe what your eyes are eing. This is Stereosonic sound—and only Magnavox has achieved it. Let a demonstration ove this remarkable realism. Magnavox instruments are sold only through selected ealers. One is near you and his name is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book. ther Magnavox models from $149.50. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The Gold Seal Videorama, above, in its superb low horizontal cabinet, only $329.50 (VHF), complete with table. In background, The Berkshire, masterpiece high fidelity AM-FM radio-phonograph—4 speakers, 25 watts audio—in mahogany $495. Below, The Magnavision 21, only $179.50 (VHF), in cordovan, complete with stand.



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high fidelity television • radio-phonographs

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Oil and filter both need changing too!

IT'S CLEAN OIL MONTH
Change Oil and Filter NOW!

Regular oil changes and new FRAM Oil Filter Cartridges will help save your engine's pep, power and life for years. FRAM keeps your engine clean . . . traps deadly abrasives as small as one micron (.000039″) in size, yet will not remove detergents.

There's a FRAM Cartridge individually engineered for your engine—sold on a money-back guarantee. Get it at your FRAM dealer now, during FRAM Clean Oil Month.

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OIL • AIR • FUEL • WATER

FRAM CORPORATION, Providence 16, R. I.
Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

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NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO... NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns — provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

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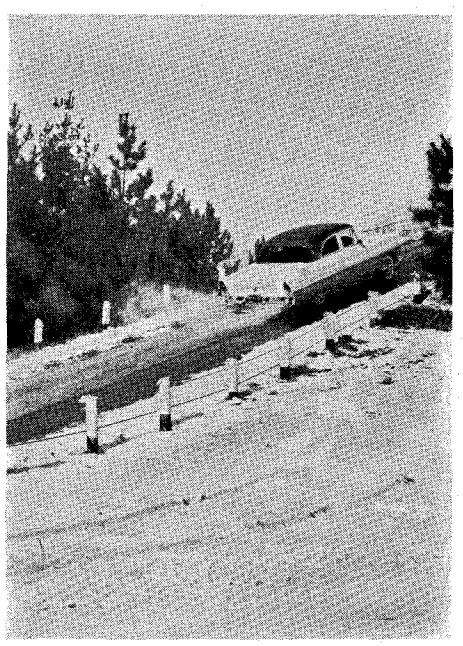
Another Revolutionary Advance from

PACKARD

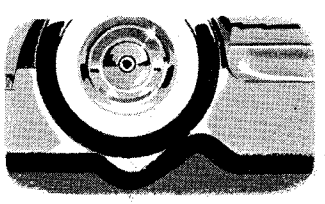
the TWIN-TRACTION



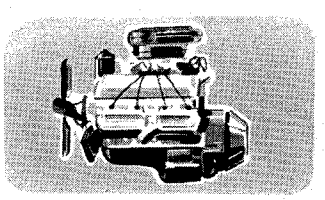
NO OTHER CAR COULD MAKE THIS HILL. Without Twin-Traction, no car could make this test hill at Packard Proving Grounds (its left side was dangerously iced). With this now available feature, Packards and Clippers move easily up and over—a feat so incredible that you must try a Packard or Clipper to really believe it.

Vastly increases your anti-skid safety on wet, slippery roads. Pulls you out of mud, sand, snow and ice—because if one wheel starts to slip, your power is instantly transmitted to the other wheel, the one with *traction*. No more being stuck, as in other cars, with one wheel spinning helplessly, the other standing still.

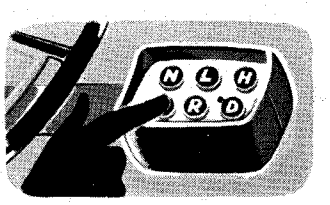
Enjoy these other features that are increasing the high resale value of Packards and Clippers faster than any other car—as much as 9.6% in the past year alone:



TORSION-LEVEL SUSPENSION. Bounce and sway are minimized by long, resilient Torsion bars which replace now-outmoded coil and leaf springs. So smooth-riding it will change tomorrow's cars.



UP TO 310 HP—most powerful on the road in actual wheel-driving force. Delivers up to 15% greater economy and mileage through a superbly efficient power-train—a product of Packard precision.



ELECTRONIC TOUCH-BUTTON DRIVE. The only Selector that requires just a feathertouch—and it's placed *at the steering wheel*. Gives you instant control of Twin-Ultramatic—finest of automatic transmissions.

PACKARD DIVISION • Studebaker-Packard Corporation Where Pride of Workmanship *Still* Comes Firs

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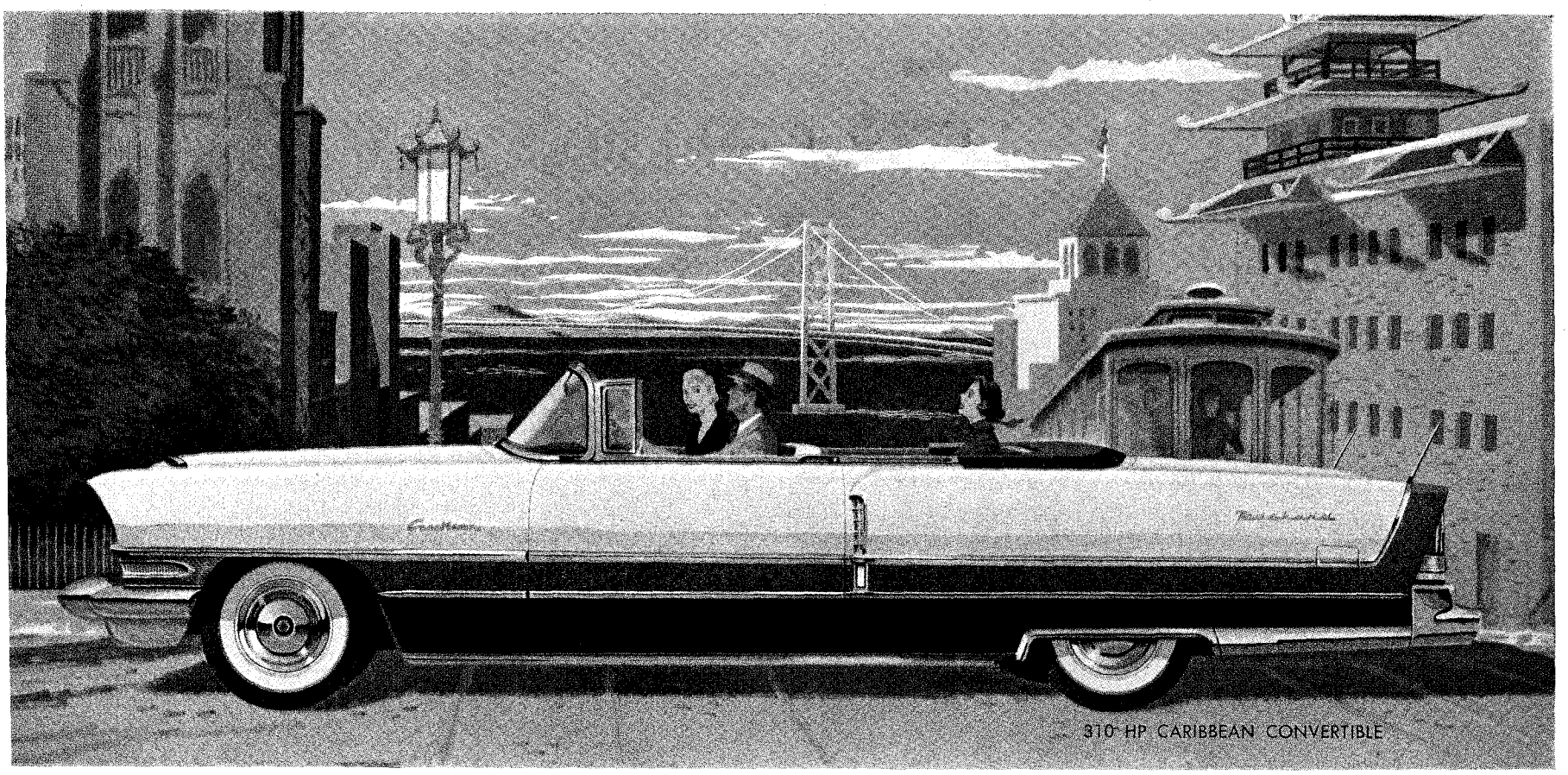
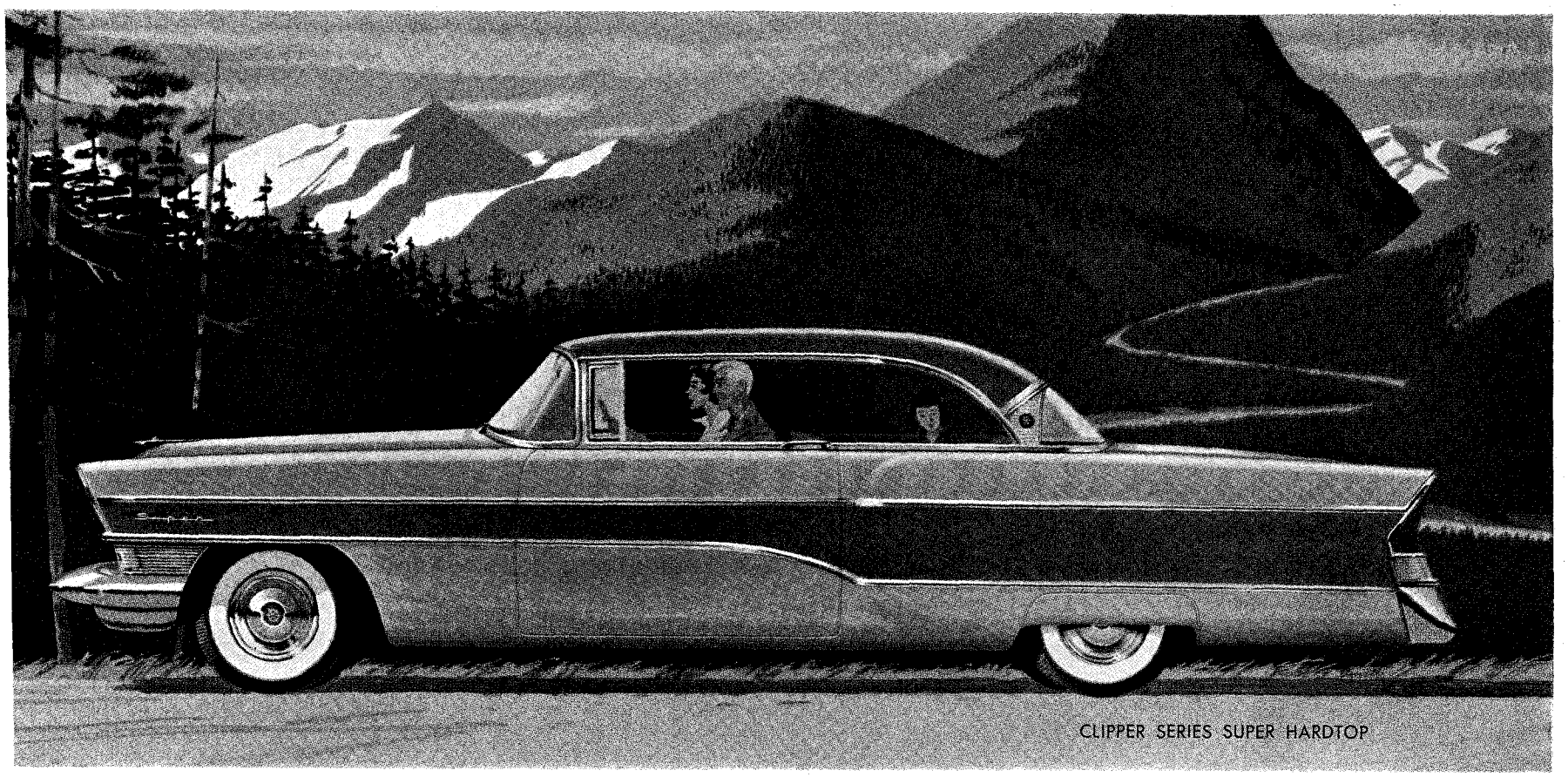


SAFETY DIFFERENTIAL!



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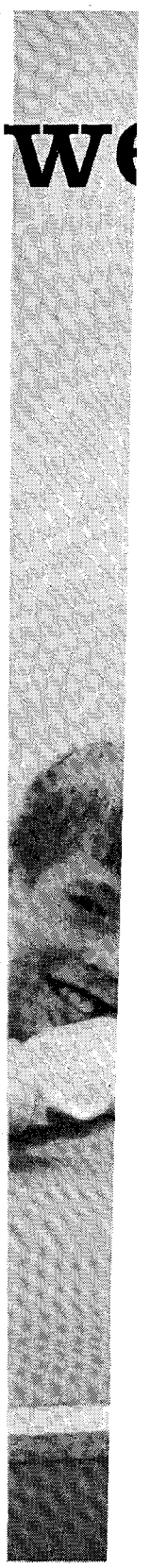
"School's out...and away we

The family's together, and these are days for climbing in the car and turning to the sun, for deepening family ties and the pleasure of shared experiences.

These are days to be enjoyed, and your Travelers man can help you enjoy them. Through his wise and friendly counsel, you can free yourself from many concerns about the future . . . and truly achieve American Family Independence.

With a balanced program of insurance, you can safeguard the values of your home and car—all your precious possessions—against accidents, fire, theft. And, looking ahead, you can provide for your children's education, your own retirement through Life insurance.



AFIELD or in your own backyard, the summer is yours to enjoy. You and your family have more places to go and things to do than ever before, more leisure time for these sunny, abundant hours.

These are days, too, for freshening not merely your own outlook, but your awareness of the deep meaning of the life you share with your family.

That's why, right now, many a man and his wife are inviting their Travelers agent into their home. They know he can help them achieve American Family Independence, for their summertime and their whole lifetime together.

As a man carefully fitted for his job by training and experience, your Travelers agent can help you work out a program of security to fit your needs and means.

For example, if something happens to you, Life insurance can provide an outright cash payment, *plus* a monthly income until your children are grown. And you can make sure there will be funds for college and retirement and reserves for unexpected emergencies.

This summer, why not have the full measure of fun that comes with family security? To start on your way to American Family Independence, all you need do is phone your Travelers agent or broker.

Remember: The Travelers man represents the company that offers *all kinds of insurance.*

This family knows it can count on its Travelers Automobile insurance to cover liability, collision, fire or theft. And it can depend on the fastest service wherever and whenever it is needed.

This man has safeguarded his home through Travelers Mortgage Redemption insurance. And his balanced insurance program also protects his possessions against fire, burglary and many other hazards.

The personal affairs of this family are as ships as the boat they sail. Thanks to their Trav Accident and Sickness insurance, there will be f for proper care should the unexpected happen

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things may go wrong, but what's important at the *big* things are provided for. This father's Travelers program provides for college and retirement years, protects his family if death should occur.

Your home-town Travelers agent can show you the way to American Family Independence

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including • Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE THROUGH THE TRAVELERS

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Salute to America's global "keepers of the peace"!

At this very moment, miles above the earth, dedicated crews of the Strategic Air Command are boring through silent space on precision, combat-ready training missions. Some are high over a polar icecap, or far out over the oceans. Other SAC crews, and their jet bombers, are poised on American and overseas bases, ready for instant action.

At any moment, day or night, SAC's training operations can be changed into combat operations, unleashing mighty retaliatory nuclear strikes against the war-making power of any aggressor, anywhere.

As the potential wielder of this massive force, Strategic Air Command has, since its founding ten years ago, functioned as the free world's "keeper of the peace."

To maintain this great force on the keenest edge of readiness, SAC crews—ground and flight—operate around the clock on a combat alert basis. Flights and missions follow split-second timetables. Entire wings, accompanied by aerial freighters and tankers, are rotated in regular training operations to bases in England and North Africa.

In a single year, Strategic Air Command's keepers of the peace fly over 100,000 individual missions, totaling more than 1,000,000 hours of flying time.

On this 10th anniversary of the founding of SAC, the men and women of Boeing join a grateful nation in saluting the men of the Strategic Air Command. Boeing is proud that, over the decade, it has been privileged to work as a partner, designing and building SAC's tankers and bombardment aircraft.

The Strategic Air Command's Boeings range from its first B-29s and B-50s to today's rugged KC-97 tanker-transports, swift six-jet B-47 medium bombers, the eight-jet B-52 intercontinental bombers and the KC-135 jet tanker-transport now under construction.

BOEING

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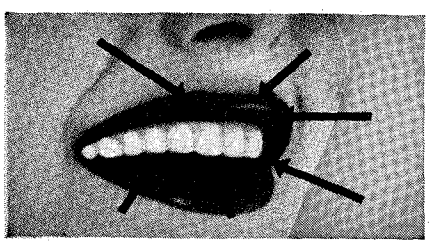
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

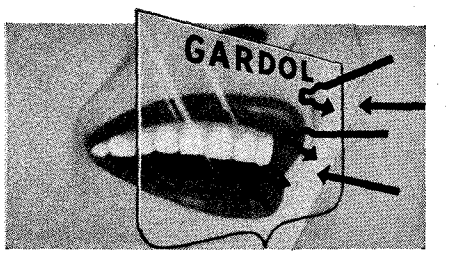
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

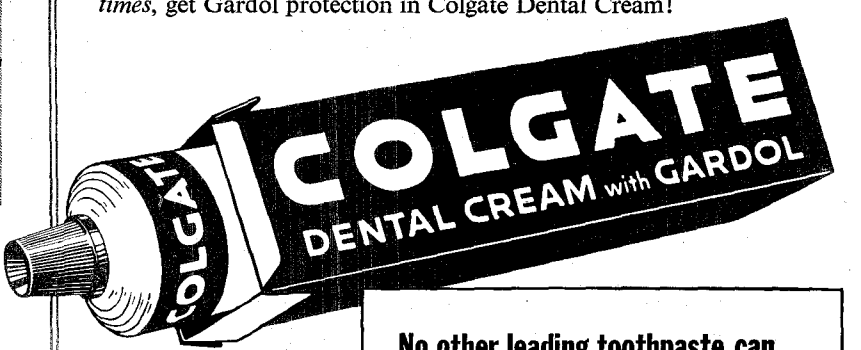
12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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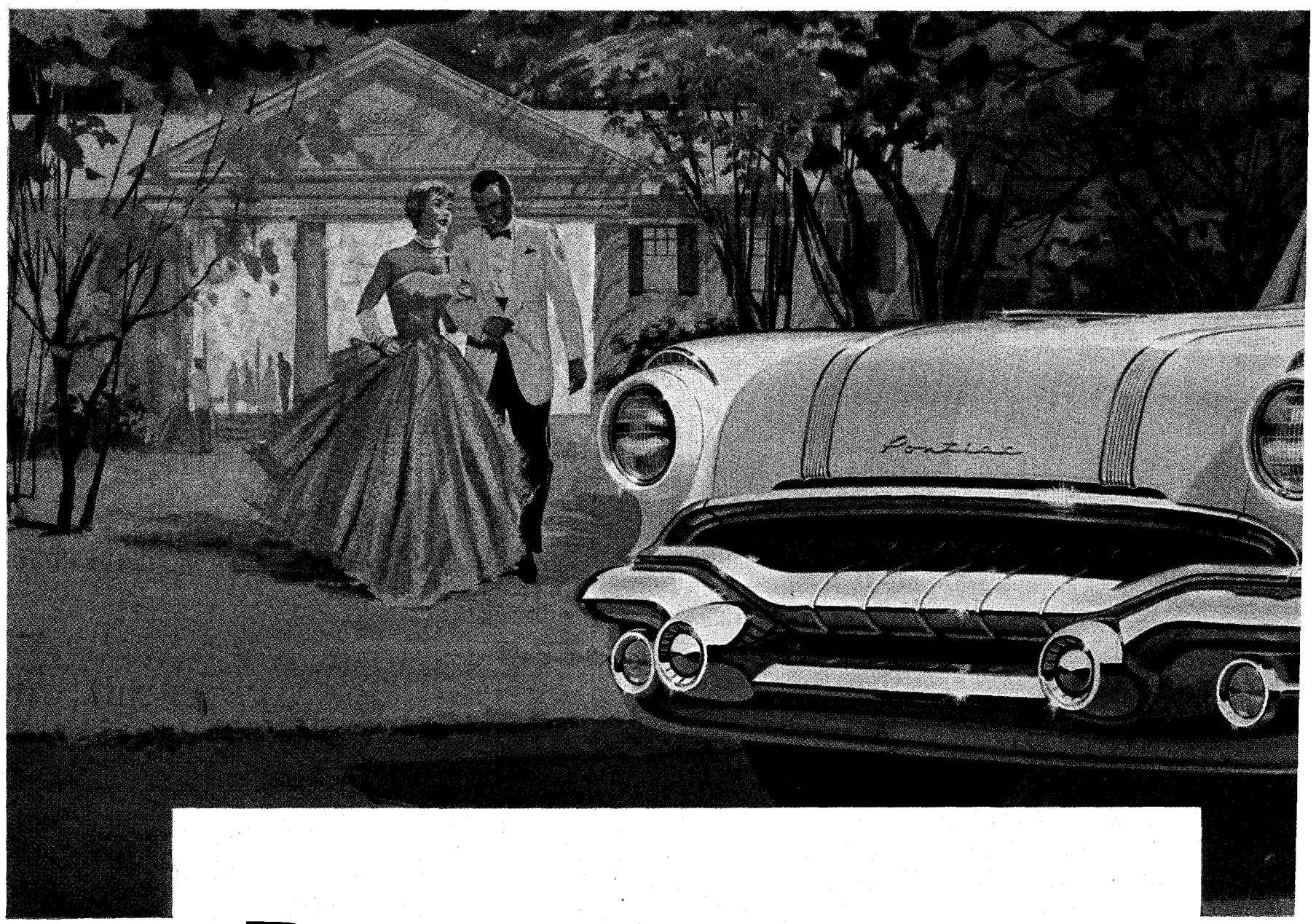
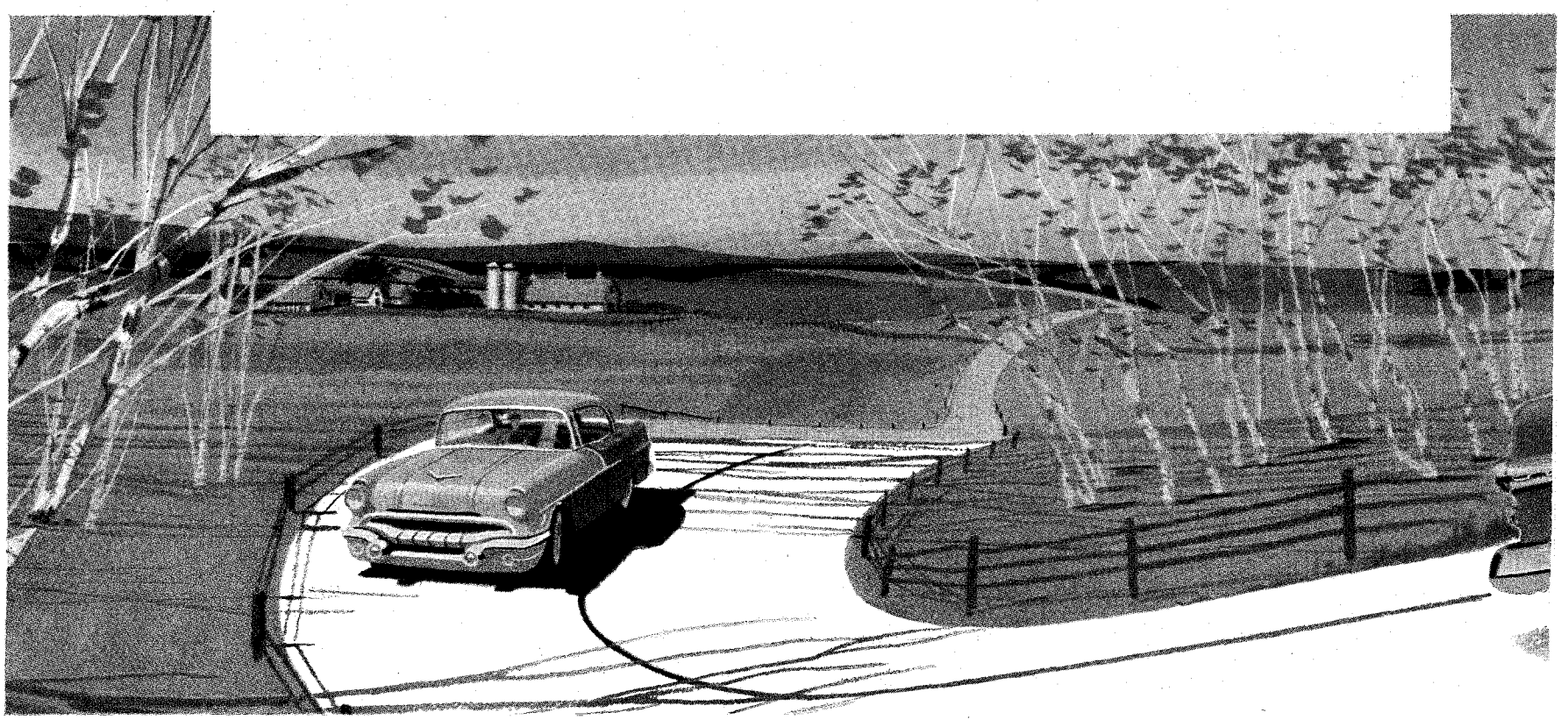


BEAUTY is its birthright

ACTION is its business!



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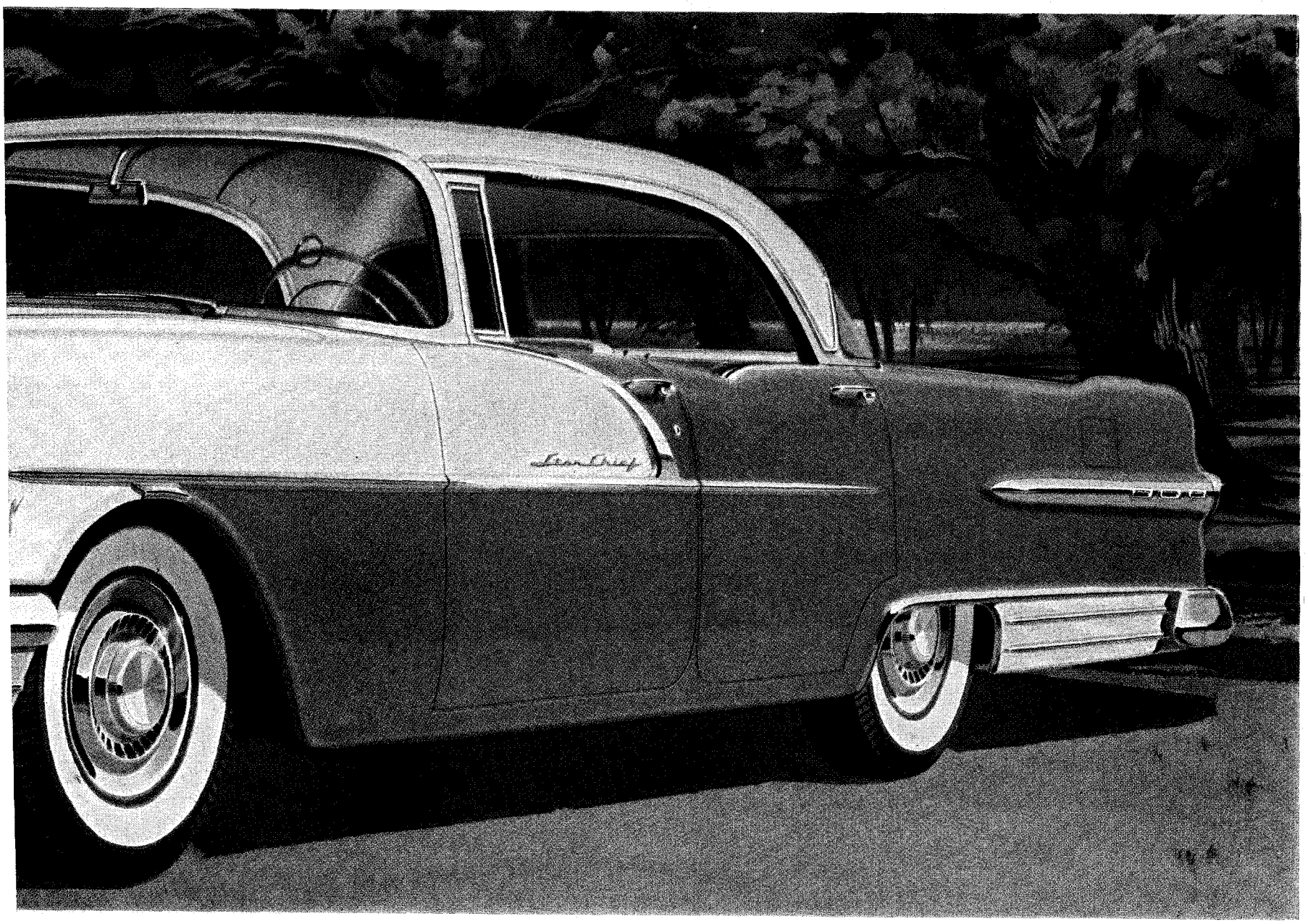

Every long, low gorgeous line of the fabulous '56 Pontiac tells you that here uty that could come only from the imagi- of the stylists who originated the Cata- he car America took to its heart.
l when its beauty tempts you to try it in , come prepared to buy—because once you on the move, it's downright irresistible!

This one puts you in the big league—fast! And nothing that's come along yet is capable of nudging you out of first place! Where else can you get action that's been clocked at 0 to 60 in 10 seconds flat? . . . 45 to 60 in four seconds?

You know you've got the greatest "go" on wheels because you've got the only car with Strato-Streak power and Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic*—the team that's made Pontiac America's No. 1 spine-tingler!

Sound like just what you've wanted? Then here's the best news of all: Your Pontiac dealer will quote you prices well within the easy reach of any new-car buyer! Who needs more convincing than that? *An extra-cost option.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'56 STRATO-STREAK

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

PONTIAC

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NEW! NEW! NEW!

For deep, dark and delicious desserts

BLACK CHERRY

BLACK RASPBERRY

GRAPE

3 NEW JELL-O FLAVORS

JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT New! IMITATION BLACK CHERRY FLAVOR

New JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT IMITATION BLACK RASPBERRY FLAVOR

JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT NEW IMITATION GRAPE FLAVOR

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

We've captured three wonderful new flavors to bring a *new* kind of dessert variety to your table!

They're deep, dark and delicious delights that imitate to perfection the exciting taste of sun-ripened black raspberries, the darkest, juiciest cherries on the tree, and plump, deep-purple Concord grapes. For extra-colorful, extra-flavorful new desserts, try all three: *Imitation Black Raspberry, Imitation Black Cherry and Imitation Grape flavors.*

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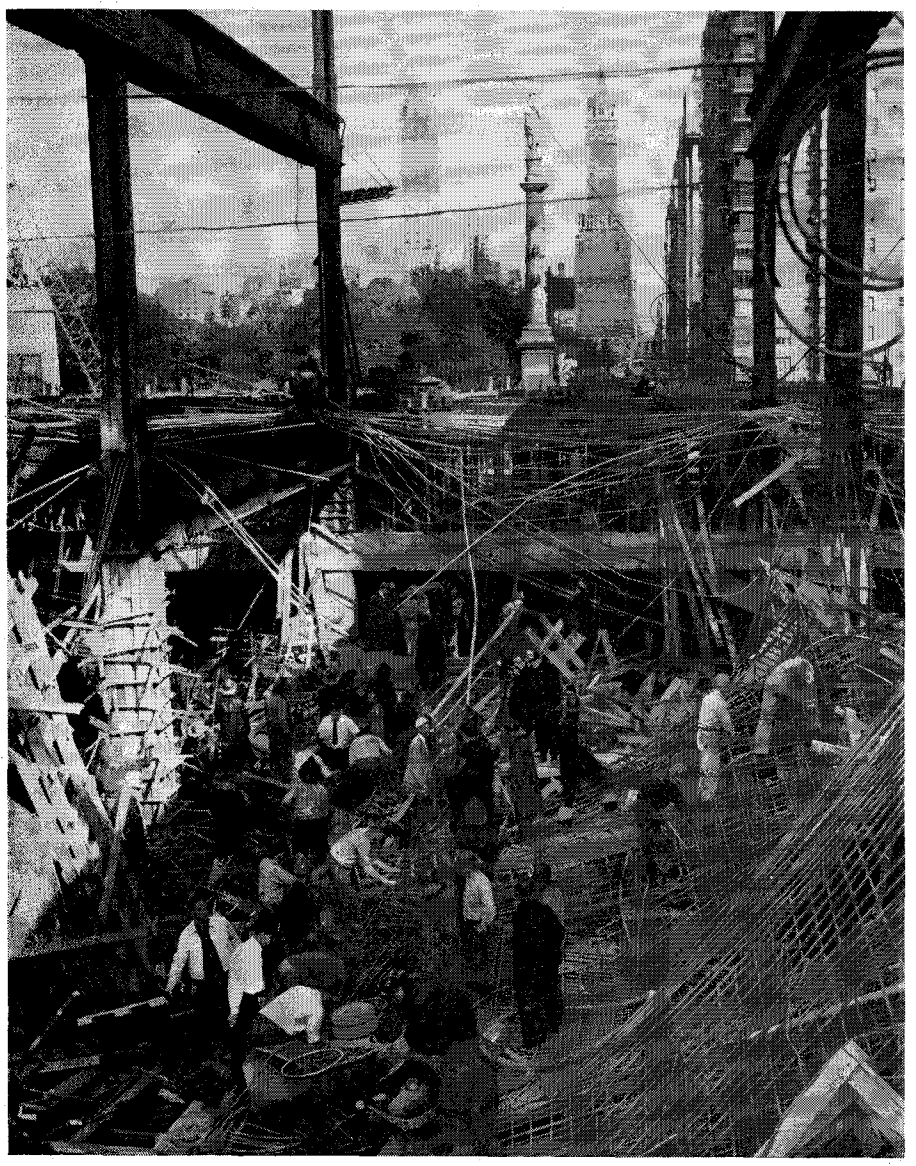
Stop This Senseless Killing!

Last year, on-the-job accidents took the lives of 14,200 Americans, and injured nearly two million others. Here's how we can cut this terrible toll.

By JAMES P. MITCHELL • U. S. Secretary of Labor

My mother had four brothers, and three of them worked as brakemen in the railroad yards at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Those were the days before air brakes were in general use on freight cars, and in the course of time my uncle Maurice Driscoll lost a leg while on the job, my uncle Mike Driscoll lost a hand and died of lockjaw, and my uncle Dan Driscoll was killed outright. I hesitate to add what became of my uncle Jack, for he was the one who ran away and wound up around the gold camps in Nevada, but somebody shot him one night—fatally—along about 1910, so you might say that he was also a victim of an occupational hazard.

I have, in any event, grown up with an intimate knowledge of how men can get maimed or killed at their work, and a considerable part of my adult career has been devoted to doing what I could to help reduce the frightful toll of occupational accidents. This was true (Continued on Page 94)



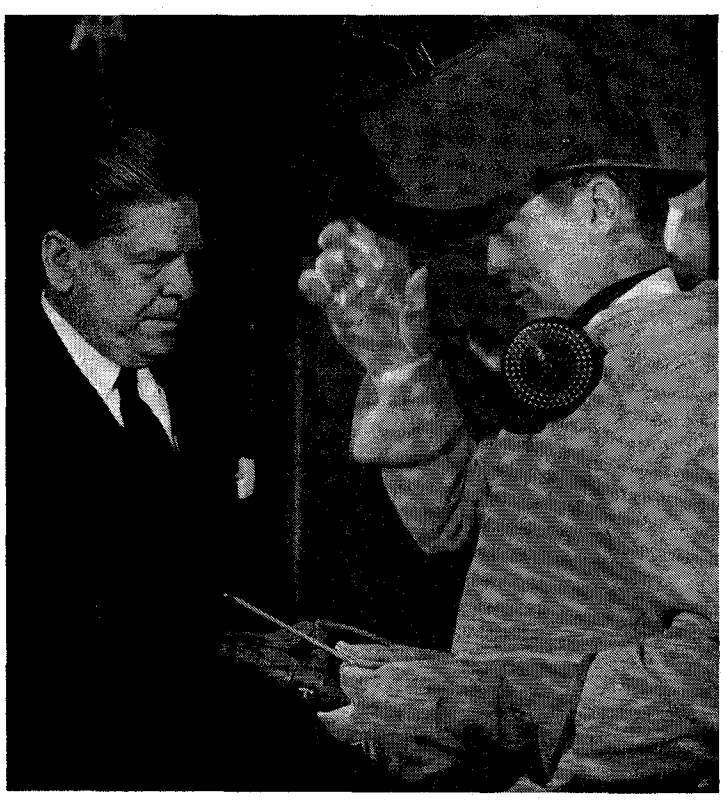
1955: Rescuers search for workmen trapped in a collapse of New York's partially built Coliseum. Later, a man was found entombed in cement.

From the President . . .

"I have designated May 13-19 as Job Safety Week. Outstanding businessmen, farm and labor leaders, State and Federal officials, and representatives from insurance, education and safety organizations will convene in Washington for the President's Conference on Occupational Safety. Their purpose will be to design voluntary programs to reduce preventable work injuries.

"This is a work in which all of us must share. An injury anywhere is a loss to the Nation as a whole. Safety must become a daily habit in all our workplaces if we are to reach our full potential of strength."

Dwight D. Eisenhower



Secretary Mitchell examines welders' protective gear modeled by a Labor Department safety expert. "Man-days lost in 1955 could have built one 6-room house for every person in Baltimore," says Mitchell.

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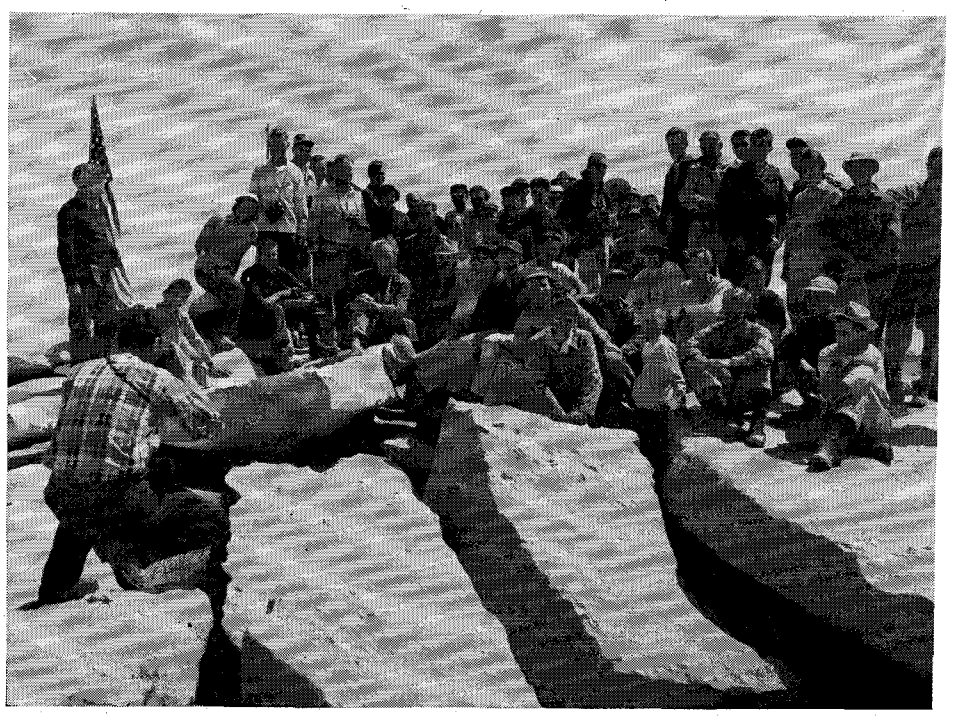
Mt. Whitney's sheer east face presents a challenge to any climber. Most hikers tackle the longer, easier trail up the western side of the California mountain.



Sunday mountaineers congregate at the top of the popular peak. Sometimes on weekends, the crowd is so thick that climbers must wait in line to sign the park register.

Big, Busy Mountain

By Andrew Hamilton and Chandler Harris

Even old ladies and children can climb to the summit of Mt. Whitney—except when the mighty peak turns treacherous.

Most photographs of 14,495-foot Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States proper, depict its breath-taking eastern tor as a huge incisor along the jawbone of the High Sierra. This is the mountain's most formidable view. From another direction, it resembles the tilted forecastle of a battered ship, run aground on a rocky shore. The summit, behind the jutting prow, slopes away gently to the west.

Yet, the top of Mt. Whitney is not easily come by. It is won by plodding up thirteen miles of steadily rising and zigzagging trail—through stretches of spicy sagebrush and lodgepole pines, past cobalt-blue lakes and mountain meadows—finally breaking into the Sierra Nevada's desolate and radiant high country.

Last summer Leigh Miller, a dark-haired San Francisco attorney, and his pretty, brown-eyed wife, Sally—a typical young married couple—decided to make the climb over the Labor Day weekend.

"We'll stand together on top like Hillary and Tensing on the lonely spire of Everest," Sally joked.

They joined forces with three friends—blond, stocky Paul Micou, another attorney; pipe-smoking Bruce Duncan, a ship broker; and bob-haired Virginia Bauer, a teacher in a school for deaf children. All had done some camping and hiking. What they lacked in the way of equipment they borrowed. Food, gasoline and a restorative bottle of cognac were budgeted at fifty dollars—an inexpensive ten dollars apiece.

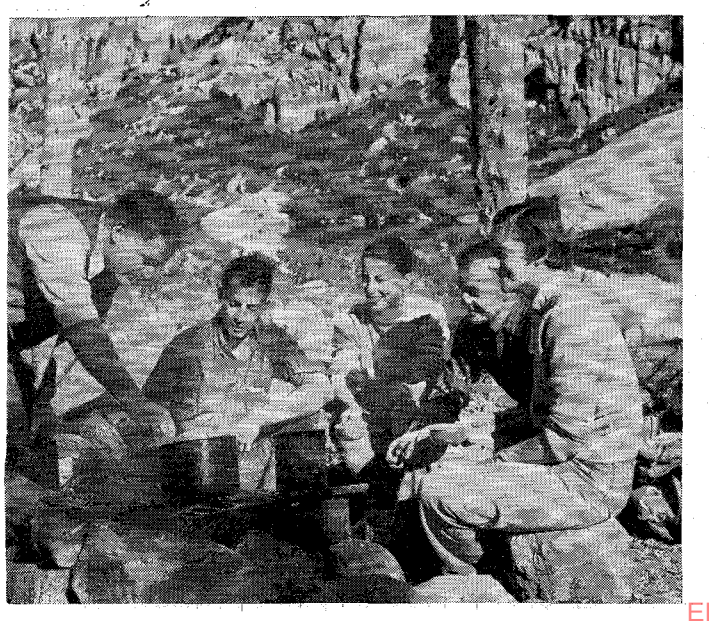
"There won't be many people on top," Leigh said confidently as they piled into his station wagon. "Too late in the summer."

He was wrong. Whitney Portal, thirteen miles west of Lone Pine, California, entrance to the High Sierra Wilderness Area, was jammed with automobiles and people. The San Franciscans shouldered their packs—thirty pounds apiece for the men, fifteen for the women—and joined a mob streaming up the trail. After an overnight camp at Mirror Lake, where they left their heavy stuff, they set out at dawn for the peak. To Sally, the spectacle of hikers struggling up the switchbacks was "like a Gustave Doré illustration for Dante's Inferno."

At times the Miller party wondered if they'd make it. From Mirror Lake it's a nine-mile pull, rising nearly 4000 feet. As they climbed, their heads ached from the altitude, muscles wearied and, because they'd forgotten canteens, throats parched. But they struggled doggedly on, reaching the top shortly after noon.

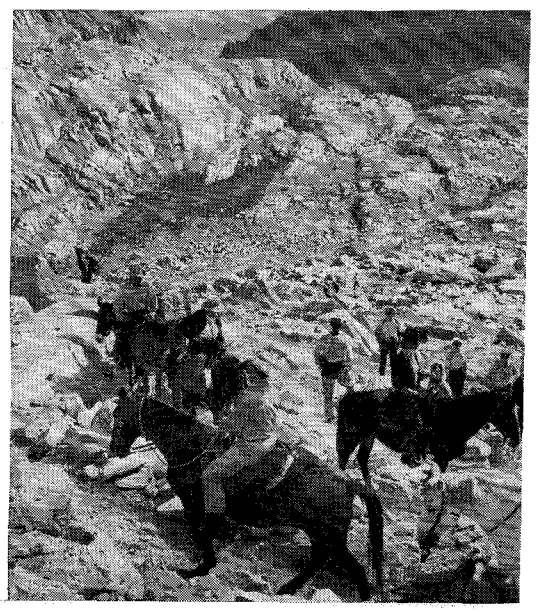
(Continued on Page 114)

A party of San Francisco hikers cooks its breakfast at the Mirror Lake campgrounds, 10,600 feet up.



Photographs by Bob Spring

Authors Hamilton and Harris (foreground) conquered the mountain the easy way: on horseback.



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Kermit Ross and Kim Melville on the last lap of the East Buttress, one of the least traveled routes to the summit.

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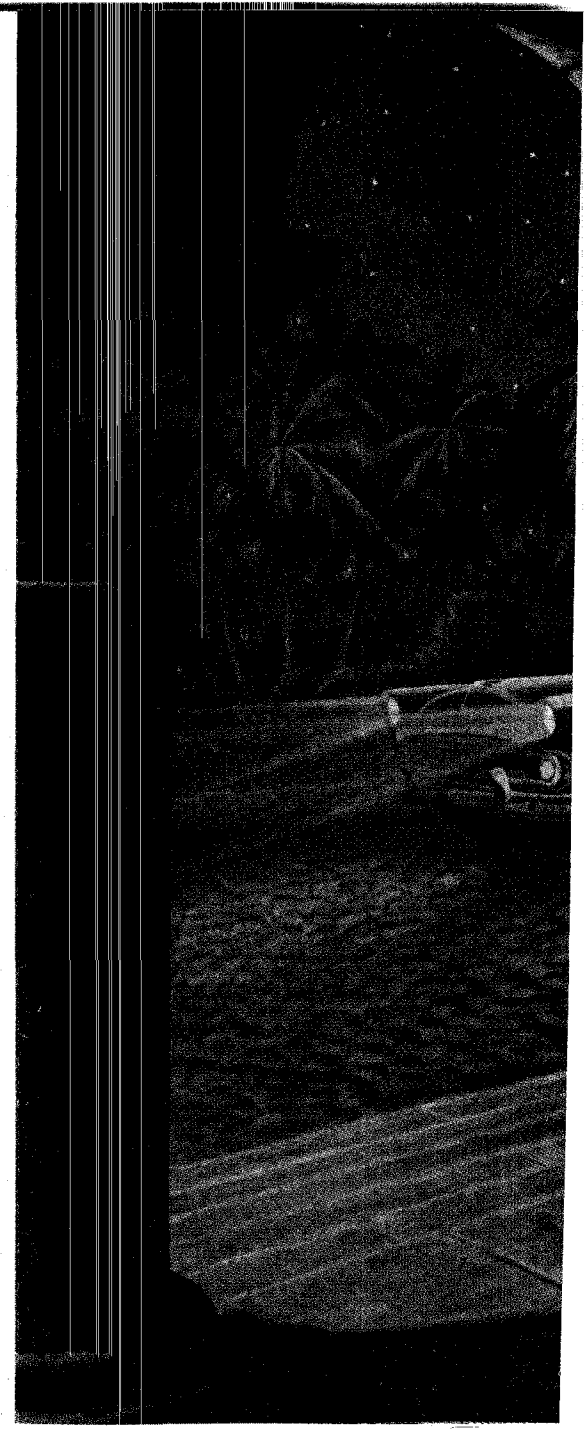
By BURNHAM CARTER

THE TRINIDAD TREASURE

A beautiful blonde and fortune in gold! How could Tio resist such a temptation?



Illustrated By Paul Rabut

The tourist in Havana, strolling one of the narrow streets of the old city, might pass the open front of the Café Mosca without a turn of the head. As the guidebooks say, "There is nothing here that need detain the traveler" —just a simple shadowy café, fragrant of coffee, limes and rum, frequented chiefly by men who eat alone or converse quietly in twos and threes at the marble-topped tables. Under the smooth management of Tio Martinez and his plump and pretty wife, Amelia, the café is normally as decorous as a benefit supper of the Ladies Aid.

It is a fact, however, that the patrons belong to that special class of society known as the underworld, using the Mosca as a place where they can relax from the demands of both business and pleasure. Yoyo Marino, the pickpocket; Nicky Avicinno, the dope peddler; Maru, the smuggler; and others of that ilk do not practice their trade at the Mosca. Within the café they are honest and pay cash, and for a gay evening with the girls they go elsewhere.

Tio stared at the box with a tight triumphant smile. He started to widen the hole.

The Mosca, to them, has the special sanctity of home.

For that reason, the arrival of a smartly dressed blonde one midmorning caused a slight stir among those present. The blonde remained indifferent to this attention and walked directly to the bar to speak to Tio Martinez. She had a sturdy but shapely figure, with a round bright face that was worldly-wise without being hard.

After confirming Tio's identity, she said, with a pleasant smile, "I have a note for you from George Young," and handed him an envelope. George Young lived in Florida, and in the lush days of prohibition, Tio had enjoyed a profitable partnership with him in rum-running. Now George had moved up, or at least along, to the management of a Miami night spot. The note said:

Tio: This girl, Joan Dessay, works for me—a dancer. She's O.K. Maybe you can help her. *Salud peseta.*

GEORGE

From George, a man of few words, this introduction was a real tribute. Tio inquired how he could be of service.

"It's rather a long story," Joan said. "Could you sit down with me for a few minutes—or could we meet somewhere else?"

Amelia was in the kitchen, preparing for the luncheon crowd. There would be half an hour of relative quiet. The time was as good as any, but not the place: it was easier to talk to attractive blondes outside the home area. Tio left Pepe, his brother-in-law, to take charge, and escorted the girl to a café two blocks away.

"George said you were O.K. too," Joan began. "So perhaps we'll like each other. I hope so, because I have to ask you to do something for me—something difficult."

"Probably less difficult than to refuse you, *señorita*."

"Well, it's nice of you to say so. I have to tell you about my life too. I was born here, in Trinidad. Perhaps you know it." Trinidad was a small, very old seaport town on the south coast of Cuba, about 200 miles away. "My grandfather was a Varona," Joan continued. "But that probably means nothing to you."

"It was a famous family," Tio said, who had never heard of them.

Joan gave him a shrewd look. "You are guessing. But it's true. He owned many thousand acres of land, six hundred slaves and two sugar mills. But my grandmother didn't like Trinidad. There was no social life. She wanted to live in Paris or Rome. Well, one day my grandfather was riding home from the sugar fields and a man stepped from behind a tree and shot him in the shoulder. My grandfather fell from his horse, but managed to draw his own pistol and shoot the other. It was one of his slaves, paid by my grandmother to kill him, so she could inherit the money and live where she pleased. The older son, my uncle, was in the plot too. My uncle fled to the United States, my grandmother was banished and my grandfather announced: 'If money can cause such evil, I want no more of it.' So he gave it all away, and reduced himself and my mother to extreme poverty."

"What a pity," Tio said. "For myself, I behave better when I have money than when I haven't."

"Well, it was hard on my mother, yet she never blamed my grandfather. She took care

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"That police officer knows you are here," Joan said, "and he's going to arrest you. You must leave at once."

of him. She married a French refugee named Dessay, who left her a year after I was born. She had to sell the furniture to buy food for us. When my grandfather was dying, he told her that he had left something for me, but there was no will. Then my uncle came back, a wealthy man, and claimed the estate for himself as the older son. There was nothing for us to do but go away."

There was a rueful smile on Joan's face. "We got to Paris and Rome, but not in the way my grandmother wanted! We saw some very interesting old slums. My mother sang in music halls. From the age of ten I danced. I was always hungry. Well, no matter. Two months ago my mother died. She had carried with her always a little packet of old letters, which I did not have the heart to look at until last week. There was one marked: 'For my granddaughter Joanna. To be opened on her twenty-fifth birthday.' So I opened it."

"You are twenty-five?"

"No, certainly not. I am only twenty—but I am a woman."

"I see."

"Here is what was inside." She took from her handbag a sheet of note paper, with the Varona coat of arms at the top. It was inscribed:

To Joanna:

Ezekiel 8: 7, 8.

"Listen." Joan read from a pocket Bible: "'And he brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall.'"

Tio's ears perked. The quotation was extremely interesting.

"Of course, it may only be an old family diary," Joan continued, "but I think it is a treasure of gold. And it belongs to me, although I could not claim it under the law. If my uncle knew about it, he would take it from me."

"Yes."

"So I want you to dig it out of the wall for me without his knowing. And I will give you a tenth of it."

Tio's face showed no surprise. He had received quite a few colorful business offers in his time. This one had a fairy-tale quality that appealed to his imagination. Of course, it was illegal, and he had promised Amelia to abstain from activities of that character. But, as the girl had indicated, the gold—if there was any—was morally hers; and Amelia had been talking lately of a freezer for the restaurant, which would cost easily a thousand dollars; and when one considered these two facts in the light shed on any situation by a blonde with a pleasing figure, one found the prospect tempting. Tio wrestled briefly with his conscience; and as usual Tio won.

"I will do it," he said. "Tell me what you have planned."

She leaned toward him eagerly. "I called on my uncle yesterday and identified myself. He is a cold, queer man who sits all day among his papers writing a family history. He has the reputation of being a miser! He's always suspicious that people want to steal his money, and he almost never goes out. But I persuaded him to dine with me tomorrow night at the hotel. Now, my idea is, you will call on him tomorrow morning, as a writer collecting material on old Trinidad. You can be an American writer because you speak English even better than he. You will have an opportunity to examine the house, especially the wall by the arched doorway leading to the patio; that, I think, is 'the door to the court,' mentioned in the Bible verse. That evening you will go back to the *palacio*, while we are dining. If you find anything, you can bring it to Havana. And I will get in touch with you here."

"Of course, I would be suspected at once."

"Of what? He may notice nothing wrong for some time. Or if he finds the hole, how will he know what is gone? And finally he will not know who you are."

"It's unfair that you, who do not need a mind, should have one," Tio declared gallantly. "There's only one other question: What if nothing is there?" (Continued on Page 118)

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The New Marilyn Monroe

Here She Talks About Herself

Marilyn explains how Freud helped cure her inferiority complex and tells why she posed for that famous nude calendar.

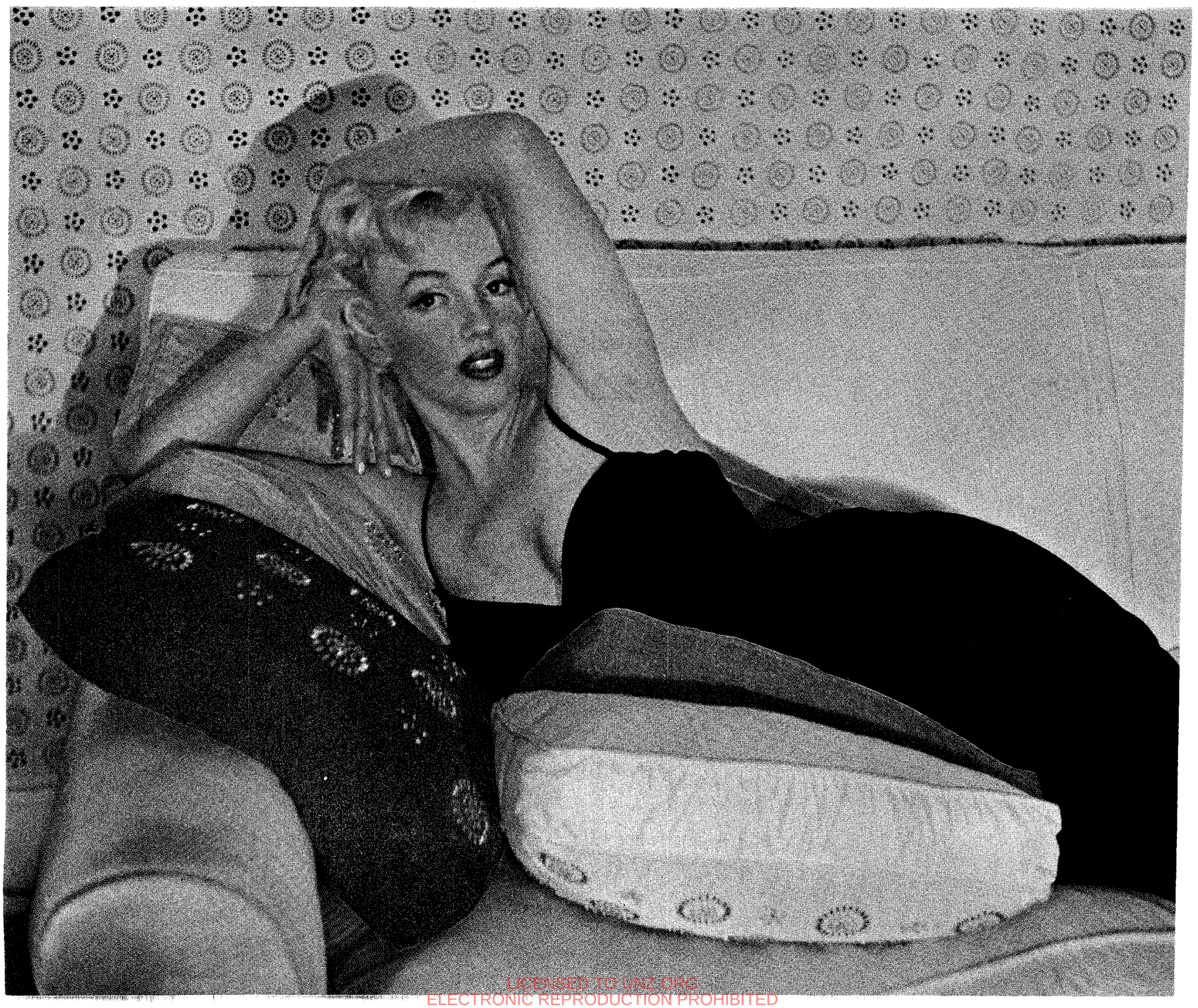
By PETE MARTIN

Part Two

"That nude calendar Marilyn Monroe posed for will probably be reprinted as long as we have men with twenty-twenty vision in this country," Flack Jones told me. Jones had put in several years as a publicity worker at Marilyn Monroe's Hollywood studio before opening his own public-relations office. "Curious thing about it," Jones went on, "when that calendar first came out, it had no bigger sale than any other nude calendar.

"You may not know it, but there's a steady sale for such calendars. You might think that there are too few places where you can hang them up to make them worth while. But there're lots of places where they fit in very nicely—truckers' havens, barbershops, bowling alleys, poolrooms, washrooms, garages, toolshops, taprooms, taverns—joints like that. The calendar people always publish a certain number of nude calendars along with standards like changing autumn leaves, Cape Cod fishermen bringing home their catch from a wintry sea, Old Baldy covered with snow. You're not in the calendar business unless you have a selec-

"I'm a mixture of simplicity and complexes," confesses Marilyn. "But I'm beginning to understand myself now."



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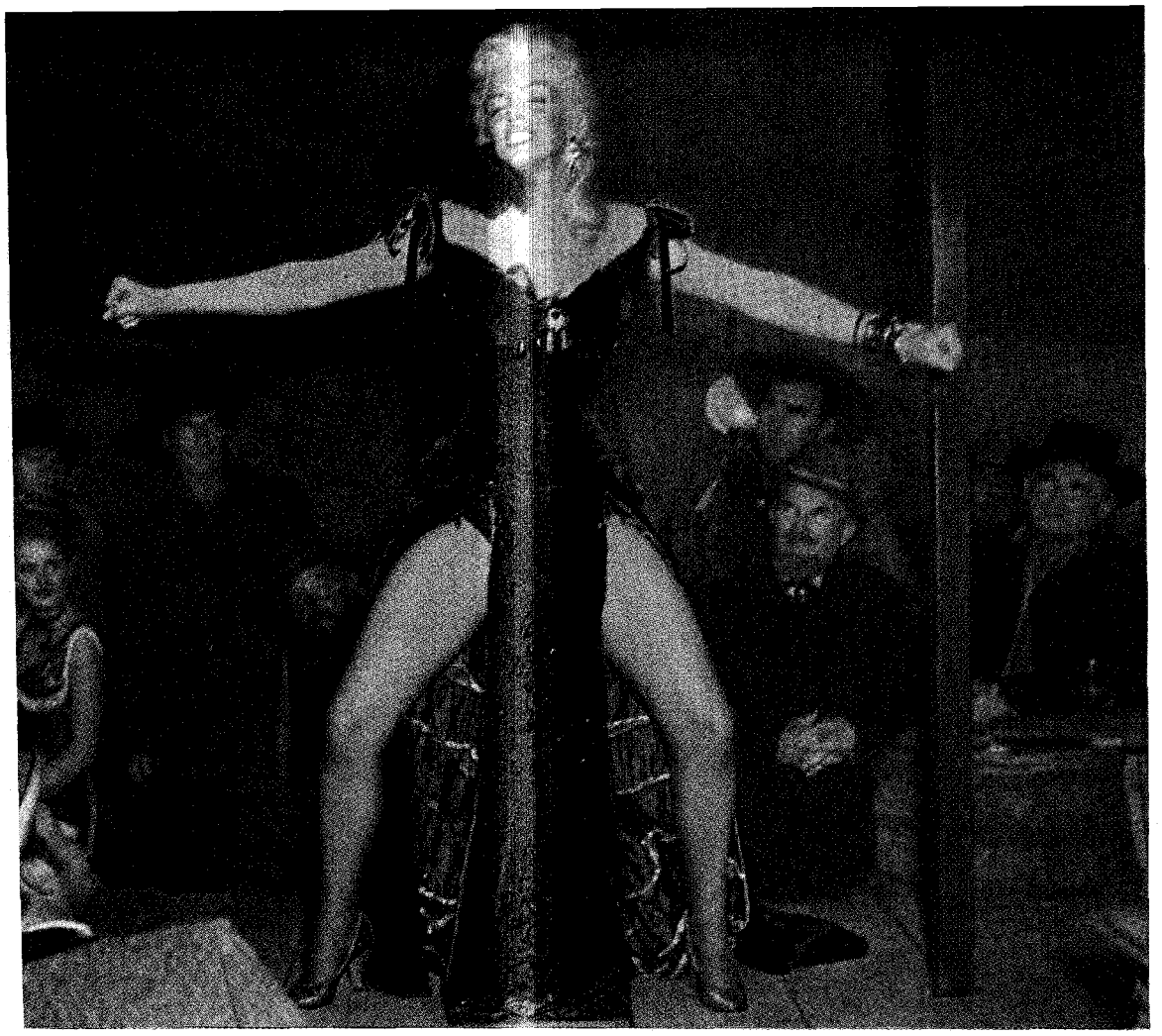

Marilyn in a scene from River of No Return, an indifferent movie in which she played a dance-hall singer. Of future roles she says, "I want to be in the kind of picture where I can develop, not just wear tights."

In Korea in February of 1954, she caught cold after entertaining troops in below-freezing weather.

tion of sexy calendars. The sale of the one for which Marilyn posed was satisfactory, but not outstanding. It only became a 'hot number' when the public became familiar with it."

Billy Wilder, the Hollywood director who directed Marilyn in The Seven Year Itch, is witty, also pungent, pithy, and is not afraid to say what he thinks. "When you come right down to it," Wilder told me, "that calendar is not repulsive. It's quite lovely. Marilyn's name was already pretty big when the calendar story broke. If it hadn't been, nobody would have cared one way or the other. But when it became known that she had posed for it, I think that, if anything, it helped her popularity. It appealed to people who like to read about millionaires who started life selling newspapers on the corner of Forty-second and Fifth Avenue; then worked their way up. It was as if Marilyn had been working her way through college, for that pose took hours. Here was a girl who needed dough, and she made it by honest toil."

"I was working on the Fox Western Avenue lot when this worried man from Fox came tearing in wringing his hands," Marilyn told me recently. "He took me into my dressing room to talk about the horrible thing I'd done in posing for such a photograph. I could think of nothing else to (Continued on Page 108)

NEXT WEEK . . .

The complete backstage story of Marilyn's short, unhappy marriage to Joe DiMaggio.

Tom Ewell was the bemused spectator in the famous billowing-skirt sequence from The Seven Year Itch.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe DiMaggio in a nightclub shortly after they eloped in January, 1954. He was her second husband.

Lawyer Jerry Giesler represented Marilyn in her divorce suit. She and Joe separated after nine months together.

The "new Marilyn" and Don Murray, male lead in her next picture, Bus Stop.

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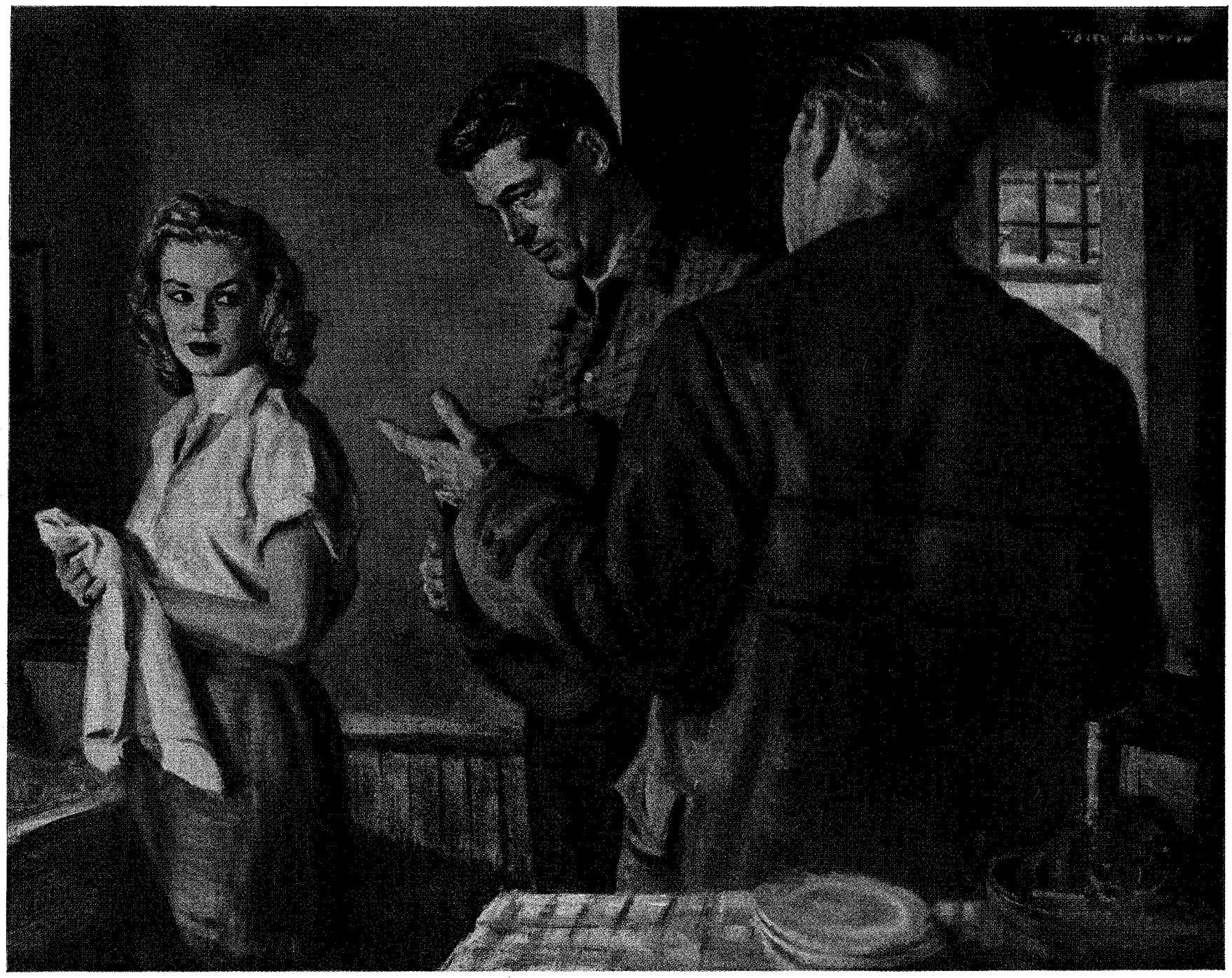

"John feels that he might as well stay here," the preacher told Nancy. "He offers to marry you."

Marriage of Convenience

He made it clear that his love would always belong to another girl . . .

By VICTORIA CASE

I'm trying to make you see what manner of people crossed the Plains to the Oregon country (said aged-Auntie-with-a-crutch) because it will go down in history as one of the world's wonders; and I've sought out stories where good triumphed over evil, as it often does, even in this world. But now I come to Nancy and John Brugman, who caused us more heartbreak than all the others together, and yet there wasn't a spot of wrongdoing in either of them. They were decent, kind, brave youngsters, both of them, and handsome beyond common, so everybody loved them on sight. Each one, standing alone, would have filled our hearts with happiness. The trouble was that we arranged for them to marry each other.

Marriage, though I never married (said Auntie, grimly), is something only God should dare to manage. Take a hand yourself and I promise you there won't be ten fingers left to count on.

Thousands of people came to the territory, that fall of 1855. Most of them went on to the big settlement at Oregon City to find shelter for the winter, but now and again a wagon came creaking along our road, thinking to get settled sooner. Here, where our bridge crosses the little river, my nephew and his wife, Ruhanna, watched day after day to give them their first welcome to Oregon. And so, almost at dusk, Nancy and John Brugman came trudging through the mud and rain, afoot and almost desperate. All they'd saved from their wagon was one bony old ox, and all three—ox, man and girl—were loaded down with goods and scarcely able to set one foot ahead of the other.

Walter quickly unloaded the poor beast at the little cabin back of our house and led him away to be comforted in the barn. Ruhanna hurried with a tub (Continued on Page 51)

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This is the Dean Speaking!

A university trouble shooter in charge of several thousand male and female students reports his daily troubles, which range from the ridiculous to the "altogether dreadful."

The Dean. "Guidance at critical times can save stunted careers and shattered lives. . . ."

By ROBERT H. SHAFFER, *Dean of Students, Indiana University*
as told to Jerome Ellison

Not many hours after I'd become dean of students at Indiana I met a likable youngster at a party, and voiced a routinely courteous hope that I'd see him soon again. He shot back, "Not if I can help it, dean," and it rocked me. To him, and, I've found, to most people, "dean" means only one thing—the Big Paddle.

It's true that discipline is part of my job, and anybody who's tried it on a family scale can imagine, if he cares to, what it's like in a household of 10,000 high-strung boy and girl collegians.

But keeping order is a side line. Our main business is to help and advise. Young people in college have problems, ranging from the laughably trivial to the suicidally serious, and the dean's office has a hand in them all.

Some of the difficulty arises from the epochal jump in college enrollments, now two and a half times the level of 1930. Many of our students are the first in their family trees ever to attend college. Having no precedent, families often lack even a hazy notion of what college is about. For instance:

During one of the famous "pantie raids" on women's dormitories a student football player roughed a campus policeman and got himself suspended. Next day there was a long-distance call from his older sister. "Is it true you bounced Tommy because he slugged a cop?" I said it was. "Gosh, dean, you wouldn't kick a boy out of school just for that!"

An important politician of our state regarded the ban on freshman cars as a needless restraint on his spoiled daughter. He arranged to list her car as the property of a sophomore friend, and let her keep it. A routine license check disclosed the ruse and another freshman had to leave.

In both cases the families completely failed to grasp the fundamental university idea.

Just what is college all about?

By my tradition, the acquisition of some sort of employable skill is regarded as useful, but the first aim of education is intelligent citizenship. In this department the dean of students is a busy teacher.

Our campus, with its 10,000 students and their million perplexities, is fairly typical, I believe, of the people and problems of today's more populous educational centers. This unit of the state's university system is in Bloomington, a city of 30,000—not counting us—in the hilly, wooded, south-central part of Indiana, an hour-and-a-half drive southward from Indianapolis. The town sprawls over some thirty square miles; the campus covers perhaps five.

Into this area, besides the forty-odd buildings of the college proper, are packed the following items: Ten men's dormitories housing 2400 boys. Seven women's dorms containing 2200 girls. A thousand married-student families, an equal number of faculty households. Four hundred foreign students, a third of them girls, from sixty countries. Two hundred rooming houses for men and forty for women, together sheltering 1200 students. Five thousand student-owned automobiles. Thirty fraternities with 1600 brothers, twenty sororities inhabited by 1400 girls.

These, totaling about 10,000 students, are my charges. Some I'll never meet, but I'll share life's brightest and darkest hours with

(Continued on Page 104)

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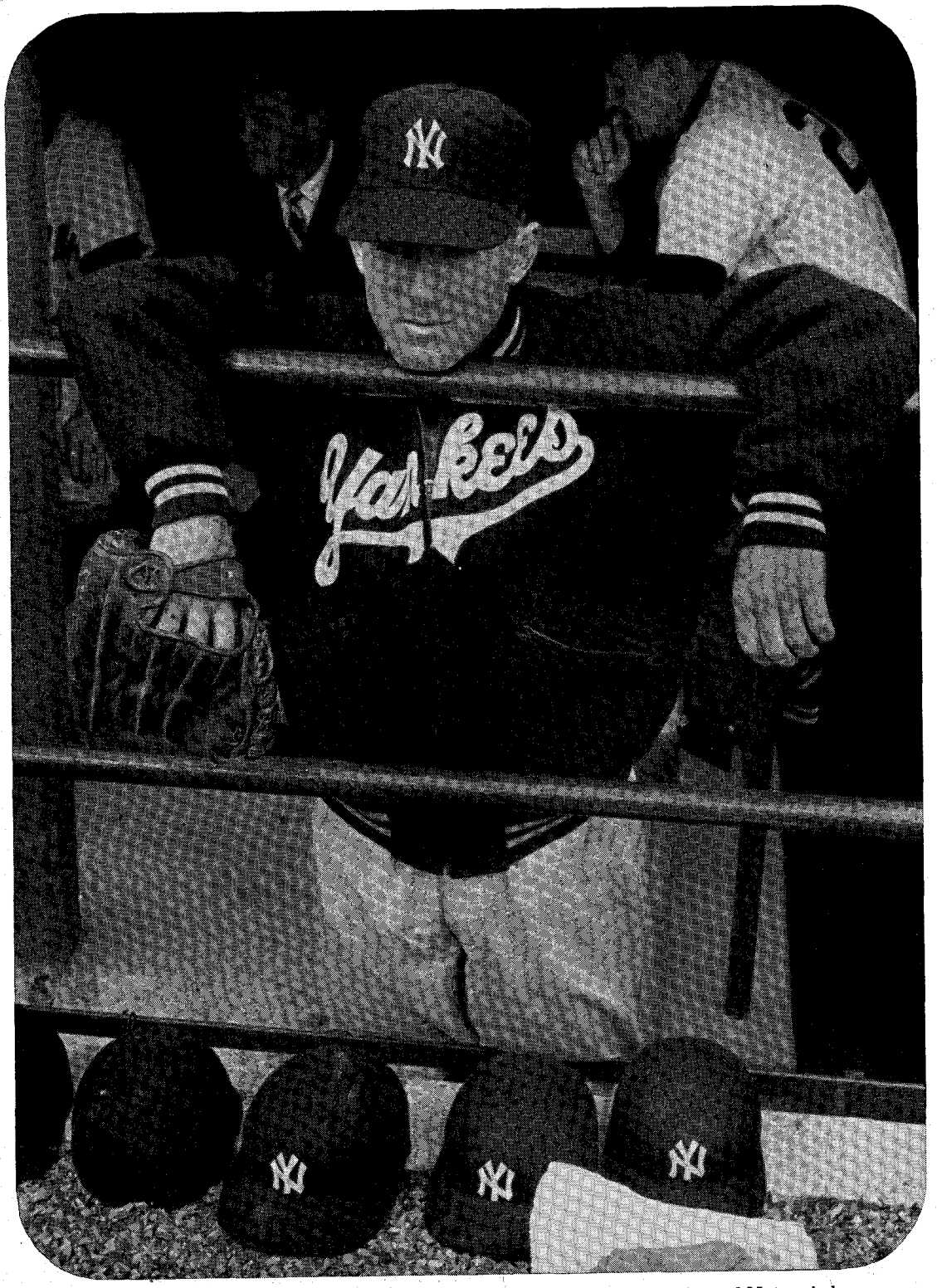


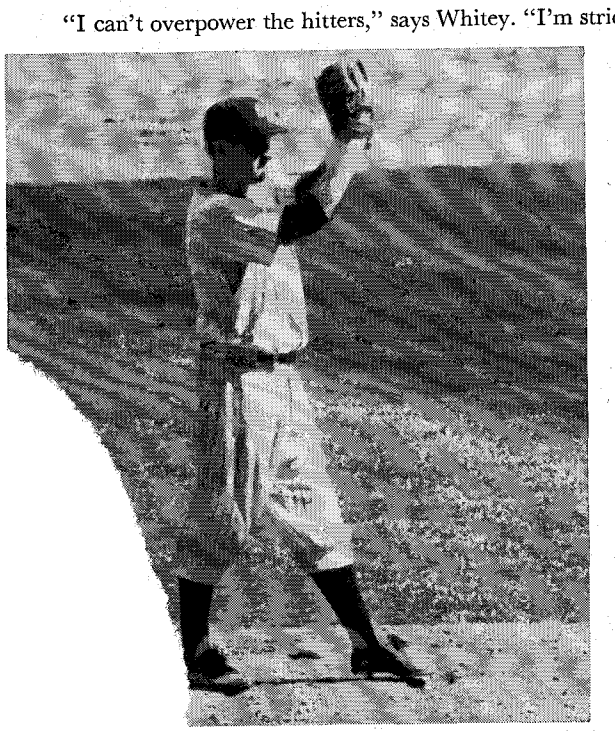
The Yankees' Southpaw Wizard

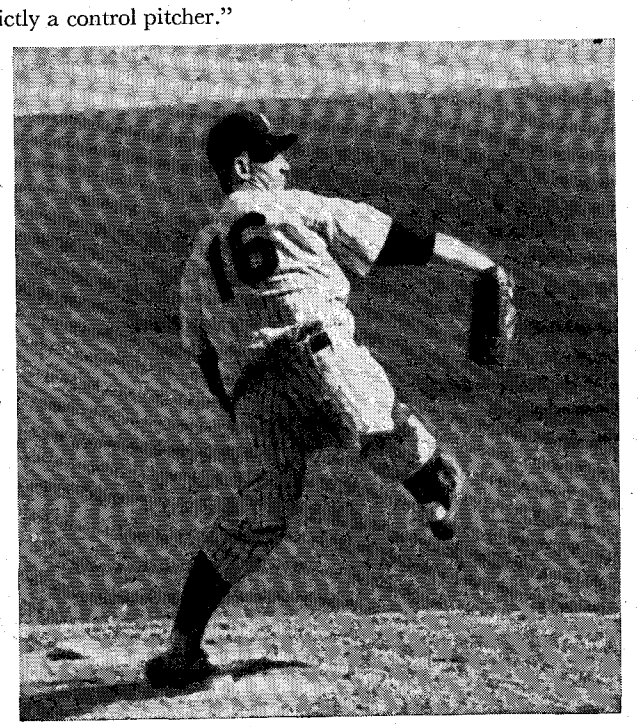
By STANLEY FRANK

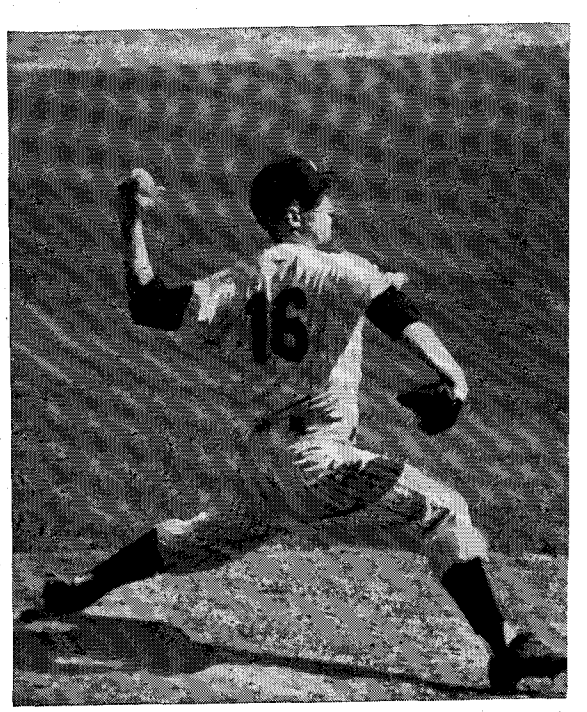
Whitey Ford wins
when the chips are down,
but what a headache
he can be to the front office!

At Washington on opening day last month. Despite the fact that he was voted No. 1 pitcher in the American League last season, Whitey wasn't assigned to start against the Senators.

"I can't overpower the hitters," says Whitey. "I'm strictly a control pitcher."







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The Dodgers had just won their third straight to pull ahead of the Yankees in the 1955 World Series, and now this Sunday night players from both sides were on a network television show to trade complimentary clichés like dandy little sportsmen. Brooklyn's heroes kicked the rug shyly and allowed that it sure was great to be meeting a great ball club and getting great breaks that had brought them within a game of the championship. The misty-eyed master of ceremonies turned to the Yankees and asked Whitey Ford, winner of the first game, whether he was pitching the next day. Ford, the smallest and most diffident-looking player in the group, threw the script out of the window with a smile that involved only his lips.

"Yeah, I go tomorrow and Byrne pitches on Tuesday," he said.

Having thus announced in effect that he would lick Brooklyn again, Ford proceeded to deliver a four-hitter which, although not as dramatic as Johnny Podres' payoff shutout, was the outstanding pitching job in the series. Both the promise and the performance were typical of Ford. The chunky southpaw has the self-assurance of a trapeze artist who works without a safety net, and maybe he doesn't need it. His lifetime winning percentage and earned-run average are the best in the major leagues today. Yet baseball people mention him as an afterthought when discussing the top craftsmen in the business. Behind-the-hand whispers of Ford's strained relationship with the Yankee management make more intriguing conversation than his achievements on the field.

Ford's cocksure competence appears to be as irritating to the Yankee big brass as it is frustrating to the opposition. You get the impression that they accept his contributions to three pennants in much the same manner that proper Bostonians once pocketed profits from the slave trade. The Yankees are not at all reluctant to cash in on Ford's pitching, but they seem to prefer that no one bring up the source of their blue chips.

April, 1951: Whitey was in the Army when he married Joan Foran. At right, a young fan salutes.

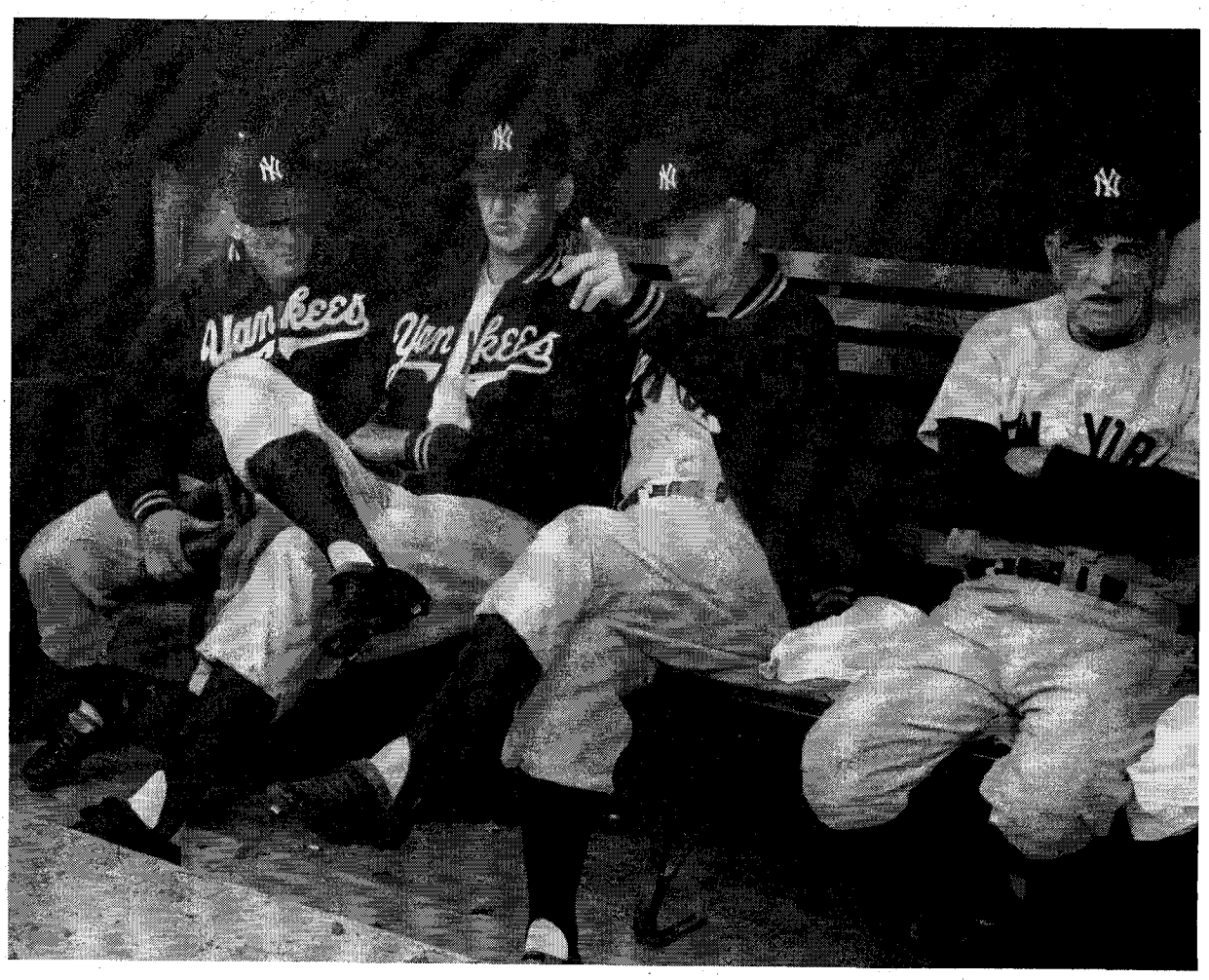
August, 1954: A maternity nurse exhibits tiny Tommy Ford, youngest of the fair-haired pitcher's three kids.

The strangest part of the sticky situation is that Ford was the Yankees' fair-haired boy just a few years ago. He took the play away from the team's veteran stars in 1950, when he was brought up from the minors in midseason and bolstered a sagging pitching staff by winning nine straight games down the stretch of a tough pennant race, then beat the Phillies in the World Series.

In 1953 Ford again gave the team a big lift when he returned from a two-year hitch in the Army and won his first seven games. Last season he tied for high gun in the American League with eighteen victories, and was voted the No. 1 pitcher in the circuit. On the face of things, the Yankees should be enthusiastic about their left-handed ace. Such enthusiasm is conspicuously absent.

Although the Yankees don't blast Ford openly, they make no effort to hide their impatience with his independent attitude and behavior off the field. "He never runs away from a party," one executive says cryptically. Ford has been a holdout every year he has been with the team. His hassles with George Weiss, the general manager, date back to the time he still was a rookie in the farm system. After the 1948 season, Ford defied Weiss' direct order and played winter ball in Mexico. He dug a deeper hole in the doghouse by picking up a nasty case of dysentery which subsequently put him on the shelf for two months while he should (Continued on Page 101)

Ford, pitcher Don Larsen, coach Jim Turner and manager Casey Stengel on opening day. Larsen beat Washington, 10 to 4. Ford claims to have difficulty understanding Stengel's brand of English.



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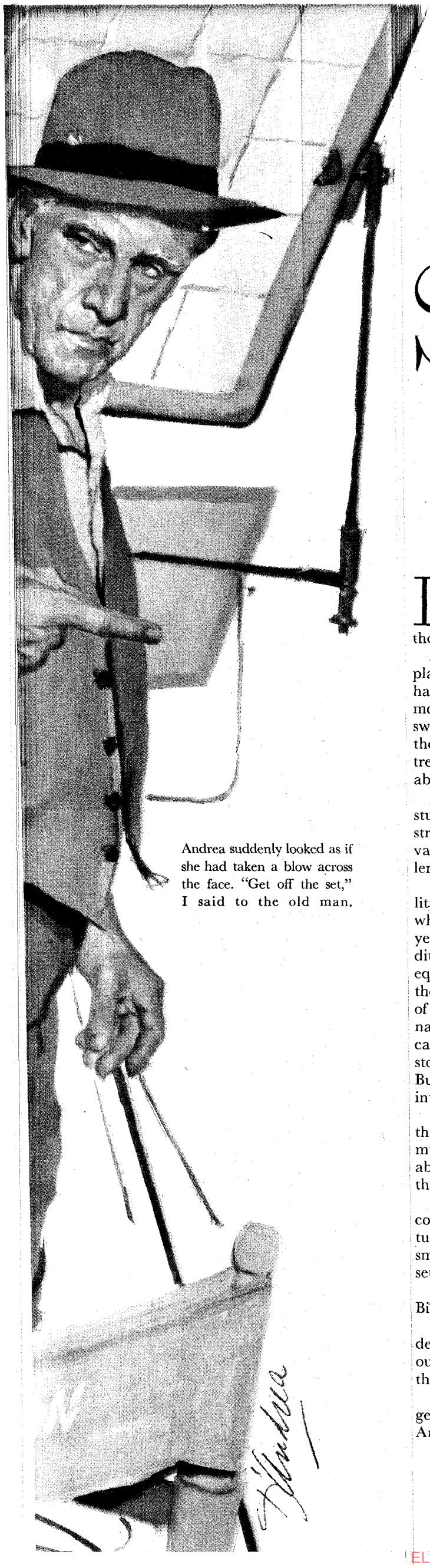

Andrea suddenly looked as if she had taken a blow across the face. "Get off the set," I said to the old man.

By MICHAEL FOSTER

SPOTLIGHT

A second, more shocking drama was taking place out of range of the cameras . . .

It was not my idea of the way to do this picture. It was an upstairs-office idea, and I tried to block it. For the girl's sake, though I couldn't let her know it.

Al's office is one of the most dreamlike places in America, and it's better if you've had a good solid breakfast. I had one that morning, at a table beside the unearthly blue swimming pool on the hotel grounds. I sat there looking at the fantastically tall palm trees in California morning light, and thinking about snowy afternoons along Broadway.

When I drove the sun-drenched miles to the studio and went up to Al's office, we went straight into argument. Al was talking picture values, and so was I. But I was thinking silently of Andrea.

Al's idea was for me to take Andrea to the little forgotten town in the middle South where her family had lived for a hundred years. It would be a typical Hollywood expedition, with the cast and a technical crew and equipment. To make location shots—some of the outdoor scenes of the picture. Using people of the town as extras, for background. Ordinarily, I'd have shrugged, *Sure, why not?* because this picture is a very American sort of story, and is set, mostly, in just such a locale. But I had an inkling of what we might run into in that drowsy little hill town.

So I argued that we could do the whole thing on the sound stages here, including as much of a town as the scenes needed, for probably less money and a lot less trouble. Also, that I could direct it better that way.

"But look, Jake," Al said. "Home-town girl comes home to make her first big starring picture. Can't you see it?" Al thought it was a smash idea. "The publicity department is all set to roll," he said.

"But she wasn't born there. She was born in Billings, Montana," I said.

He waved it aside. "That was just an accident of show business. The old family town is our dish. Her folks came from there, didn't they?"

"Her mother came from there," I said gently. "Andrea's never been near the place. Andrea's just Broadway."

"Some of her folks still live down there, don't they?"

"They're all dead. Maybe a few scattered cousins left. I don't know."

"Home town. We got a publicity department. All the better she's never been back there. It makes this the time she comes home—home!"

Al's office—dreamlike. You can get a little dizzy sometimes.

And for once, I thought grimly, with about eight words I could have made everything still dizzier. With a touch of nightmare. I could have told Al why Andrea shouldn't go to that town. But that would have been to expose a background—of searing scandal, of tragedy—which Andrea herself had never heard about nor even dreamed of. And I figured it would damage the girl just at the start of this first big picture of her own. How much it would damage her, I couldn't even estimate. The story that I knew was enough to scare any producer in Hollywood. It put me in a bad jam, and I didn't see any solution. Except the sound stages.

Fighting to protect Andrea any way I could—from the past, and for her future—I practically snarled, "Let's quit being silly, Al. I don't want to see a good picture I direct all corned up with a lot of publicity-department half-dishonesties!"

"What's the matter with you all of a sudden? Jake, I'm telling you the way it's going to be. That's the word."

"But, Al, the fact remains, she's never even seen the place."

"She comes home as a star, to the little town her mother ran away from to go on the stage. Think of that! Just think of that, Jake!"

"But, Al ——"

"We're going to make this picture an American classic," Al said coldly. "It's going to be authentic in every detail."

When a producer says that, you look reverent and shut up.

I got up and stood looking out a window, sick with worry for Andrea. But since I was afraid to be honest, I had to take this as the lesser gamble of (Continued on Page 123)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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Episcopal Chaplain Frederic Meisel conducts a Sunday service at Bellevue. The chapel aisles were made especially wide to handle stretchers and wheelchairs.

The hospital's Roman Catholic chapel. "Even when medicine has done its utmost for the human body, there is still a spiritual factor that can be decisive," says the author.

MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE ⁝ CONCLUSION

"DEPARTMENT OF MIRACLES"

By DR. SALVATORE R. CUTOLO,

as told to BARBARA and ARTHUR GELB

A Bellevue patient may be beyond the power of doctors, but the hospital chaplains still work to save him—and often do.

Bellevue has a rule that every person admitted must be seen by a chaplain. Here, Rabbi I. F. Hollander (seated) and Jewish "Chaplain Interns" visit a patient.

Just down the hall from my office in Bellevue Hospital are three chapels—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. There is always someone at worship—a doctor, a nurse, a patient or a visitor. On holy days the chapels are filled to overflowing.

Nearly every day I see a woman patient being wheeled on her bed into the Catholic chapel. A victim of multiple sclerosis, she is completely paralyzed from the neck down. She has to be fed by tubes. Unable to speak, she can make her wants understood on the ward only by turning her eyes to the left or right. To the left of her bed stands a sign lettered: No. To the right is a sign lettered: YES. Her special nurse learns of her wants by asking simple questions. Each day she asks, "Would you like to be taken to church now?" And the paralyzed woman's eyes fasten on the YES sign.

I can't believe that there is another municipal hospital in the world that emphasizes religion as strongly as New York's Bellevue. The three major faiths have representatives on duty here twenty-four hours a day. On the bedside chart of each patient is a card identifying his religious belief—pink cards for Protestants, yellow for Catholics, blue for Jews. It is a hospital rule that every patient we admit must be seen by a chaplain. Of course, the patient may reject him. But experience has shown us (Continued on Page 132)

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Orphan Pup

The frightened animal and the lonely boy had a whole world in common.

By MITCHELL F. JAYNE

They killed a wolf the other day down where I used to live. I read the item in the county weekly that the folks send, and for a moment as I read, the noise of the shot rang and echoed in my ears, and I thought immediately of Lonesome.

I know that it couldn't be Lonesome, though, because I've been in the wildlife department here for three years, and it's been seven years since I last saw him. Wild things just don't live that long.

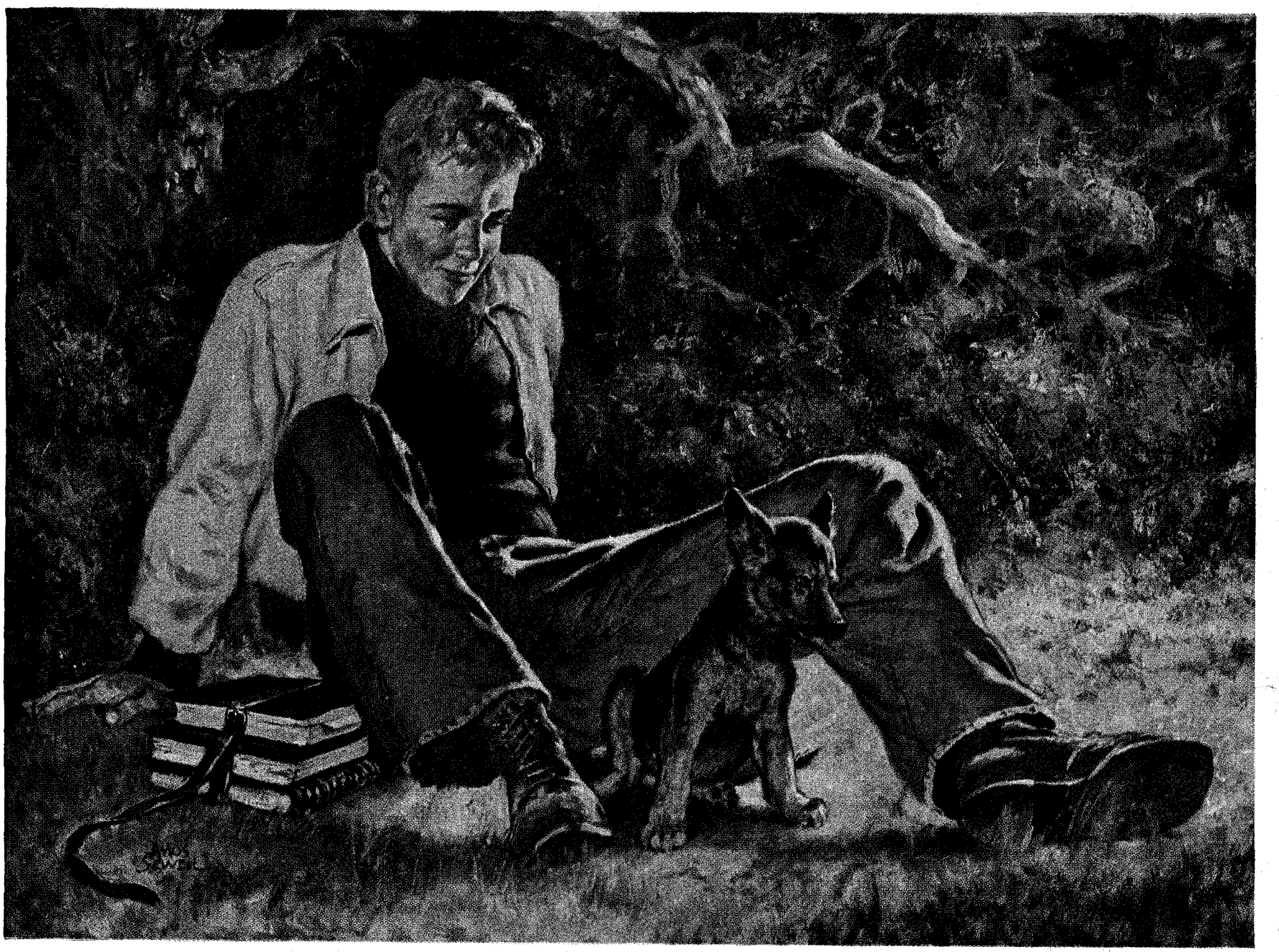
The paper said that the wolf was big, but thin, and it had made the mistake of raiding a poultry yard in its desperation. I imagine it was raising cubs somewhere in Troublesome Hollow, because the wolves in that part of the country are never seen unless there is a drought or a bad winter or something else that prevents them from getting their natural food.

It set me to remembering, and for a moment or two I could even smell the warmth of spring seeping up through the forest floor, and feel it in the afternoon sun that was shining the day I found Lonesome.

I came upon him in the woods on the way home from school, and it was like the way you come upon a buck deer lying up, or any wild thing. You think you know the woods, and you walk through them day after day as I did, seeing the endless drifts of last year's leaves, the empty hollows and wind-bare hillsides, until you are sure that there are no inhabitants more exciting than gray squirrels and woodpeckers. Suddenly there is a flurry of leaves, a gray shape bounding away, and the woods become wild and wonderful around you.

I was sixteen then, and I guess I had trudged back and forth from school along that same forest path several hundred times. It was April, the dogwoods were budding, and the blue jays argued from bush to bush ahead of me as I walked, blue streaks against the yellow buds of spring. I suppose I must have been a gangly, lonely-looking boy, woodsy and uncombed, and I know that I was more at home in the woods than anywhere else.

I had just passed the old cedar tree that marks the start of Troublesome Hollow, when I heard a low, odd-sounding whine. I stopped and looked all around, and after a little searching I found what (Continued on Page 128)



The pup shook itself and looked around and finally tried the edibility of my pants leg.

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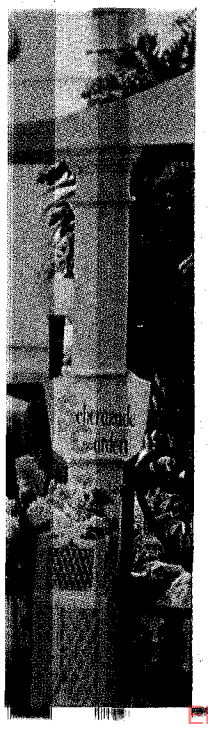
ps more wealth—and filth—per square inch than any other street in the world, the author says.

ails in a courtyard
ble Grand Hotel.



CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 20

CALCUTTA

By PRAKASH C. JAIN

An Indian reporter's revelations about his country's largest city: proud, violent, sinful Calcutta.

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Photographs by Ewing Krainin

Naked small fry play on the teeming streets near the Sealdah railroad station. The city is "a simmering hell" eight months of the year.

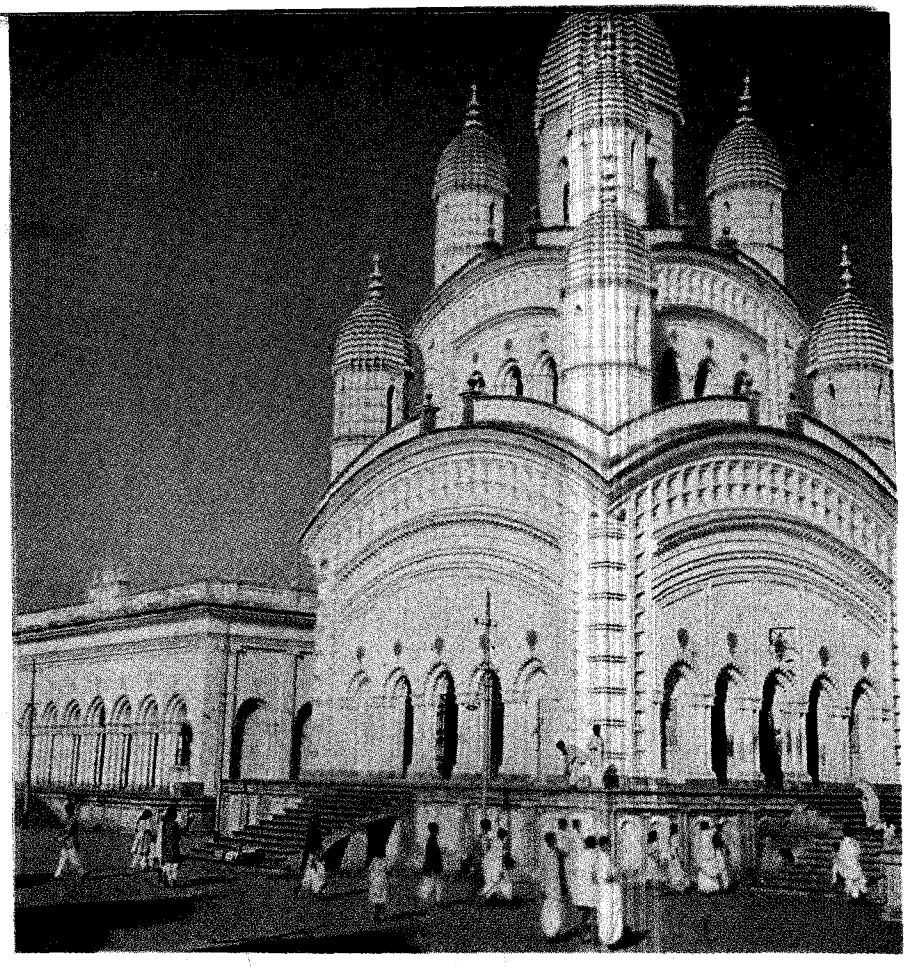
Calcutta, India.

Calcutta is the zaniest city in India and its people the most spasmodic in the world. The second city in the Commonwealth of Nations and the largest in India, Calcutta in the past has been described in various ways. Kipling called it "The City of Dreadful Night." Nehru dubbed it "this so-called City of Palaces." Fosco Maraini defined it as the "metropolis of tooth and claw, of evil and asceticism." And an American tourist lately opined, "Calcutta is not a city at all. It is a disease."

But to the Calcutta wallahs—the Calcutta people—Calcutta is an El Dorado—a Pierian spring of all art and culture, a Herculean fighter in the cause of freedom, a Promethean genius on India's firmament, a beehive center of trade.

Shaped like a Roman colosseum, with the famous Maidan—Calcutta's "Central Park," nearly two square miles in area—serving as an arena, Calcutta is a compact mass of 4,000,000 people all squeezed into an area of 28.34 square miles. Chicago's 3,500,000 people are dispersed over an area of 211 square miles. And should you take out Calcutta's lakes, ponds, parks, roads and other public places, the population density works out to a staggering figure of 288,640 persons per square mile.

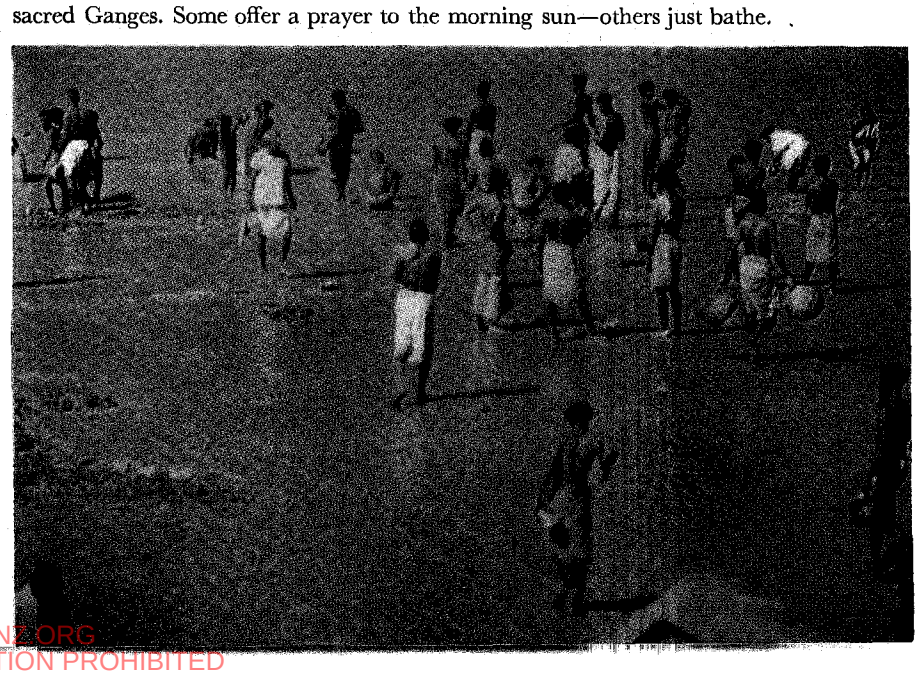
In the last three decades, Calcutta has trebled its population, and the tide still rises. Since the establishment of Pakistan, in 1947, an avalanche of 400,000 refugees has descended from East Bengal demanding food and quarters. The D.P.'s continue to come. Thousands of ambitious young men have emigrated from the poor lowland areas of North India in search of jobs and a sophisticated life. Lorryloads of them are seen every morning at the Calcutta bridge-railroad entrance to Calcutta. Three hundred newly born babies add daily to the city's permanent population. About 50,000 temporary visitors every day converge on the city's (Continued on Page 75)



Dakineswar Temple, outside Calcutta at the headquarters of the Ramakrishna Mission, was financed mostly by American followers of Ramakrishna.

Ramakrishna was a 19th-century ascetic who has been called "the father of Indian nationalism." These Hindus have come to meditate before his statue.

Hindus perform their ablutions on the Hooghly River, a branch of the sacred Ganges. Some offer a prayer to the morning sun—others just bathe.



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Men of the 77th Special Forces Group pass in review at Fort Bragg, N. C. Recently the Pentagon made them discard their berets because the headgear looked "foreign."

Toughest Outfit in the Army

The inside story of the Army's elite Special Forces who are trained to fight by night behind enemy lines.

By LT. COL. MELVIN RUSSELL BLAIR, U. S. ARMY (RETIRED)

Col. Edson Raff commands the Psychological Warfare Center, of which the 77th is a major unit. He led hit-run guerrilla raids which harassed the German *Afrika Korps* in World War II.

Guerrilla warfare is a very tough business. I remember a hot night in the Burmese jungle twelve years ago when we were lying in the elephant grass of a bamboo thicket near the Irrawaddy River. We could hear a Japanese sentry walking toward our hiding place. Within shouting distance, 600 enemy soldiers were holed up in an underground latticework of tunnels and caves. I had forty men — Gurkhas from the mountains of Nepal, Kachin hill tribesmen from North Burma, jungle-hardened GI's of Merrill's Marauders. The unexpected screech of a monkey rasped at our tautened nerves.

Thank God for the sergeant, I thought. The sergeant was big and rugged. He had been a high-school football hero back home. He was a good soldier. I was sure I could depend on him to kill that sentry quickly and silently. It was the

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Photographs By Bill Shrout

only way, if we were to slip by those 600 Japanese and reach our objective on a bend of the Irrawaddy. We could not afford the luxury of taking a prisoner. One shout from that sentry, one sound of a shot, and all of us would be dead in short order.

In the moonlight I could see the sergeant spring suddenly from his ambush and land on the Jap's back, clapping a hand over his mouth as he slammed him to the ground. The sentry's rifle fell to the grass and the sergeant's buddy, a private first class, jumped into the fight to help pin the struggling enemy soldier to the jungle floor.

The knife, sergeant, I prayed silently. *Use that knife quickly.*

But the struggle on the ground dragged on, every sound of it like a thunderclap in my ears. The monkey chattered again, and somewhere in a treetop a parrot started its raucous complaint at being aroused.

I rushed up. I could hear the sergeant talking to the private in a loud half whisper.

"I can't kill him," he was saying. "I can't kill him."

I could see what I must do, even if I was the most thoroughly frightened lieutenant in the United States Army at this point. I grabbed the trench knife from the sergeant's hand and plunged it into the sentry with all my strength. The struggle ended.

Now, able to move undetected through the enemy lines, we went on to accomplish our mission—an attack on supply rafts that the Japs were floating down the river. Then we faded off into the jungle again before the enemy troops could find us.

Guerrilla warfare is no game for PX soldiers or men unwilling to suppress their ethics in the interest of survival. The sergeant explained his near-fatal dereliction to me later. "It didn't seem fair," he said. "I would have been willing to give him back his rifle and shoot it out with him." While guerrilla fighting is nothing new in American history and has proved its effectiveness time and again all over the world, a feeling persists among some high-ranking officers in our armed forces that it is a dishonorable method of combat.

Yet this form of unorthodox warfare might well prove to be our salvation in the event of a World War III. The communist nations clearly have us outstripped in military manpower. The Soviet Union has demonstrated its ability to keep abreast of us, at least, in the technology of new and better weapons. But tyranny has an Achilles' heel in the dissatisfaction of a repressed populace. That is why the United States Army today is training combat teams which would organize, train and lead natives hundreds of miles inside enemy territory if we should become involved in another major war.

These men of the Army Special Forces (Airborne) represent the first formal recognition of guerrilla warfare in modern United States Army planning. They are also the Army's toughest soldiers. I know; I helped to recruit them.

For a combat infantryman like myself [Colonel Blair has received two Distinguished Service Crosses and two Purple Hearts—The Editors] it seemed (Continued on Page 89)

In an exercise off North Carolina, men of the 77th paddle toward shore in boats launched from a submarine. Primarily "jumpers," they also get a stiff dose of amphibious training from Marines at nearby Camp Lejeune.

Night descends on the invaders. Their mission: sneak ashore, infiltrate enemy territory, round up native guerrilla fighters.

The "enemy" sentry at left has discovered one of the landing boats, so he must be exterminated—quickly and quietly.

Realism is stressed in Special Forces maneuvers. "Guerrilla warfare is no game for PX soldiers," says the author.

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By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Trouble at Coley Falls

Sergeant Mike Desbrow had his revenge—at a price he never planned to pay.

"I've given you a nasty job, Steve," Lt. Col. Bill Diamond told Capt. Luke Stevenson. "You're going back to Coley Falls because I figure you're the only officer I've got who can handle the job."

Steve's assignment was to assume command of D Battery in Diamond's antiaircraft-artillery guided-missile battalion, and move it to a new Nike site at Coley Falls. Steve, personally, had no desire to return to the New England mill town he had gladly left to join the Army.

Coley Falls, in turn, made it clear it didn't want anything to do with a Nike battery. Dan Coley, town patriarch, was especially vitriolic because his land had been expropriated for the Nike site. A series of articles by Pat Mitchum in the Coley-owned Gazette had brought public resentment against the Army "invaders" to a fever pitch.

Captain Stevenson already had his problems within his battery. The outfit he had taken over from Lt. Hal Ramspeck, the temporary commander, was green and dissension-ridden. Steve had even learned that Mike Desbrow, the first sergeant, was running a usury racket.

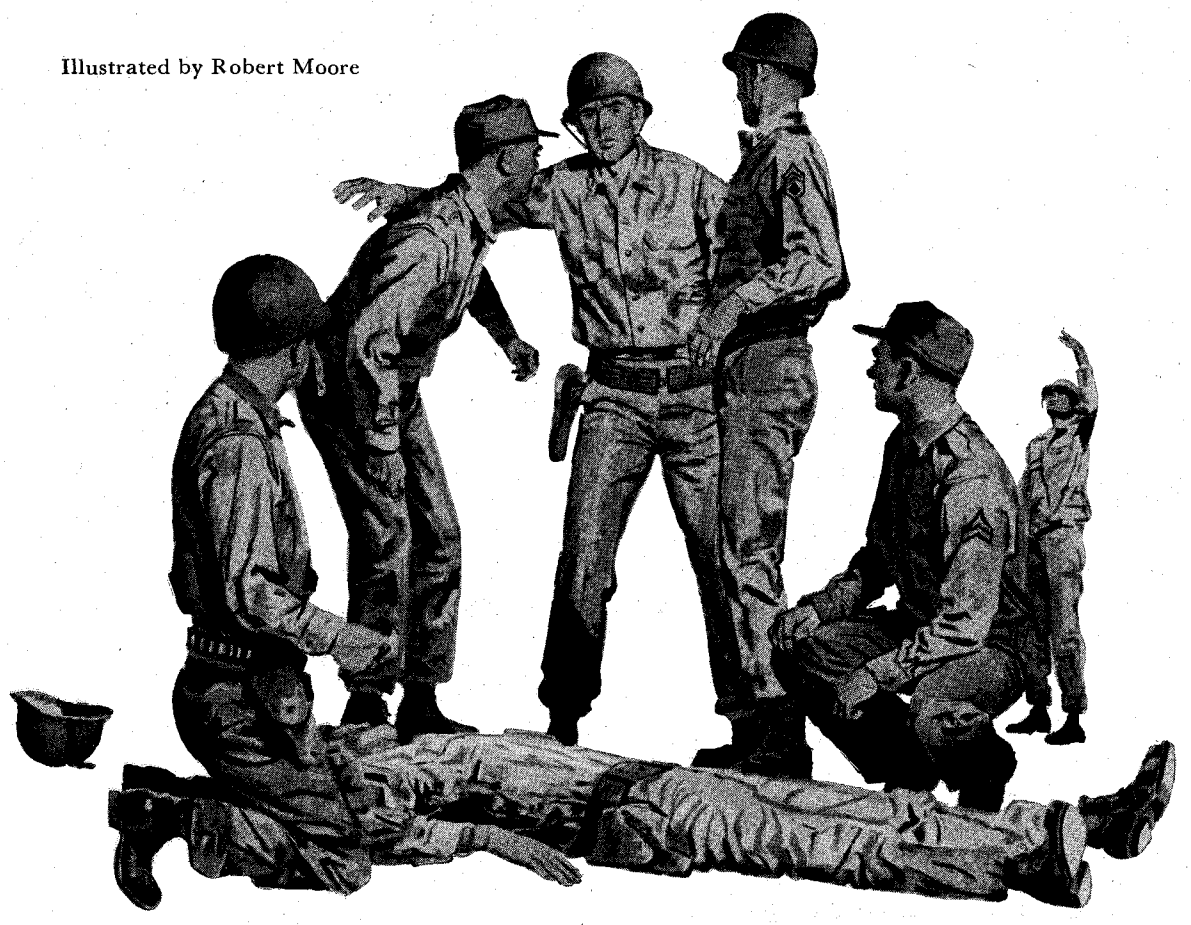
Steve ran into trouble on the move to Coley Falls when the local police chief, Matt Gould, tried to stop the Army convoy from entering town. Steve, who remembered Matt from a run-in he'd had with the cop as a boy, called the cop's bluff. Matt backed down.

The next day, the Gazette ran a story by Pat Mitchum about how the Army "ruthlessly" forced its way into town. The article also falsely accused Steve of having a police record dating from his Coley Falls days.

To prevent any incidents, Steve ordered his men not to go into town. He learned that Lieutenant Ramspeck and Sergeant Desbrow had ignored the order.

Steve was digesting this news when Lt. Jock Ballard called him. "Someone out here to see you, skipper. Name of Pat Mitchum. And," Jock added, "Pat Mitchum is a she—a damn pretty she."

Illustrated by Robert Moore



"Who is it?" Steve demanded harshly. "Desbrow," Jeff Quigley answered. "He's burned bad."

II

Pat Mitchum, daughter of old Amos Mitchum, who edited the Coley Falls Gazette, sat quietly as she watched Steve coming toward her in the evening. Her face was composed, but her eyes were angry. Captain Stevenson would have read the story that had appeared beneath her by-line in this morning's Gazette, she was sure. It had been a rotten story—she knew that—and a part of it had been a lie, not of her making. That was why she'd had to come here.

Steve came on to stop beside the car; he gave Pat an easy salute and looked at her with a poker face. "I had believed Pat Mitchum to be a man," he said evenly. "I see that I was mistaken. What can I do for you, Miss Mitchum?"

Pat Mitchum's gaze didn't waver. "This is not a social call, captain. Nor do I think that you are either flattered or glad to see me. So let's dispense with the fencing, shall we?"

Steve nodded. "Suit yourself. I'm listening."

A faint color crawled up into the girl's face. "I came out here because I owe you an apology and, distasteful though that is, I mean to give it to you, captain."

Steve's voice hardened, "You're talking about what appeared in your column this morning, Miss Mitchum? Perhaps you owe an apology to D Battery. You owe me nothing."

The red deepened in Pat Mitchum's cheeks, but her own voice hardened too. "Listen to me, please. I wrote most of that column. I did not write that part of it which hinted that you have a previous police record in Coley Falls. Those paragraphs were added without my knowledge or consent, Captain Stevenson. I have checked and found them to be untrue, and tomorrow's paper will carry a retraction in my column. Is that apology enough?"

"Keep your apology, Miss Mitchum," Steve said bluntly. "If you want to print a retraction, retract the Cossack label you hung on a bunch of kids who are here for the protection of people like you. And, if you're worrying about damaging my fair name, forget it! I couldn't care less what you say."

Pat Mitchum's knuckles, where her hands grasped the steering wheel, were white now. "You've got to accept it!" she said violently. "I'm not going to win this fight on a foul!"

"You're not going to win, period," Steve told her. "If there's nothing more ——"

He was turning back to the battery area when Pat's voice stopped him again. "Wait a

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First came a blinding flash of white light, then a great "whoosh" and a trail of fire as the runaway Nike rocketed off.

minute, captain," she said, and he turned back, his face impassive.

"What is it, Miss Mitchum?"

She stared at him for a moment, studying his face. Then she said, "Give me a cigarette, please. I've run out. I'd like to ask you a couple of things—off the record, if you like."

The quick change in her threw Steve off balance a little as he came back to the car; he gave her a cigarette and lighted it and his own. His eyes were wary as Pat Mitchum turned in the seat to face him squarely.

"I'm not a native of Coley Falls," she said abruptly. "I came here a year ago when Dan Coley hired my father as editor of the Gazette." She paused for a moment and her gaze moved away to fasten on the antenna of the acquisition radar as it turned slowly, silhouetted against the last of the sunset. "What is that turning thing?"

"The acquisition antenna," Steve told her impersonally.

"What is it doing?"

He told her briefly. That was the eye which scanned the skies here twenty-four hours out of each twenty-four. The pointer waiting to flush the game for the hunters below—men who hunted with sleek, winged missiles named after the Greek goddess of victory.

"You make it sound different somehow, captain," Pat said. "Why does Matt Gould hate you?"

Steve grinned suddenly. Hell, what was the use of acting like a hurt fool about this? "I slugged him once," he said, "when I was a kid. Matt has got a long memory."

He stopped suddenly, the good humor going out of his face as he saw that D Battery's light truck was entering the access road from the highway. It came on, jolting to a stop at his signal, and Hal Ramspeck and Sergeant Desbrow sat on the front seat. Steve forgot Pat Mitchum as he left the convertible and went toward the truck.

"Just where the hell have you been, Hal?" he asked, his voice slashing at Ramspeck now.

A startled look crossed the lieutenant's vaguely sly face; Steve had never used that tone before to him. "To town," he said now. "Desbrow had business. I thought I'd go along and see the town." (Continued on Page 81)

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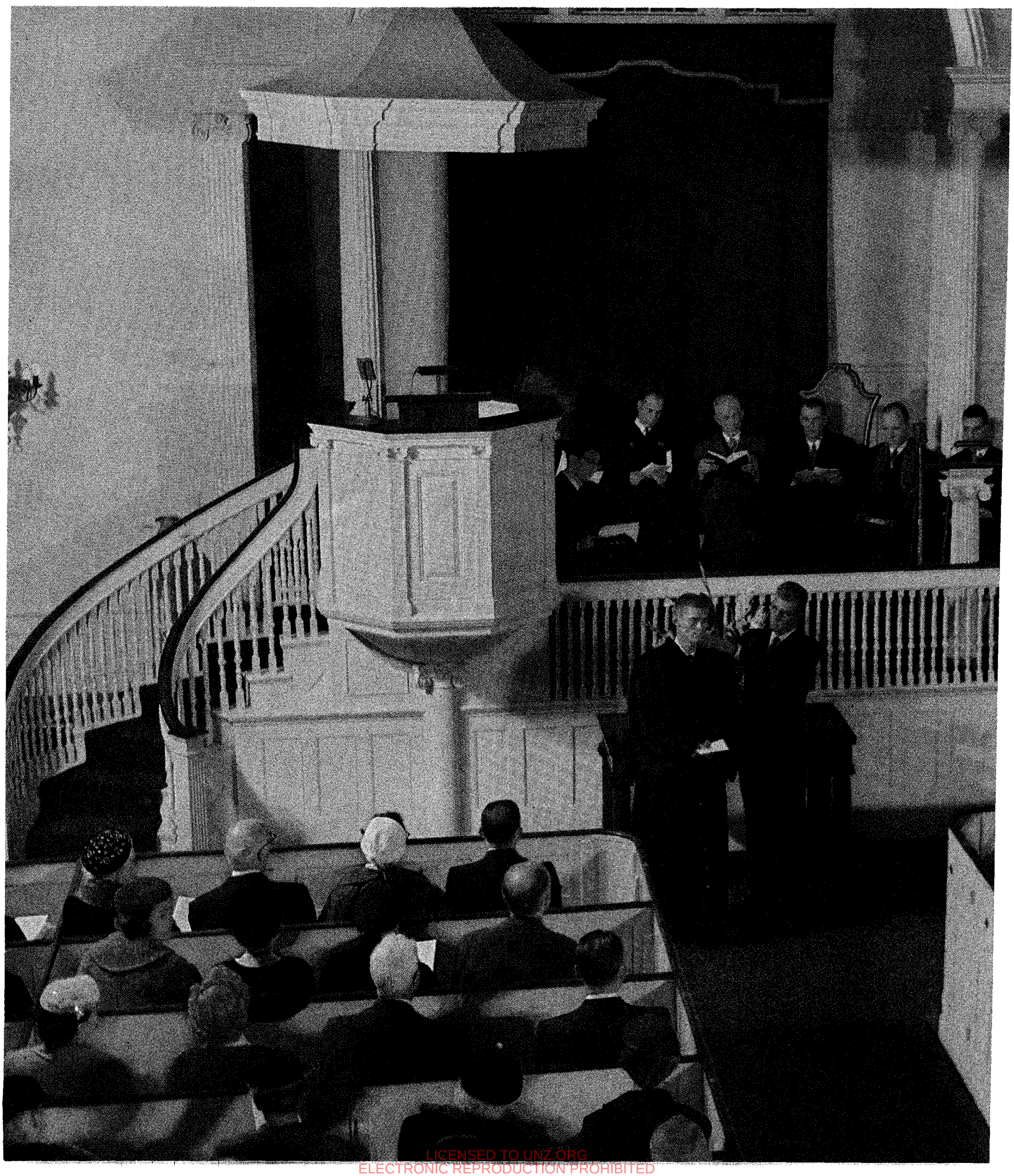
The Face of AMERICA

NEW ENGLAND



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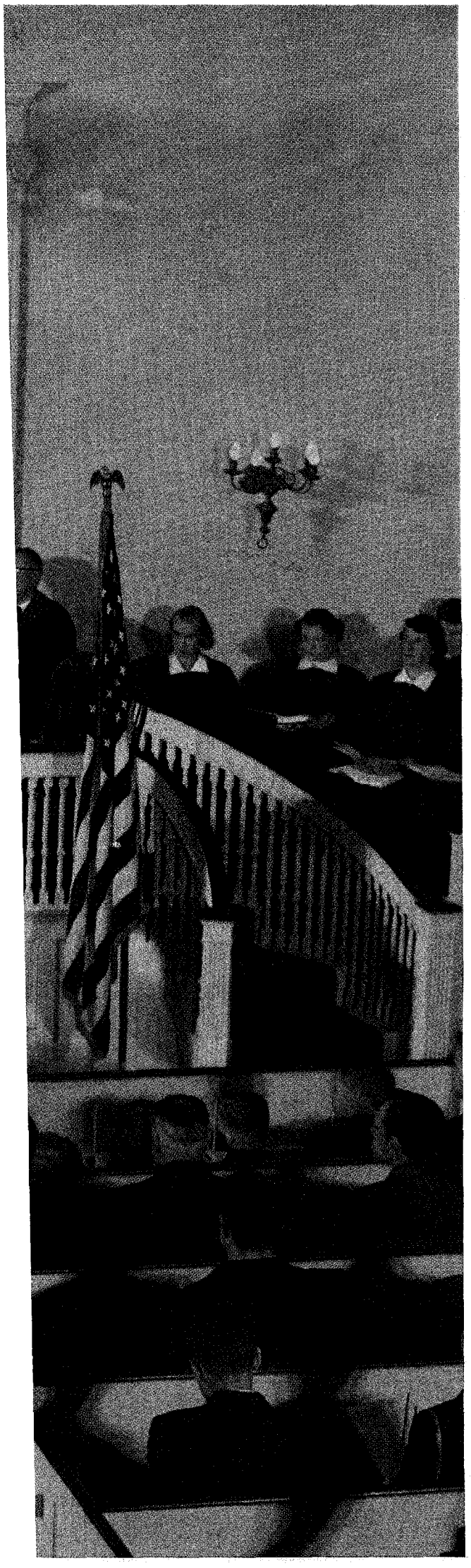
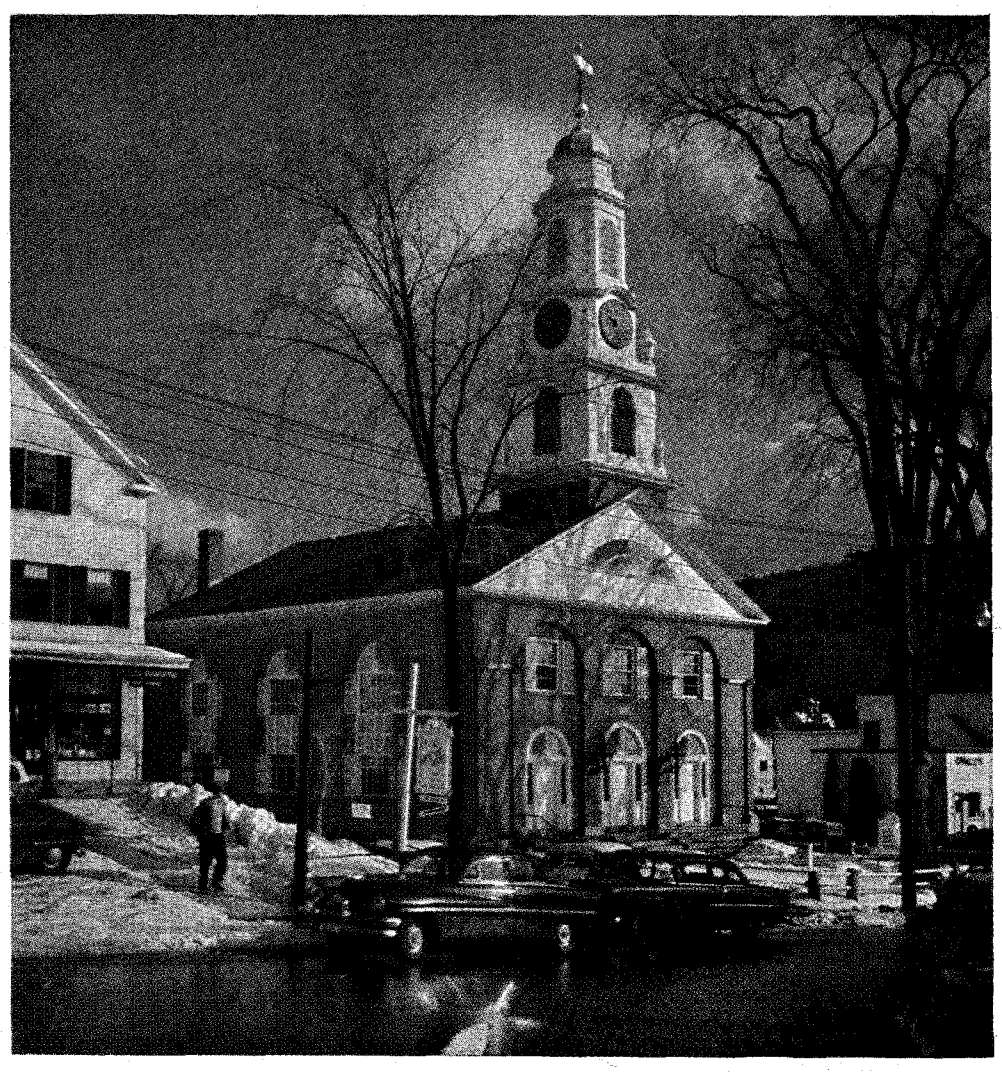
CHURCH



The old town church of Peterborough, New Hampshire, has a brand-new preacher: Here young David Boynton Parke is ordained and installed as the twenty-fourth minister in a line stretching back to 1752. The Rev. Mr. Parke and his congregation are Unitarians—that is, they believe in the oneness of Christian fellowship and of God, but subscribe to no creeds. Mr. Parke has always been a Unitarian, but the church was originally Presbyterian and later Congregational. It became Unitarian only at about the time the present edifice (below) was built, in 1825, from designs by the celebrated Charles Bulfinch. David Parke visited Peterborough in 1947, when he was only eighteen. His ambition to serve the historic church was born then. Nine years later, a young husband and father freshly graduated from theological school at the University of Chicago, he found the Peterborough incumbency vacant, applied for the job and got it. Now, at twenty-seven, he assumes responsibility for the spiritual needs of 170 townspeople. The lay "president" of the church, Richard C. Johnson, places the gown of office on David's shoulders, and the young man inherits the tradition of Adams, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Louisa M. Alcott and all the generations of Yankees who hold to their right to worship in their own independent way. Photographs by Larry Keighley



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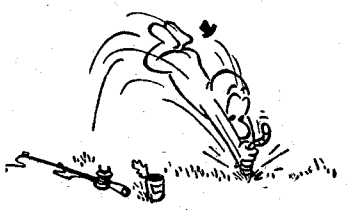


Post Scripts

Food for the Spirit

Many the long year has my wife tried to make me see the charms of classical music while I have stubbornly stuck to fast renditions of I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate and Gutbucket Blues.

The other day she came home with a nice, spanking-new record of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony or Mozart's Fifth—they all sound alike to me—and prepared to initiate me into the realm of the true classics.

"Stretch out on the couch," she said. "Relax. Let the great chords roll over you. Become immersed in the music. Bathe in the sound ——"

"I used to bathe in the Sound a lot," I said; "down near Fairfield, Connecticut. I'll never forget the summer Jack Lithesome brought up the whole chorus of The Scandals of 1929. Well, I tell you ——"

My wife went on. "Let the music into your pores. Breathe it. It's food for the spirit. Ready?"

I was ready. I stretched out and shut my eyes. Hammermitt Schweiderhefttten and the Donnerwetter Symphony Orchestra (augmented) started sawing away.

It built up. It really did. A few violins puttered around a bit. Then the whole string section shrieked. The brass came blaring in. It not only rolled over me, I had to put my hands up once or twice for protection.

Finally, at the end of the second movement—or was it the third?—everything came roaring up to a crescendo that shook the divan and rattled the ash trays. I had been dozing off, and I jumped up, standard boxing position, bewildered.

When I realized what had happened, I went back to the divan, after first turning off the hi-fi. My wife had, fortunately, gone to the telephone. She would answer the telephone if Beethoven himself were in the room playing.

I decided then and there that I never wanted any symphony rolling over me and soaking into my pores and eardrums. The most I'd ever care for is maybe a little flute solo creeping up behind me and kissing the back of my neck.

ROBERT FONTAINE

"Perhaps I could be of some small assistance in locating your bubble-gum!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It Never Fails

Why does a cat, in a roomful of guests,
Make an immediate beeline
To jump in the lap of the one who detests
Everything feline?

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

The Legal Mind

"Well, well, Attorney Smidge! How are you, Smidge?"

"Of sound and disposing mind and memory, thanks. And how's everything at your demesne?"

"Er—you mean at home? O.K. How're things at your house?"

"*In statu quo*. Except Bobbie, the youngest of our lawful issue. He's home with a head cold. Still it's maximatical that this weather is conducive to colds and that many aforesaid accrue therefrom."

"That's right, Smidge. It's doggone cold and that's a fact!"

"Tut, tut. I take exception to your stipulation of fact. Whereas it may *feel* cold today, thus establishing a degree of prima-facie evidence, I doubt you have direct evidence to so aver."

"Well, gosh, the mercury was down to four below this morning."

"You saw this thermometer yourself?"

"Er—no. I got up a little late and had ——"

"In other words, you're too busy mornings with things real, mixed and personal to go outside looking at thermometers?"

"But the man on the radio said it was four below, with strong northerly winds."

"Then I object on the ground that it is largely hearsay, based on what was said by another—namely and to wit, a radio announcer!"

"But he got it from the Weather Bureau."

"Hearsay again. Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial!"

"O.K., Smidge. If you say so, it isn't cold."

"One moment. The line you are taking now is both leading and suggestive. I particularly direct that I did not so declare, depose or state that it is not cold today. I merely ——"

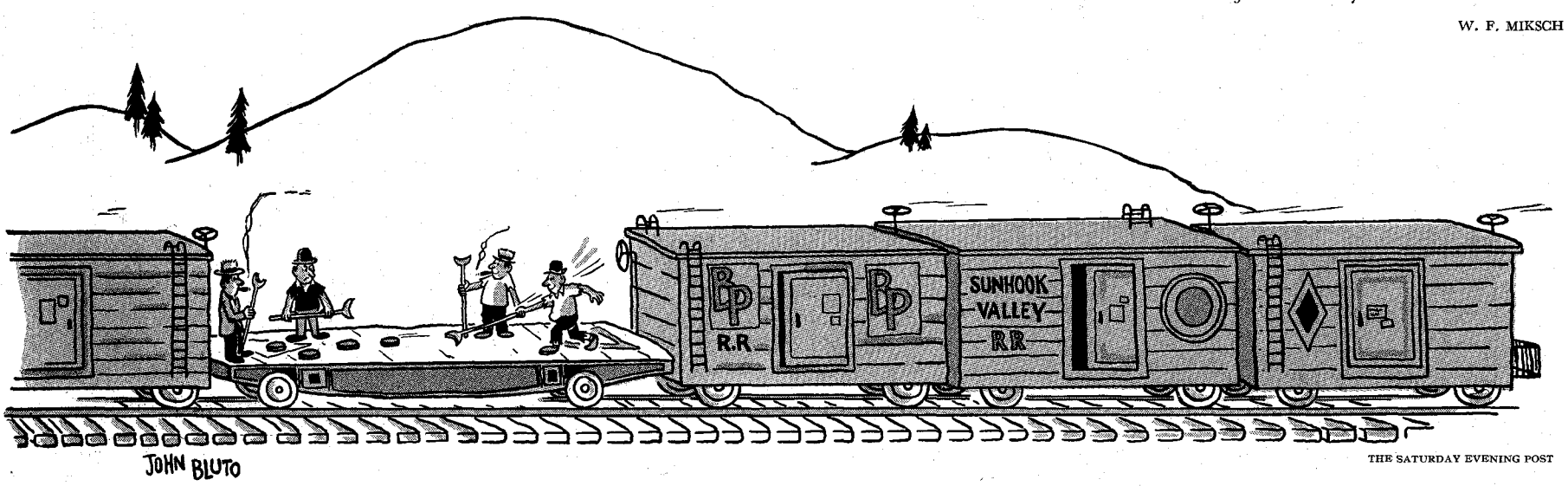
"Let's skip it, Smidge. I'm freezing here on this windy corner!"

"I merely pointed out that while it may be bitter cold *de facto*, you have failed nevertheless to produce a single piece of admissible evidence to substantiate your claim ——"

"Smidge, listen! Your right ear—it's turning frosty at the edge!"

"It is? H'm'm'm—feels sort of numb too! Session adjourned. See you hereinafter."

W. F. MIKSCH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ALL NEW!

Illustration shows contents of two cans

A new thin-strand spaghetti with tender beefy meatballs—by Franco-American

IF YOU can take your eyes away from that appetizing picture, we'd like to tell you about our newest FRANCO-AMERICAN pride and joy.

It's Spaghetti with Meatballs, and it really is *all new*—completely different.

The newest news is the *meatballs*. They're tender, beefy meatballs. Expertly seasoned. And they're *already in the spaghetti*.

The sauce is new, too. A tantalizing tomato sauce that looks good, smells good, and tastes just wonderful! Even the spaghetti is new. It's the thin-strand kind you like so much.

This new Franco-American dish is a meal in itself, you know. Mighty satisfying eating for everybody in the family. And nutritious! Every serving supplies *proteins* and *energy* which children and mamas and papas need every day of the week.

Easy? Sure! You can fix it in about the time it takes to set the table. Simply heat for three or four minutes—and serve.

Everything about our all-new Franco-American Spaghetti with Meatballs is so irresistible you'd probably love it at any price. But it costs *less than 15¢ a serving*. Need we say more?

Spaghetti with Meatballs

by Franco-American

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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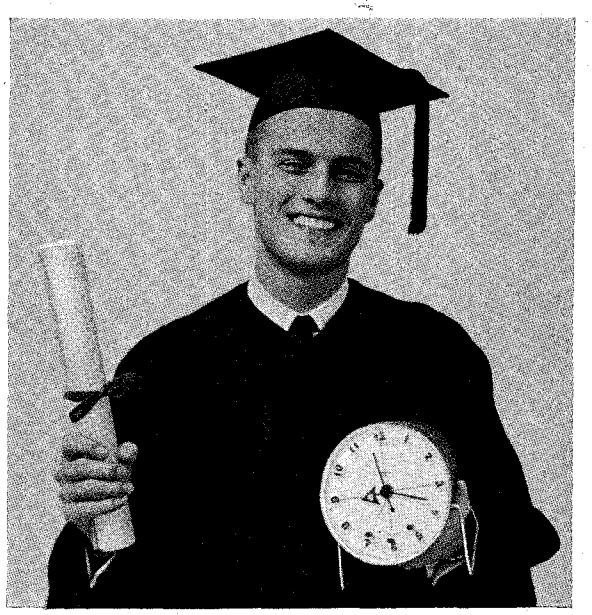
Give the gifts that cannot forget...

Clock-Radios with Electric Memories!

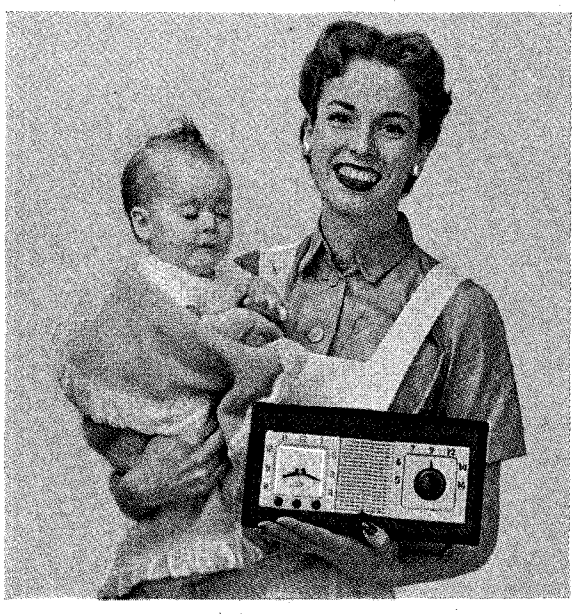
They're here now, ready for giving...new CLOCK-RADIOS with built-in ELECTRIC MEMORY TIMERS that wake you to music, have the coffee perking, tell you the right time, turn appliances on or off... remember for you—automatically!

Give the bride the gift that remembers to wake her to music and a hot cup of coffee... then tells her the news and the right time, too.



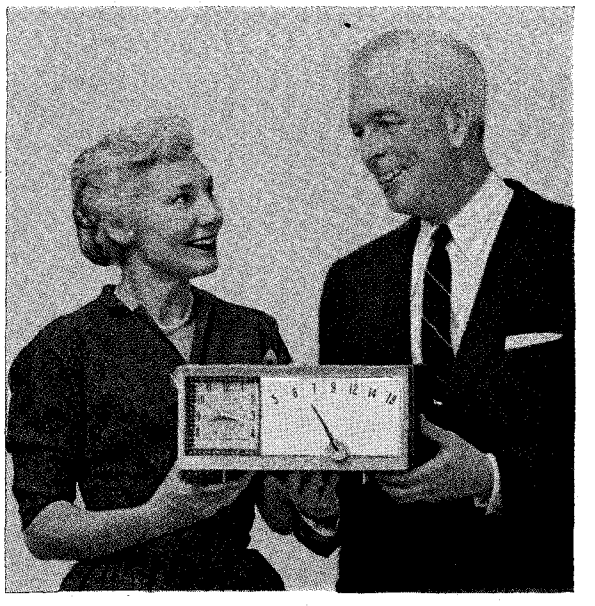
Give the graduate the gift that remembers to turn on the record player... entertains on vacation... and signals when meals are served.

Give Dad the gift that remembers to turn on his favorite sports program when he's busy... and tells him it's train time every morning.



Give Mom the gift that sings to the baby... times the bottle warmer day or night... and always remembers to buzz her when it's ready.

Give teens the birthday gift that remembers to entertain them... lulls them to sleep at night ...then turns itself off automatically.



Give the anniversary gift that can turn on fans, television and appliances... or switch them off automatically.

EQUIPPED WITH Telechron® TIMER

Telechron Timers

make life easy—automatically

Telechron Electric Memory Timers are built into these famous clock-radios: Admiral, Airline, Arvin, Automatic, Benrus, Capehart, CBS-Columbia, Crosley, DuMont, Emerson, Firestone, Granco, Hallicrafters, Magnavox, Mitchell, Motorola, Packard-Bell, Philco, RCA, Raytheon, Sentinel, Silvertone, Sonora, Stromberg-Carlson, Sylvania, TraVler, Truetone, Westinghouse, Zenith. Look for the Telechron name on the dial, or this Seal of Accuracy, when buying a clock-radio. Telechron Timers, Clock and Timer Department, General Electric Company, Ashland, Mass.

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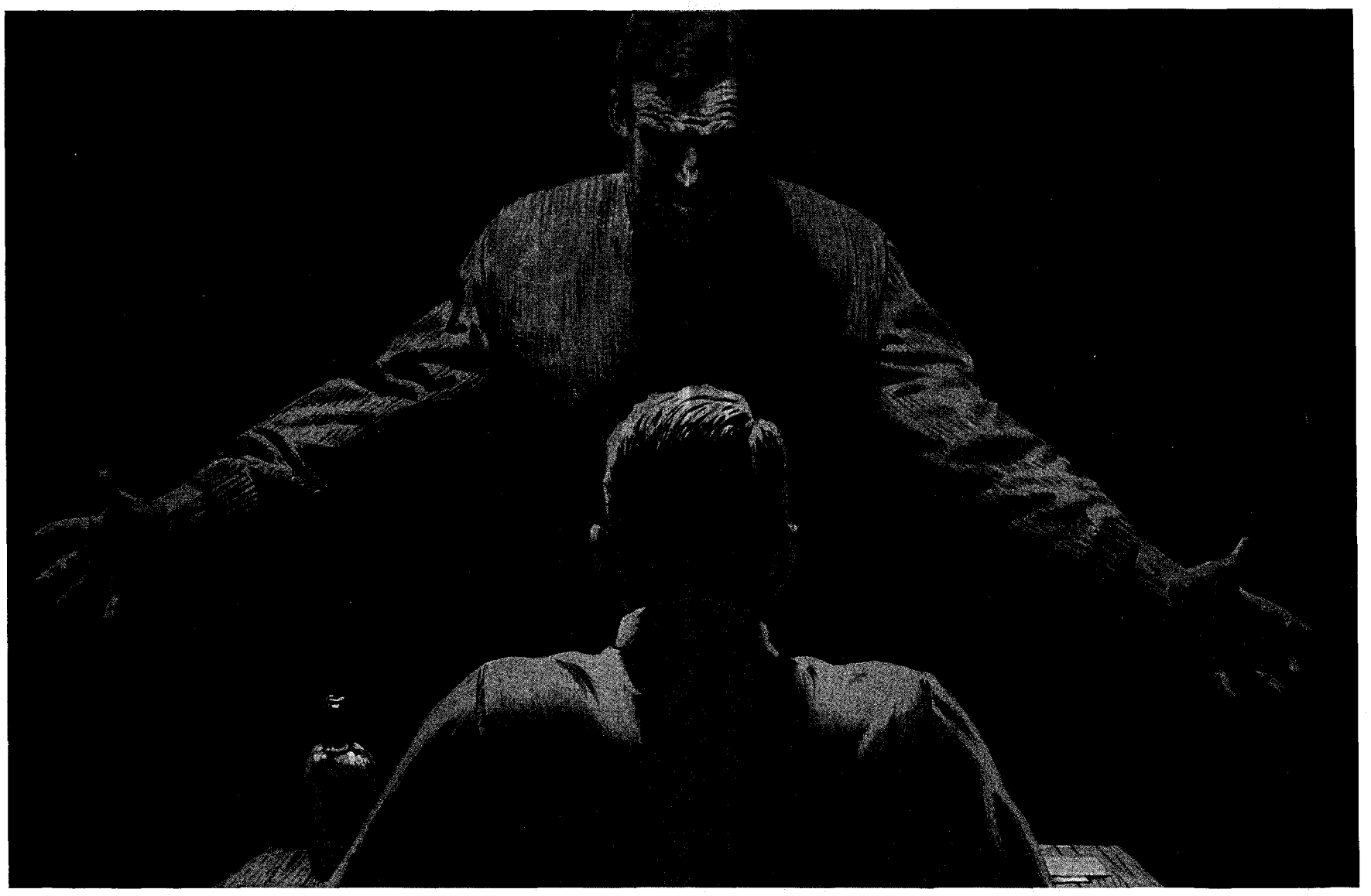

"Don't you understand yet?" asked Patch. "I killed him. His body is still there on the Mary Deare."

Patch was desperate. He had to get back to his ship to cover up a murder.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

By HAMMOND INNES

My name is John Sands, and my business is salvage. A few weeks ago, while sailing off the coast of France, I discovered an abandoned freighter called the Mary Deare. I boarded the ship in hope of salvaging her. However, the ship's captain was still aboard.

The captain, Gideon Patch, revealed that he had been deserted by his crew after a fire broke out on the jinxed ship. Earlier, the ship's regular captain, Joseph Taggart, had died of drink, and the vessel's owner, Mr. Dellimare, mysteriously disappeared at sea.

Subsequently, Patch told me that he suspected the ship was intentionally wrecked. He revealed that at one point Dellimare offered him £5000 to sink the Mary Deare. Patch refused the offer.

Patch and I managed to beach the Mary Deare among the Minkies, a deadly formation of reefs off the French coast. On reaching safety, we learned that the surviving members of Patch's crew had accused him of ordering them to abandon ship. A formal inquiry was scheduled.

At the inquiry, Patch narrated the events that led up to the crew's abandoning ship. He did not mention Dellimare's offer, however.

Janet Taggart then took the stand. She accused Patch of dragging her father's name through the mud to save himself, and blamed Patch for everything. Patch was suspect because several years ago he had lost another vessel, the Belle Isle, under suspicious circumstances.

Higgins, the Mary Deare's first officer, testified that Patch had given the word to abandon ship. The crew had panicked when the fire started because of a rumor that the ship carried munitions. At the close of his testimony, Higgins intimated that he suspected Patch was responsible for the fire and Taggart's death.

V

"Are you blaming somebody for Captain Taggart's death?" There was a note of censure in Holland's voice.

"I ain't blamin' anyone. But somebody swiped the poor devil's liquor, and all I say is it only did one man any good."

An excited buzz ran round the court as Holland sat down. Patch's legal representative, Fenton, was immediately on his feet. It was a disgraceful allegation, made without a shred of evidence to support it. And the chairman agreed, leaning forward and asking Higgins whether it wasn't true that Taggart had accused several of the officers. And when Higgins admitted that it was, he said, "Yourself as well?"

(Continued on Page 61)

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Make every weekend an extra vacation

AND REMEMBER, THE MORE YOU DRIVE, THE LESS IT COSTS PER MILE

You can have forty-nine extra vacations a year! Just take advantage of your weekends. Get in your car and go . . . to see new places, new faces and enjoy extra hours of leisure and pleasure.

And you'll find it's an economical "vacation," too. Official AAA figures show that a large part of the costs of car ownership do not change with mileage. Whether you drive around the block or cross country, such things as depreciation, license fees, and insurance *remain the same.*

The main added expense for extra mileage is the relatively small cost of gasoline and oil. And competition among U. S. oil companies has held back these prices to give you one of today's biggest bargains.

So, as you can see by the chart below, every mile you drive costs less than the one before.

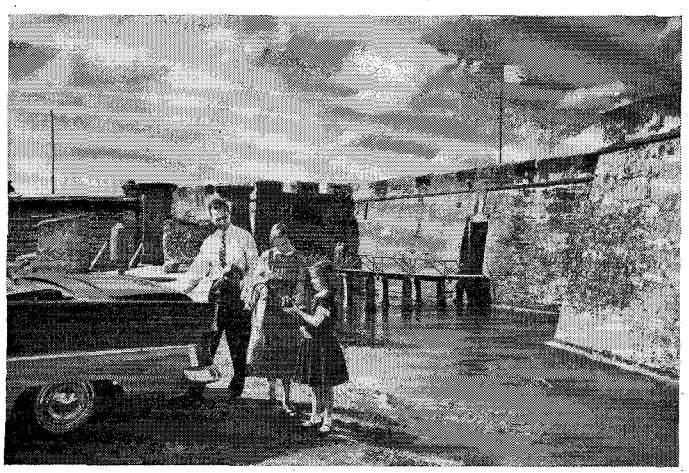
AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	**TOTAL FAMILY COST**	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

EXAMPLE FIGURED FOR FAMILY OF FOUR. YOUR FAMILY SIZE MAY CHANGE THIS COST A LITTLE. *Source: AAA

So come on, treat yourself and your family to a weekend vacation. And, please, drive safely.

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N.Y.



SITE SEEING. America is a wonderland of historic sites and there are a number of them close by. This kind of family visit is lots of fun . . . makes history come alive for you and your children.

HELPING HAND. You can depend on your neighborhood service station to help the lady of the house get the car ready to go. Then the family can get the most enjoyment out of every weekend hour.

DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

DRIVE MORE . . . DRIVE SAFELY

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Marriage of Convenience (Continued from Page 30)

of warm water and good hot food, while I struggled along with live coals to start the fire. The young man said his name, and dropped down on a stump, clean beat out. He was pitifully thin, and he had a sort of burning misery in his eyes. The girl tiptoed on her muddy bare feet into the cabin, and there she sat, wiping her eyes and whispering, "Oh, you good people. You lovely clean people."

I took to her right then. Some women, through all those months on the Plains, were afraid for their lives. Some cried constantly in their hearts for the homes left behind them. Some choked on the dry sameness of the food; and some, myself among them, could stand anything except the dirt and dust, with no way to keep clean. Now here was this girl, thankful for all about her, but thinking most of all how to get herself clean again, and I liked it in her.

I was up early with my milk pail, entering the half darkness of the barn, and almost tripped over John Brugman, lying asleep in the near stall. I hobbled back to bring Walter, to see if there was sickness or some kind of trouble, that a young husband would choose to leave his wife alone in the cabin.

Walter came back, looking a little queer. "They aren't married," he said. "Just two young people traveling alone!"

Oh, dear; oh, dear! I saw dismay in Ruhanna's face and felt my own stiffening. Nancy would never live it down. The story would get bigger and bigger, and crush her in the end.

I swallowed, and said testily, "Well, anyway, let's get breakfast on. We'll think better with full stomachs."

So Brugman shaved himself at the back door—he carried his razor in his pocket, which showed him a clean, decent young man—and Nancy came in rags, but looking as scrubbed and clean as a baby. So we sat down with God's blessing on our good porridge and eggs and coffee, and my hot biscuits were the best I ever made. Nancy relished the food, but it didn't stop her talking. John didn't say much, then or ever, but Nancy was able to eat and talk both, and the more she told us, the better we liked her.

She and her father were waiting at Independence, she said, ready to start the long trip, when she went walking beside the river and saw John struggling in the water. She helped him out and half led and half carried him to her father's wagon. He took the lung fever, and they were weeks out on the Plains before he could so much as walk. So he had no choice but to come along, and when her father overstrained himself and died of it, John drove her wagon and brought her through. Up on the Barlow trail over the mountains—that man-killing, almost impossible trail—they were last in line. John helped the others down that dreadful Laurel Hill, but when he went back up to get Nancy and her wagon, he found one ox down, too weak to get up. They stayed two days, trying to get strength back into the poor beast, but in the end he died, and they came on foot with the other, carrying what they could.

Nancy took another biscuit, thanking me with a gay look. You'd think the whole world was right again, now she was clean.

Walter then, in his quiet way, explained about Nancy's good name and how little some people had to talk about, so they'd make a mountain out of whatever they got hold of.

Nancy said, "Oh, good gracious. Never mind about me."

But John wrinkled his forehead wretchedly. "I never meant to come," he said. "Now I'm here, there's no place to go. It doesn't matter about me. What can we do for Nancy?"

Walter got up and reached for his hat. "We'd best talk it over with an older man. Mr. Baird, my wife's father, lives just across the pasture."

Ruhanna and I knew what he had in mind. Mr. Baird is our preacher. Brugman followed him without a word. I watched them through the window and thought that John Brugman, given plenty of food and maybe a little ease of mind, might easily be the finest figure of a young man in the valley. He towered over my nephew, Walter, who is a smallish man—but able to hold his own, just the same—and he strode free and firm, but not pushing nor crowding Walter in the path.

I said to Nancy, "He's a fine young man."

"That he is," she said, already busy with the dishes. "I suppose they'll decide he has to marry me."

"Would you be willing?" I asked.

"I'd love to," she said, just about as if we'd offered her another biscuit. "I like his ways and I'm used to tending him."

The average man stays out of fancy restaurants because he knows the food is richer than he is.

IMOGENE FEY

She went right on washing dishes, and was still working around, still not turning a hair, when Mr. Baird led the two young men back into the house. He told the girl, in his mild way, "John Brugman feels that he might as well stay here, since he has no other plans. He offers to marry you."

John cleared his throat, with his burning eyes on Mr. Baird's calm old face. Mr. Baird went on, not willingly. "There is something he feels you must know first. He is betrothed to a girl back in Missouri, but some scoundrel took her away and hid her, and he cannot find her. It is his thought that he will give you respect and tender care, but his heart's love belongs to that girl. What do you say?"

Nancy lifted her clear, steady eyes to John's miserable face, and said calmly, "I am willing."

So they were married, and Nancy went back to the dishpan, saying to John, "Now you go and find the farm you want, but first open up that little black box and get the money."

"Money?" he asked, startled. "Is there money?"

"Quite a lot of it," she said, half apologizing. "It was pa's money, and I suppose it might as well be used."

Well, that was only common sense, so John went off, and Nancy set about whatever work was nearest to hand, just like one of the family; and as she began that day, she went on, eager, cleanhearted and not a lazy bone in her whole body. But we didn't know yet that she could sing.

She was feeding Ruhanna's chickens late that day, when she began to sing, quietly at first, and then full and round and joyous. Ruhanna and I just stood listening until the tears came. Oh, dear, there was a voice! I knew right then that Nancy was my heart's darling, and what hurt her would hurt me, all along the way.

For a while all seemed to go well for them. John bargained with the Simpsons, who lived just across the bridge from us, in a good house on a little rise, where we could see it from our doorstep. The Simpsons had started well, but both of them craved to live in town, so they traded their fenced fields and fat young cattle for Nancy's gold and thought themselves lucky. And we thought ourselves lucky, too, for within the week there was John Brugman cleaning out his own barn, and Nancy hanging out a wash, singing so the angels must have paused to listen.

John was a worker, and beyond that he knew how to plan for others. He liked to farm and liked to do business, so before the winter was over, he was trading for all of us down in Portland, and getting better prices. All through the next year he kept thinking of new ways for all the neighbors to make money, and new goods to make them comfortable, so it looked as if he might have to build a store here by the bridge to take care of all the business he would soon have in hand. He was as honest as the day, and kind and fair in his dealings, and he paid his debts as if he couldn't bear to owe a cent to anyone.

The trouble was that he tried to pay back Nancy, too, for the money she'd brought to their marriage, not taking it like a husband who uses it for both, but keeping records as if he had borrowed from a stranger. There were times when it frightened me, but I had some hope, too, for he eased up in his manner, and learned how to smile. His eyes lost that tortured look, and so at last he told us his story, and a silly business it turned out to be.

We had no church building yet, so Mr. Baird held meetings in his house, with all of us bringing food, and sitting down to Sunday dinner after the sermon. This one Sunday a winter storm kept the others home, so Mr. Baird didn't preach, but only talked a bit about forgiving our enemies, and then he was silent.

I asked, somewhat acidly, how to forgive a man, not for what he does to you, but for his cruelty to somebody you love more than you love yourself.

Then John spoke up, "I have the same problem, Auntie, and it stays in my mind night and day. I can make out to forgive what that scoundrel did to me, but what about her sufferings? How can I forgive them?"

John talking! And about himself! We all froze—me in my rocker, Ruhanna at the organ, ready to play, the men on their benches, and Nancy in the doorway, with Mrs. Baird behind her. Nobody dared to breathe. Don't think we hadn't been curious, all this time. Now it was coming out. And out it came.

His grandfather was well-to-do, back in Missouri, with a big farm and good stock. He had reared John, and feeling himself near to death, he made everything over to the boy. So John, going to the county seat to register the deed, caught sight of a girl on the street who was prettier than the sunrise and walked like an angel. Her father owned a store there, so it was easy to make her acquaintance, and in the next few months, John found several excuses to have a word now and then. He loved her on sight, and when he grew bold enough to confess it, he learned that she felt the same way. However, she was the stay and comfort of her parents, so she hoped John would sell the farm and come in to be a partner in the store. His grandfather died about that time, and John saw his way clear, so he put the sale into the hands of a young attorney, a friend of this angelic girl, and set off to carry his grandfather's coffin back to Kentucky to be buried with the family.

When he got back, eager for marriage, he found that the lawyer had sold everything and absconded with the money, and on top of that, he had persuaded or forced or deceived the girl to go off with him. The store (Continued on Page 55)

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You'll delight in its distinctive taste and aroma—discover in every puff a deeply satisfying experience. If you don't agree it's the best you ever smoked—just return the empty pack to United States Tobacco Company, and we'll gladly refund your fifteen cents.*

*Exclusive of local taxes.
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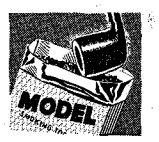
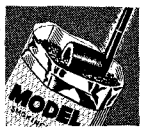
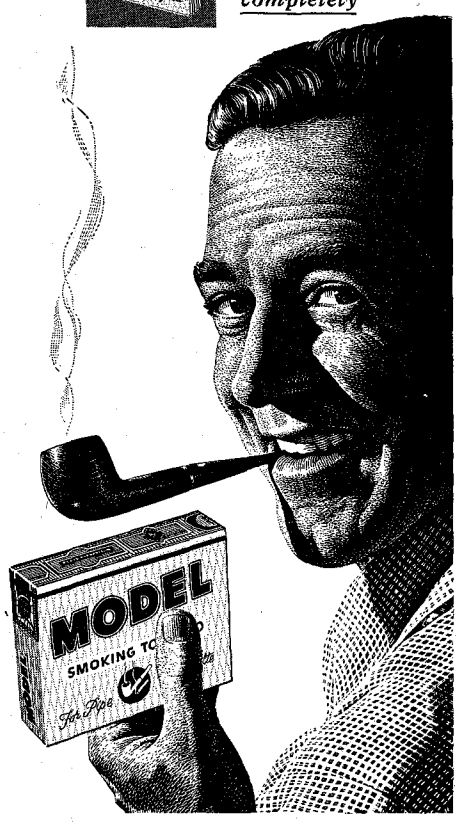


Opens wide to let you dip



Fills without a single slip

Folds down neatly till smoked completely



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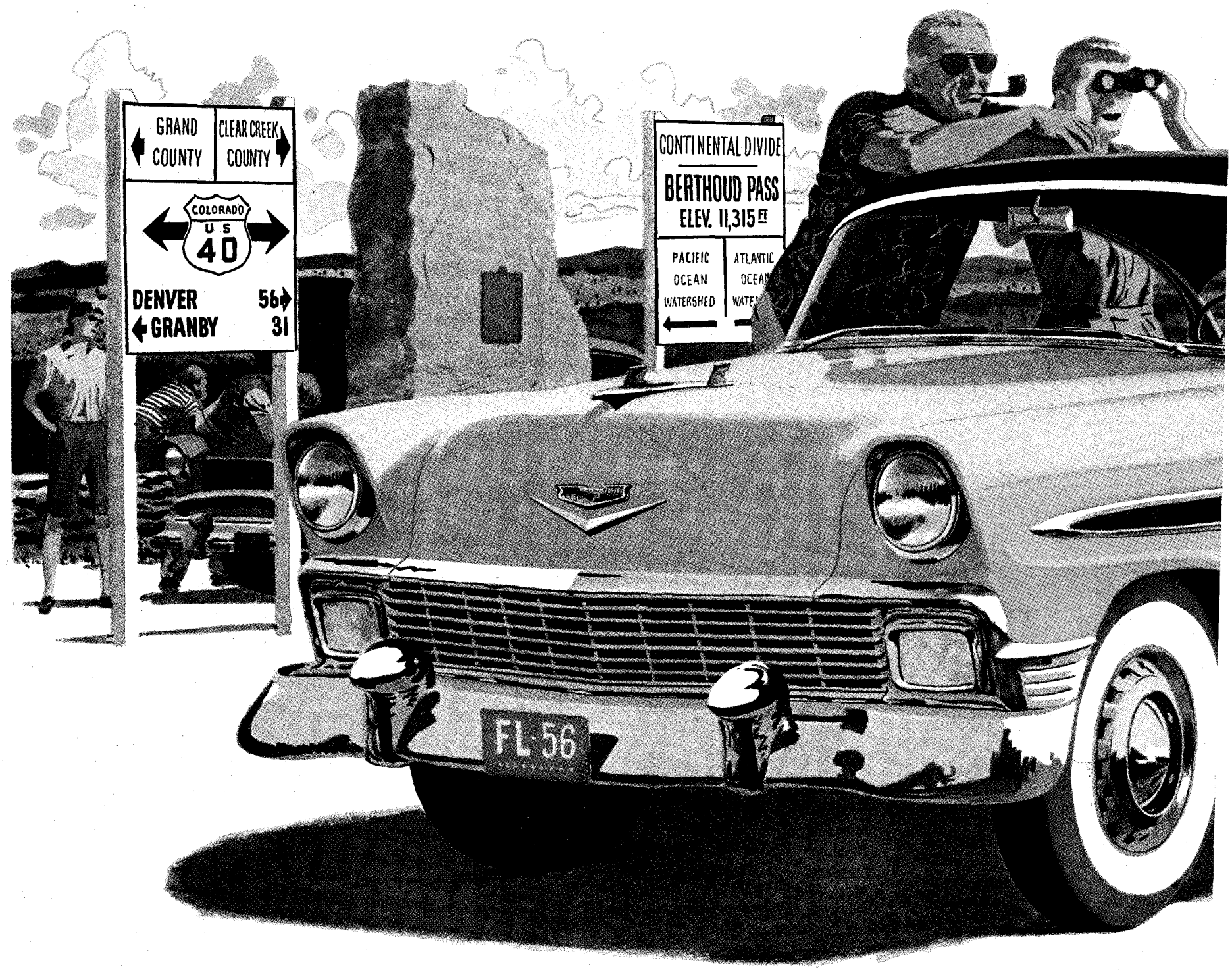

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Call it a built-in urge to go places, or a yen for turning minutes into miles! The frisky new Chevrolet—with horsepower ranging up to 225—is a mighty tall traveler. Tried it yet?

If you haven't driven the new Chevrolet yet, ready to reach for your road maps when you There's something about this car that starts dreaming of those exciting places that alv seem to be across the country from where you

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Because Chevrolet covers the miles as or

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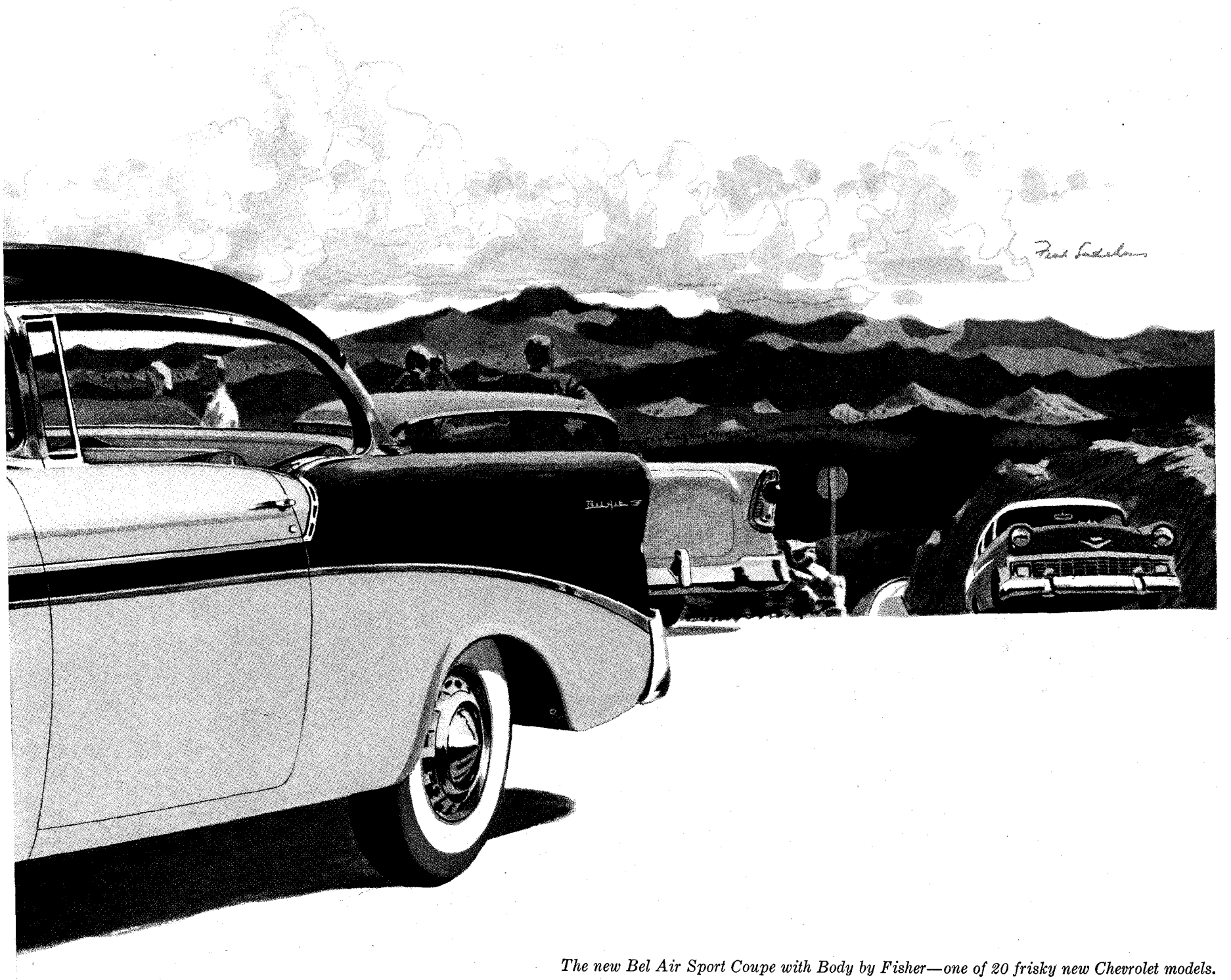

The new Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher—one of 20 frisky new Chevrolet models.

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great road car can. You sense that in its attening horsepower that ranges up to 225, solid sureness of control on curves and steadiness on the straightaway.

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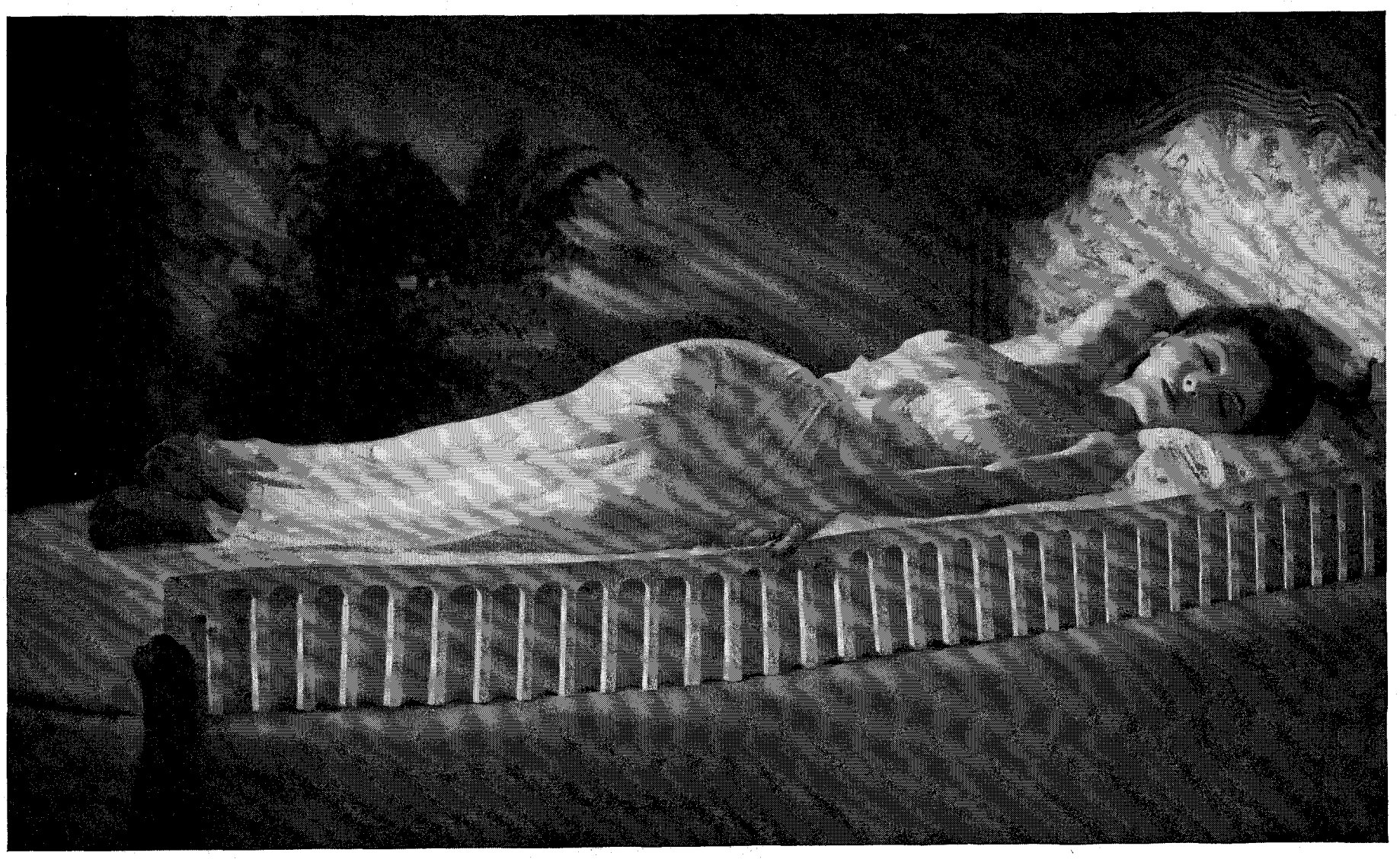


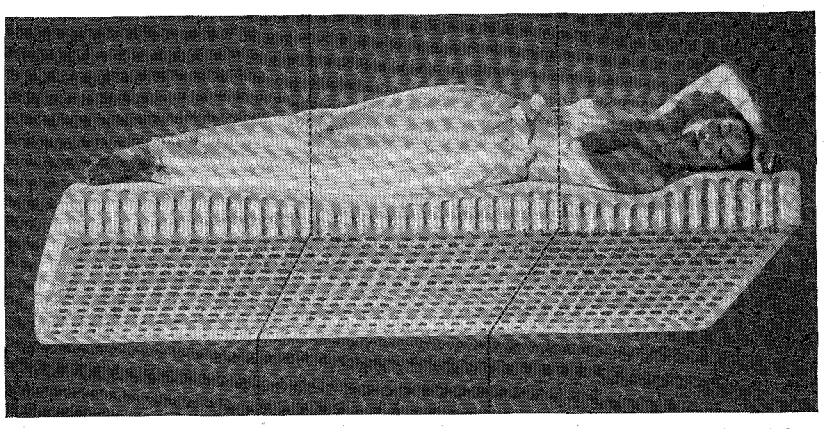
The difference is in the new Form-Fitted Mattress of Firestone Foamex...a full six inches deep!

For people like you...whose every sleeping moment is priceless! Here is a totally new concept in mattress design—the Form-Fitted construction—with a totally new dimension of sleep comfort—Firestone Foamex, a deep, deep, six-inches deep!

Foamex cuddles every curve, yields to every movement, gently as a lullaby. You feel yourself letting go, giving in, as that delicious sensation of sleep steals over you.

The secret of this new measure of sleep comfort is six deep inches of Foamex whipped with air to a creamy foam... moulded in the Form-Fitted Construction that gives firm support to heavier mid-section; light, sure comfort to head and limbs.

If that kind of "balanced" sleep is important to you, visit your favorite bedding department and take the "Rest Test". While there, see the complete line of Form-Fitted Mattresses of Firestone Foamex. Prices start as low as $69.75.



Larger air spaces for light support under your lighter-weight **Foot Section!**

More Foamex (smaller air spaces) give firm support for your heavier **Mid-Section!**

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(*Continued from Page 51*) had been robbed, too, so her father was facing ruin. John set off to pursue the man—his name was Welch—but he had no money and had to stop to find work, so he lost all trace of them. Heartsick, neglectful of himself, thinking only of the girl and her shameful plight, helpless in the hands of a villain, he struggled toward Independence, feeling that Welch might possibly go west to escape justice.

When Nancy pulled him out of the river, he was sick from hopelessness and lack of food as much as fever. Now he was here, in the Oregon Territory, and no idea in the world of where his poor Cassie might be. That was her name—Cassie DeWitt—and I learned to hate the sound of it before we were through.

"It isn't the money," he said, half wild again as it all came back to him. "That man deceived the sweetest girl that ever lived. I'd like to have his neck between my two hands. I dream of killing him."

"But you forgive the girl?" Mr. Baird asked gently.

"Sir!" John glared. "She never would have consented. When she learned what kind of man he was, she must have wanted to die of shame. If I knew where to find her, I would go this minute and rescue her; yes, and tend her and comfort her as long as she lived."

Well, my goodness! It was perfectly plain to all of us but John that he had been cheated by a designing minx. I opened my mouth to suggest reasonably that few girls are ever forced out of their fathers' houses against their wish, but I caught sight of Nancy's face in the doorway, and stayed silent. She was a little white, and she turned away quickly, but I saw her hands shaking.

After that, Cassie DeWitt lived with us, so to speak, every hour of the day. It was as if John, having revealed her loveliness, was sure we loved her and thought of her constantly. It wasn't that he talked much, but whenever he spoke of her, it was as if he spoke of the sunlight or the river running by, that we knew and were aware of without the need to speak of them. And somehow, to add to the occasions when he could speak of Cassie, almost everything Nancy did reminded him over again. When Nancy planted lilacs, he fingered the leaves tenderly, saying that Cassie loved lilacs. When he put in a big window so Nancy could watch the road and people passing, he really did it for Cassie, because she loved people. Even Nancy's singing wasn't her own, but Cassie's, for we learned now that Cassie had once bewitched and bemused him with her singing. There was nothing in the house or out of it that Nancy could do but what Cassie would have done it, too, and so, the more the poor girl tried, the more strongly he held to Cassie.

She didn't complain. I say that for her. She had agreed to this marriage and she kept the house clean and tended John well, but I did see that she grew thinner and wasn't singing as much, and I think maybe she sought out things to do that Cassie couldn't have done, like helping the Indians.

The rest of us hated Indians to the depth of our souls, but Nancy never hated anyone, and, of course, these poor folks weren't dangerous like the red devils on the Plains, but only dirty and hungry and wandering about like stray dogs. They never seemed to gather enough food in the summer to last through, and when they got sick they just turned hopeless and let death have them.

Nancy fed them and let them shelter in one of the barns. I will say for them that they loved their babies, and knew how to be grateful, and so, when Nancy nursed one of their silent little button-eyed babies through the croup, they gave her the only gift they had. And so Cassie DeWitt came into our lives in person.

I remember the day Nancy found the gift. The Indians had gone and Nancy was cleaning out the untidiness they'd left behind. I went hobbling over to watch her, and she was dragging a great stinking bundle of skins down to the river edge.

"John has gone to Oregon City," she told me, in a sort of "blub-blub" due to holding her nose. "Those people left these skins, and I think I'll burn them."

"Better let John see them first," I said. and we hurried away downwind. How bitterly I regretted that advice nobody will ever know. I've wondered many a time what would happen if I would ever learn to keep my mouth shut.

When John inspected the bundle, he was astonished. Here were skins of the sea otter, the most valuable of all the furs ever found in the Oregon country. How the Indians came by them we never knew. John tried to find the family, but they had disappeared, the way Indians do, so here were furs worth a year's wages, apparently left as a gift to Nancy.

"They will make up well," John told us. "Cassie loved furs. I think she would have cut off her right hand to have a coat made of sea otter."

Nancy went a little bleak. If she sold the furs, there'd be that much more money to worry John, and anyway, she wanted a coat too. She couldn't come to a full stop in everything, just because Cassie and she were so much alike. So John sent the furs to Portland to be cleaned, and the wheels began to turn to grind Nancy's heart to bits and mine with it.

There came a great honor and responsibility to John, that third year. He was wanted to do a piece of business for the

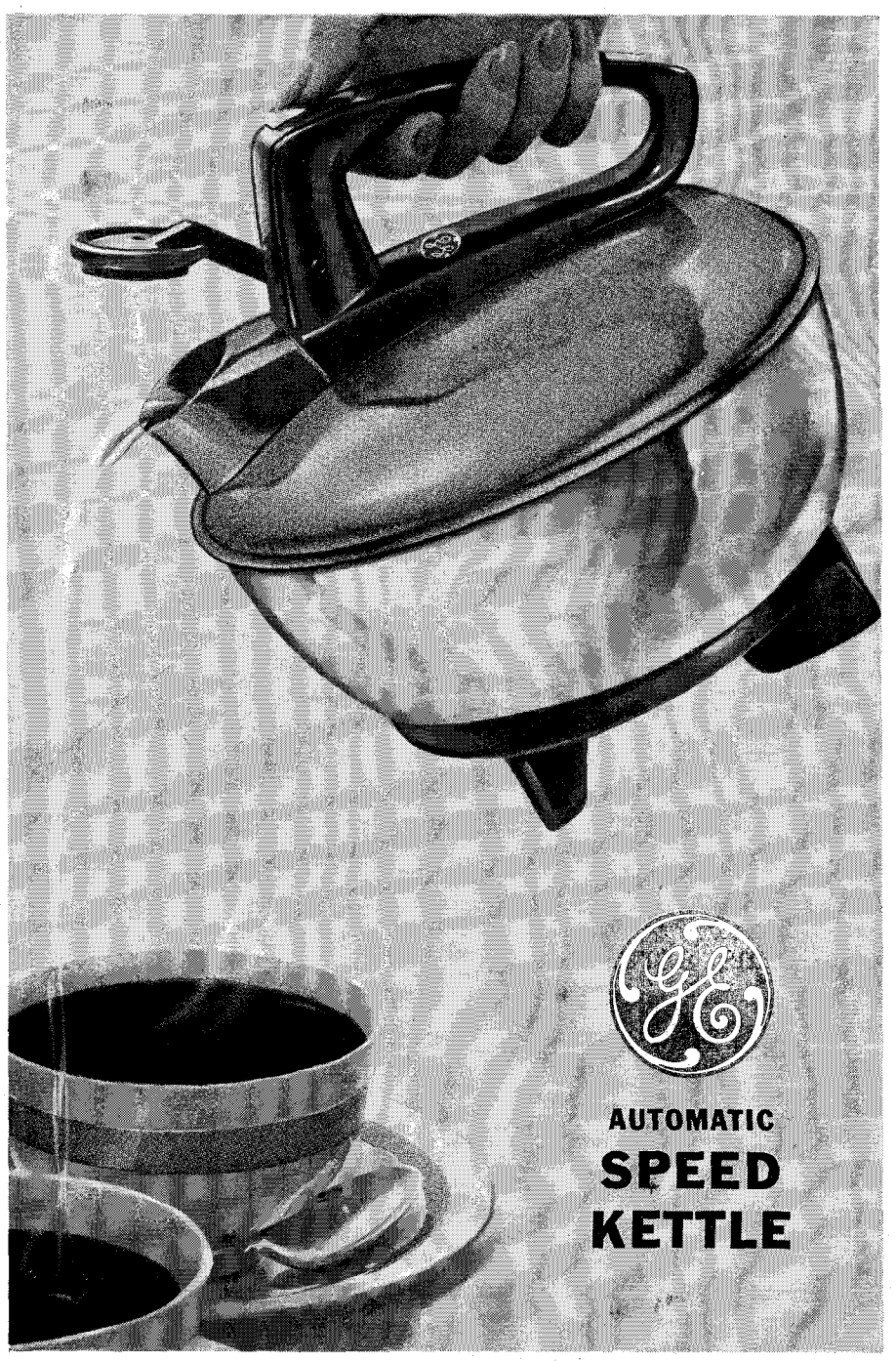
Autobiography

By Roland English Hartley

Perpetual wonder that this is I;
That here I walk with my
memories, gathering more;
That new wealth pours to the
inner store
Now, as in the days gone by,
And that this—this still is I.

I walk to work through the
bleak New Mexico dawn,
And this is the one who knew
the streets of Rome,
The one that once a wild sun
shone upon
In the rocky desert hills beyond
the Nile.
Move where I may, this is the
one at home.
Making my own and known the
new and strange,
Here in this place for a little or
longer while,
Always the changeless core at
the heart of change.

And oh, what an unlost world
behind the eyes
Of one who watches now a new
sun rise!



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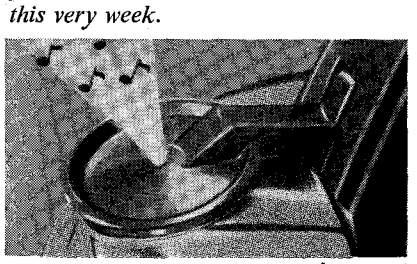

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Portland men, who were not satisfied with the sailing ships that brought goods and mail and money up from California and carried back our rich outpouring of produce and lumber. Sailing ships could still carry the cargoes, but a road overland, down along the coast, with big freight wagons and stagecoaches running, would move the small stuff dependably and quickly. There was already a pack-train trail, which could be widened into a road, and money being gathered at the Portland end. John Brugman was wanted to go to San Francisco and get contracts for hauling and trade and promises of money, and maybe come back along the route to arrange for business in the settlements that would be served.

It was a big job to be trusted to a young man, but John had a good head for business and was as honest as the day. It would mean that he could profit for himself, too, and maybe be one of the biggest men in the territory when we became a state. He came with Nancy to tell us, both walking solemnly with the weight of the thing. John asked Walter to lend Nancy a hand if she needed help while he was gone, and he took me off to one side to ask what he could bring home for the girl.

"I'll take the furs along and have the coat made up in San Francisco, of course," he told me. "But that's using her own furs and her own money. How can I repay the kindness and love she pours out on me every day of the world?"

I wanted to explode in his face. He had come a long way in these three years, and Nancy was responsible for most of it. Would it be too much to give her a little love? I wanted to beat his handsome head with my crutch, but no man's ideas were ever changed by a beating.

I said harshly, "Give her a child."

He tightened and held himself still, but he didn't walk away, and so I dared to go on, "She's a born mother. I suppose you're holding yourself still betrothed to that girl, but you married Nancy and there's duty in a marriage, as you well know. You can't give her your heart's love, but you can give her a child to fill her empty heart. There's many a child born of duty on the woman's part," I told him, not mincing words, "but this time, the way it looks to me, the duty is on your side, and you'd best lose no time about it."

He turned away, and I didn't see him again until he left. Then he said good-by without meeting my eyes. I suppose I had put it too strongly, but I wasn't sorry.

We went on, day by day, without him, but missing him with every turn. Of course, we had no letter and didn't expect any. We wouldn't know he was back until he came around the bend in the road, down by the oak trees, coming in from Butteville. I was up at the house quite a good deal, trying to fill some of the emptiness for her, and I noticed that with every move of her head, her eyes swung toward the road, looking for John. Life had stopped for her right in its tracks, and wouldn't go on until John came home. One day I whispered our secret to her—about Ruhanna and the baby that was coming.

"I'm so glad," she said. "It is the most wonderful thing that can come to a woman. John said ——" She turned beautifully pink and tried again, "John said that when he comes back, we'll—well, start being married, really, and maybe I'll have a child someday too."

She was absolutely glorified. I said, "You love him, then?"

"Oh, Auntie," she whispered, and that was all.

It was better than two months now, and John might be home any day, so Nancy began to clean the house, and my goodness! Shine the windows! Wash blankets! Make a new dress! I do believe she went out with soap and water to the front fence, to wash off the dust. She was singing all the while, of course. She was so happy that she almost sprouted wings to fly with, and by this time we were watching the bend in the road, too, looking for John.

A man on horseback came in sight one morning, and we all stopped to stare, but it was only George Wright, who kept the store at Butteville. He called for Walter and talked quite a while. When Walter came in, he looked a little queer. He gave me a letter, addressed to "Madam Rossner the Elder," with directions to Butteville neighborhood, Oregon Territory. It had been carried in various ways, and showed the prints of a great many dirty thumbs. I hadn't had a letter in years, and I opened it with my hands shaking.

One look and I began to cry. Ruhanna caught it up, read the first line and burst into tears; so there we were, bawling like babies, and the letter lying on the floor.

Walter took it up and said, "It's from John Brugman. I think I know what he's saying." He read out, "Honored Madam: I take pen in hand to say that I will not come back."

That's all I ever read of it, and I don't remember how he put his reasons, but only that he had found Cassie DeWitt in San Francisco. She had seen Nancy's coat in the furrier's shop and asked about buying it. When she learned it belonged to John Brugman, she remembered him from Missouri, and left a note for him to come to see her secretly, without the knowledge of the scoundrel, Welch.

Cassie, John wrote, was "forced" to appear on the public stage, singing and showing herself off before lewd men, with Welch gathering in the gold. She looked to John for rescue, and he was determined that he would save her.

There was more, of course, about business and whatnot, for Walter, but all I remember, besides, is that he said, for me, "Be gentle with Nancy, Auntie. I hope she will not be hurt."

Well, there it was. The poor fool had found his dream, and Nancy would never see him again. She was up there this minute, watching the road, hardly able to take her eyes off it.

"The furs did it," I whispered. "She wanted to burn the furs, but I stopped her. That woman would never have found him if I had let her burn the furs."

Ruhanna laid her hand gently on my mouth. "What will come of this?" she asked Walter.

He answered sadly, "The letter is dated a month ago. George Wright has had letters from San Francisco, brought on a following ship, written two weeks later. If you're thinking he might have changed his mind, he's had plenty of time to let us know."

"Then she must be told," she said, with a long, shuddering sigh. "Auntie, you wait here. Walter and I will go to her."

I pulled away from her fiercely. "I put in my word when I should have been silent. Now I'll take my punishment."

I went out, leaving the two of them bowed down together. I hobbled on my crutch to the log, where I could stare at the river. Be gentle, he said. How can a heart be broken gently? Better come straight out and hit her between the eyes, the way they kill an ox. "Your man won't be home, Nancy. You'll never see him again."

Nancy, up in the yard, saw me, waved and began to sing. I sat there whimpering. Must I go up there and still that song? Black out this sunlight, smash her life? She wasn't twenty years old yet. Oh, damn and blast the notions that get into men's heads. Let's all cut our throats and be done with it.

I went in to Ruhanna. "I can't do it in the daylight. Tonight I'll go up and stay with her, and tell her when it's dark."

"It's got to be done," she said softly, reminding me.

"Give me time," I said between my teeth. "It's bad enough to tell her, without watching her cry. I think she'd rather have the darkness around her."

She hugged me without a word.

So I went up that day, after sundown, carrying my little parcel, ready to sleep there, as I had so many times since John left. Nancy looked a little surprised, but she welcomed me, and put me beside the nice big fire she had burning, and chatted and laughed. I tried to get the words out, but my tongue was stiff and my throat tight. Even when she tucked me into bed and kissed me good night, I lay there like a mute.

But what has to be done must be done. I took a good strong hold on myself, whispering the words until I was fairly sure they'd come out. Then I called her from my bed.

She came hastening, eager to do whatever little errand I wanted. Carrying the lamp, she stood in the doorway, and now she had on a new bedgown, sprigged with little roses as pink as her cheeks. It was gathered about the yoke, and fell straight to her feet with only her clean little toes peeping out from under the hem.

She said, laughing shyly, and yet delighting (*Continued on Page 60*)

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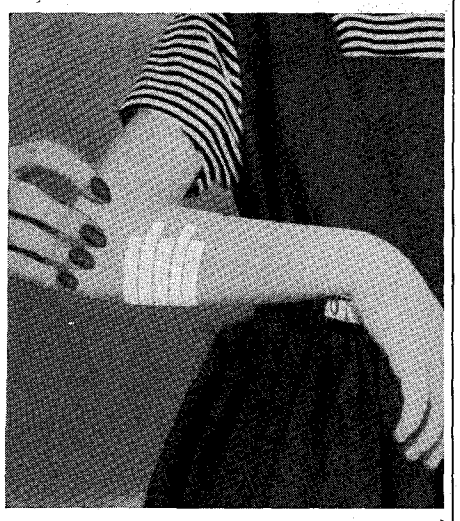

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sterile—sealed in individual envelopes

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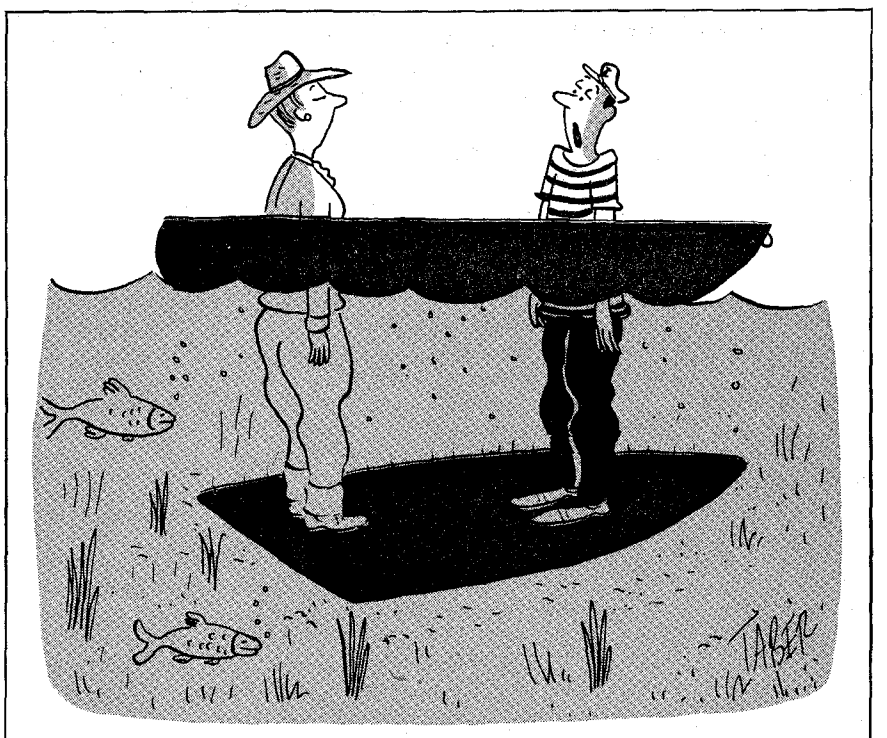

"That's the trouble with these homemade boats."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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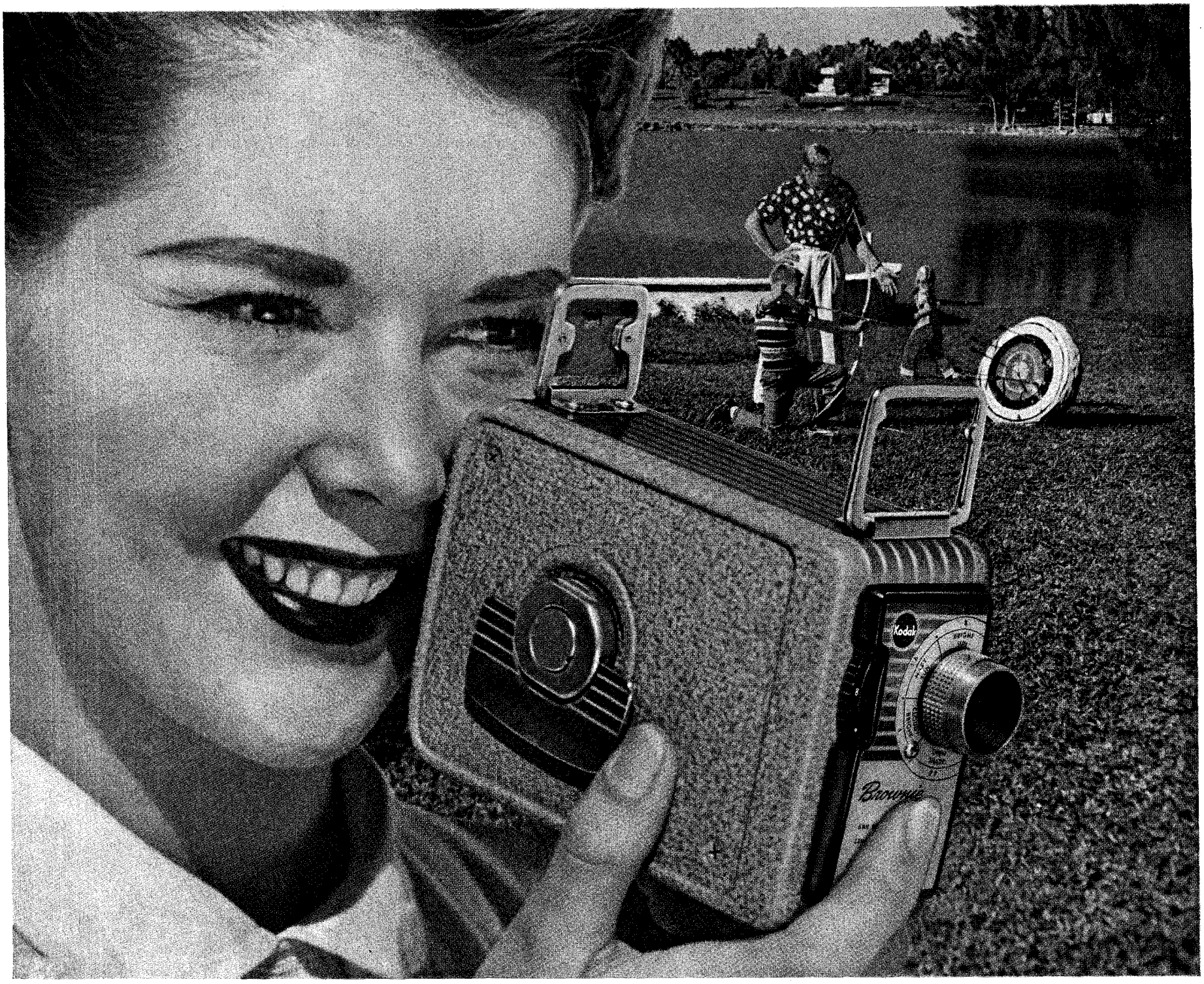

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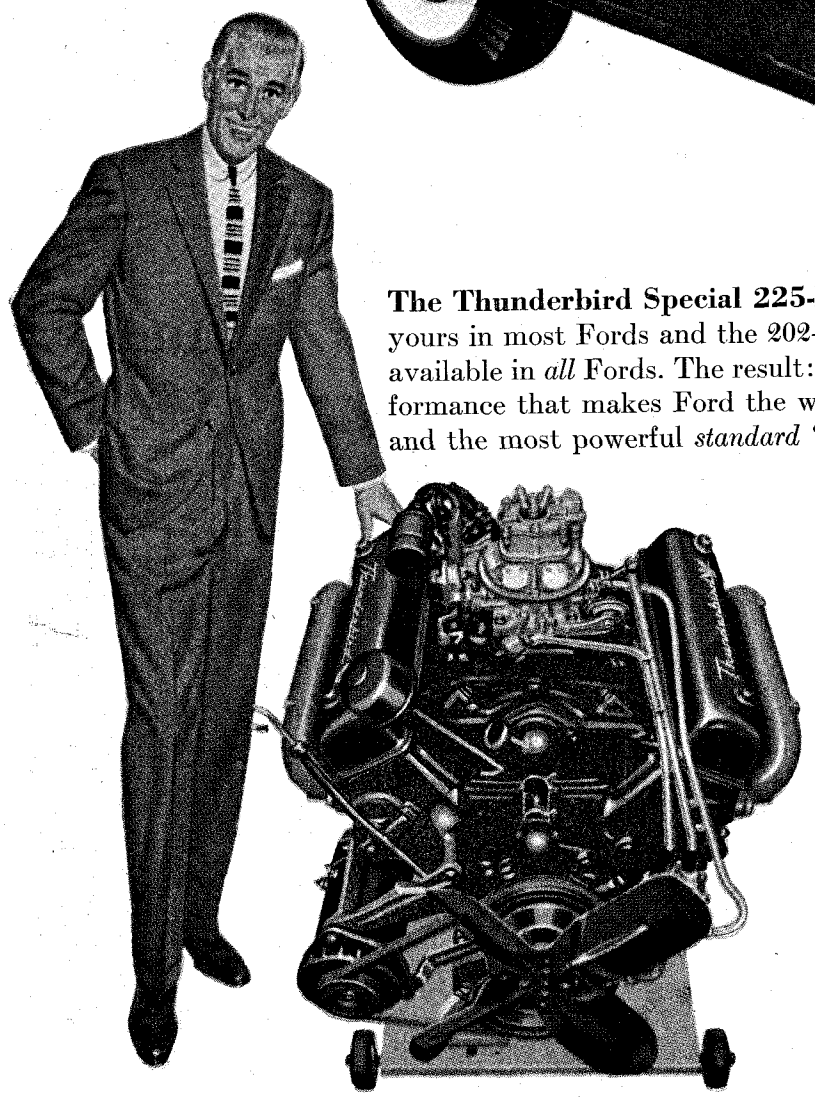

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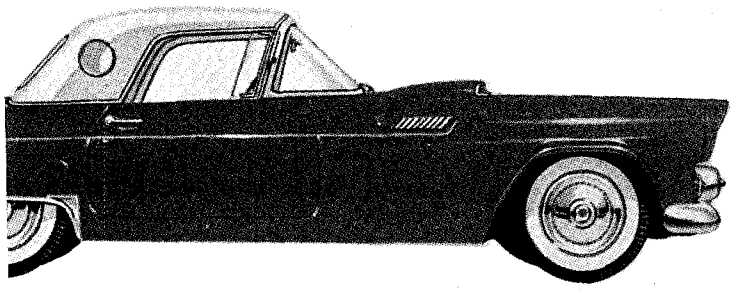

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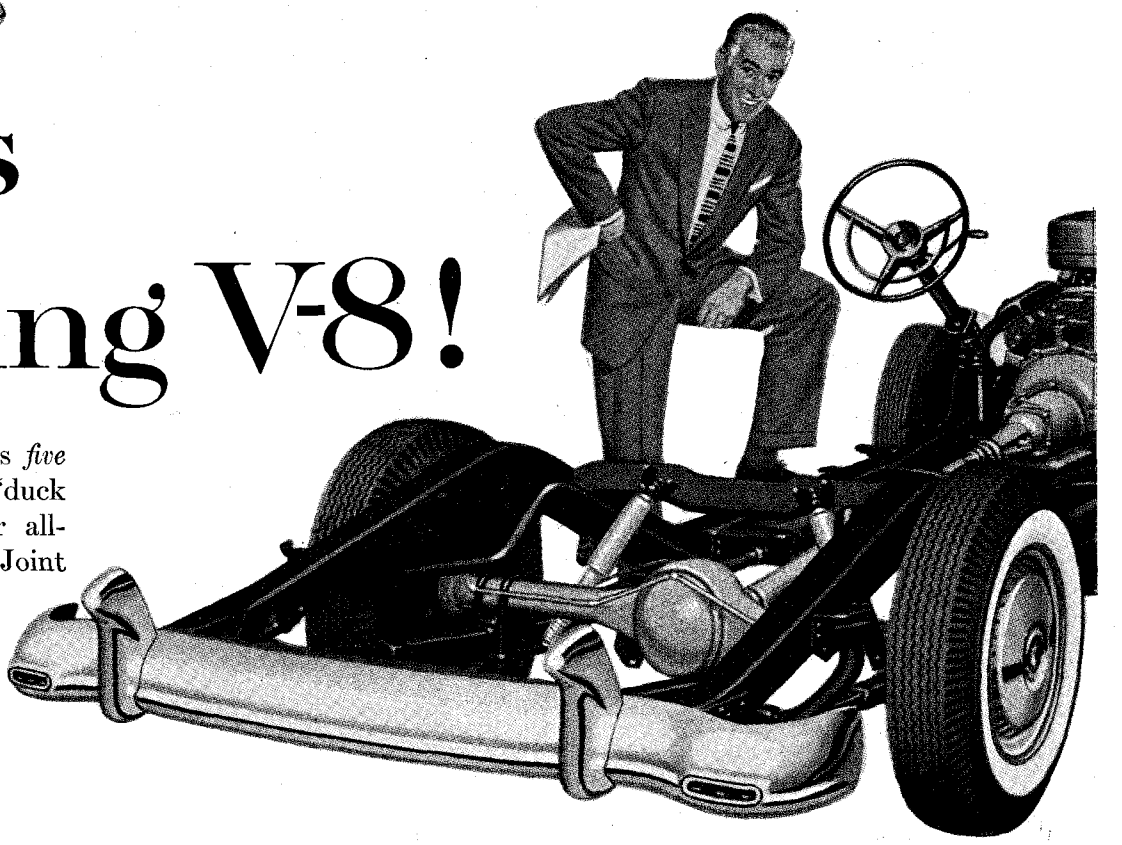

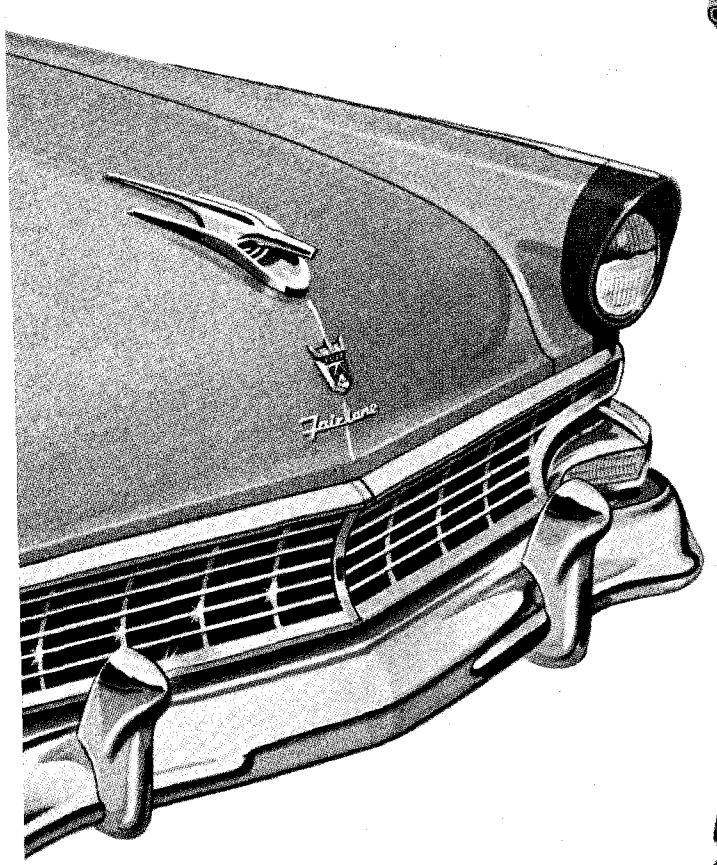

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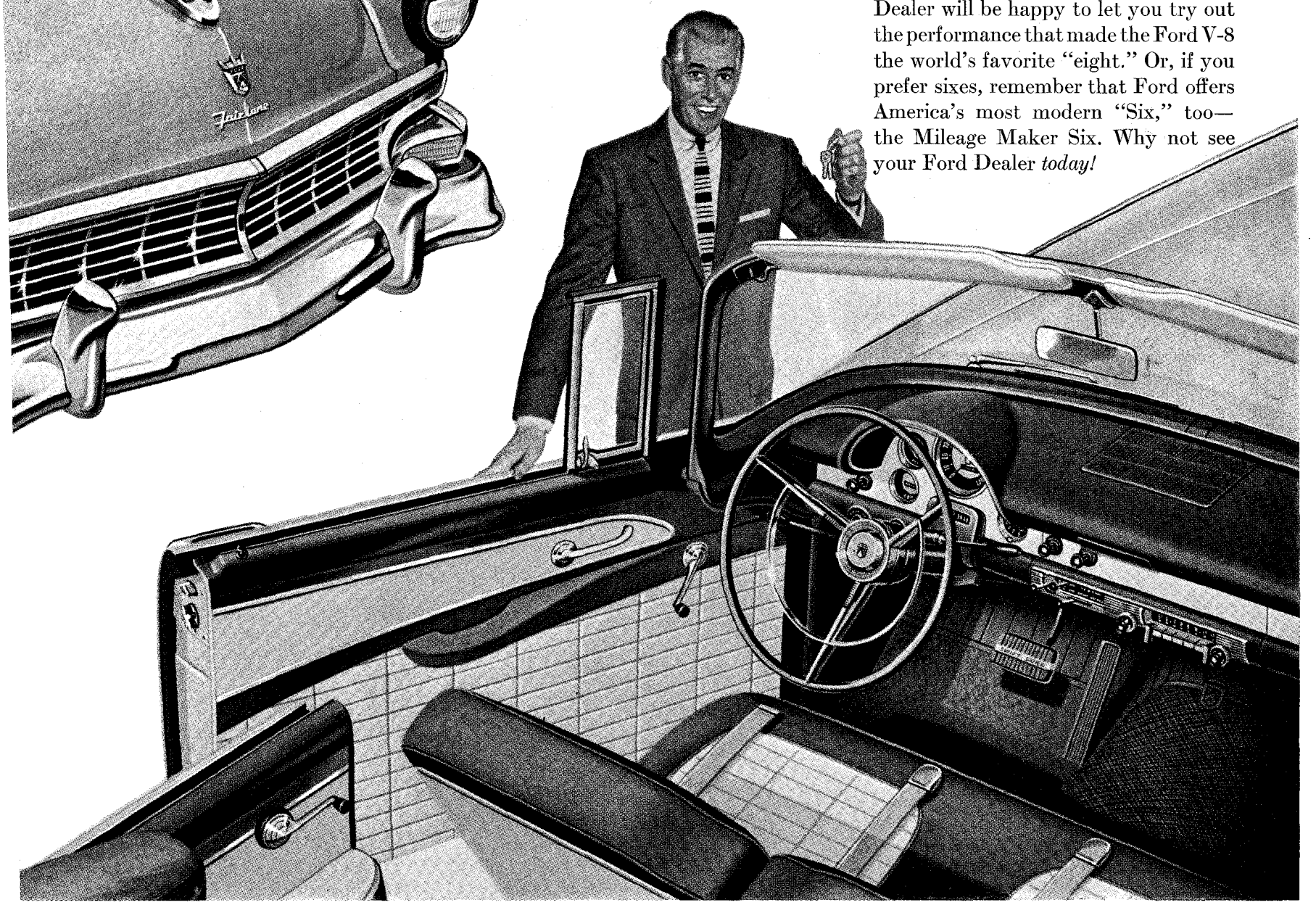

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(*Continued from Page 56*) in herself, that she prepared each night, so, in case John came before morning; and she looked so young and rosy and sweet, and so sure and happy, that my throat closed again. I muttered something and let her go. The darkness of the night is not the time for such a blow to fall. In the name of mercy, let it come in daylight, when the sun is shining and the river flowing, when the mountains stand eternal and only man changes.

I didn't sleep much. I rose at dawn, and went in, grimly muttering all the way. She started up from the pillow, sweet and soft from sleep. "Is he here?"

I turned my face away. "It's just me, going home. I'll be back later."

Walter and Ruhanna already had the fire going and a pot of coffee hot, ready to comfort me, and then go to Nancy. I told them grimly, "I couldn't say it. I'll go back later."

Seizing my pail, I went across the barnyard, blind and shaking. It was much too early to milk, but Bessie was a sweet, comfortable cow, able to meet all cow problems and help with mine. I pushed my forehead into her warm flank, and began to milk, with the tears falling down like rain.

John Brugman stepped out from the next stall. I got up slowly and set my pail aside. He looked as if he'd ridden in from hell, or rather, walked, with every bramble in the valley reaching for his clothes.

Any time in the last twenty-four hours I would have given all I had to see him standing there, but now I was furious.

"Changed your mind?" I demanded.

He said dully, "All she wanted was the fur coat. She is pleased with her life, proud of the gold that showers down on her." There was no feeling in his tone. He poured out his words as if he poured water from a dirty pail, wanting only to get rid of it. "The man is her slave, a weakling. She never loved me. She used me to blind her father, while she contrived for Welch to rob us both and take her away." He brushed his hand wearily across his face. "She wanted Nancy's coat. She offered gold. Then she promised to get rid of the man and give me what she called her—her love. Then she flew into a rage." He brushed his forehead again. "I thought she looked like Nancy, but there is no likeness. No likeness at all."

I had been bothered all along, the way John had been finding new things to tell us about Cassie. Now it came to me that he had never known her, but only the calculated sweetness of her face. Every grace, every endearing way, everything he admired and respected and took pride in, had been Nancy's all along. I knew then, but I wasn't ready to let him know.

"We got your letter," I said, accusing him.

"I've remembered that every day," he said dully. "It took me awhile to understand what Cassie was trying to say. Then I wandered about a bit, but I found I was carrying Nancy's coat all the while, and so I came up the trail overland to bring it to her. Sometimes I found horses, sometimes I walked."

He stared at me blankly. "I was happy here. When Cassie left me, back in Missouri, she turned my path toward everything a man could want. Now I've lost it all."

Behind him, carefully placed on the clean hay, was the bundle that contained Nancy's priceless coat. The wrappings were scratched and torn, but he'd taken more care of it than he had of himself. I moved to get the bundle.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "Why not just go home?"

"And crawl back to her with that—that woman's leavings?" He looked ready to strike me. "Just walk in and say I threw her away, and now I've come back to pick her up. I respect her too much, Auntie, and so should you."

"Well, you can use this as a proof that mail should come along your wagon road," I told him. "We didn't get your letter until yesterday. She doesn't know anything about it yet."

He leaned weakly against the stall. I thrust the coat into his hands. "She's lying there all sweet and sleepy, listening for your step even while she's asleep. She's got the pantry full of food, the house clean, her heart open. Maybe you can't do any more than respect her," I prodded, trying not to grin, "but you could manage even on that, I suppose."

"But not tell her?" he pleaded. "Not be honest?"

"Oh, be honest as you like!" I snapped, pushing him toward the outdoors. "Just be honest about something besides another woman. Tell her you're glad you're home. Say the coat becomes her. Praise her pretty hair. Ask her to sing to you." I had him outside now, and gave him a final push. "Tell her anything you like later, but for a while just talk about her."

He gave me a shamed, apologetic little smile and set off obediently. As he neared the road, he began to move faster. The drumming of his boots on the bridge brought Walter and Ruhanna to the door. I pointed at John racing up the hill, and they laughed across the barnyard and did a little triumphant dance.

I fumbled my way back to Bessie and began to milk. It was some time before I realized why all the barn cats were crowding in around my feet. I'd forgotten to put the pail under Bessie. THE END

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 49)

"The poor devil was ravin'," Higgins declared angrily.

"So he's raving when he accuses you, but not when he accuses Mr. Patch, is that it?" Bowen-Lodge's voice was icy.

"Well, it didn't do me no good, him dying," Higgins muttered.

Fenton started to question Higgins then, trying to get him to admit that Patch had never given the order to stand by to abandon ship, trying to confuse him and break him down over little details. But Higgins was a dangerous witness to cross-examine. He made it clear with every answer that he didn't trust Patch, and he didn't budge an inch from his original testimony.

But with Sir Lionel it was different. His interest was the cargo. What had led the witness to believe that the cases loaded at Yokohama contained explosives? Had he discovered something whilst he was loading the cases? But when the chairman put the question, Higgins said he hadn't been a member of the ship's company at the time the cases were loaded.

"When did your employment as second officer commence, then?" Bowen-Lodge asked.

"The day before the ship sailed," Higgins answered. "By then she was all loaded up, hatches battened down an' lying out in the fairway."

"You were shown the manifest?"

"No. I never saw the manifest, not till later."

"Then what gave you the idea that the cargo contained explosives?"

"There was rumors around the docks."

"Just rumors. I presume you did your best to scotch them."

For the first time Higgins showed uncertainty. "Well, no, to be honest, I can't say I did."

"Why not?"

The muscles along Higgins' neck thickened. "Well, if it comes ter that, why should I? Wasn't none of my business."

Bowen-Lodge glanced across at Sir Lionel with one eyebrow raised. The next question concerned the four days the ship was moored in the Rangoon River. Yes, Higgins admitted he had gone ashore with the rest. Well, why not? It wasn't every day the owners gave a ship's company forty-eight hours ashore, expenses paid.

"When you got back to the ship did you talk to any of the officers or men of the Torre Annunziata?" He wanted an admission that the Mary Deare's cargo had been tampered with, but Higgins insisted that when they finally berthed to load raw cotton the aero-engine cases were exactly as they had been. And then suddenly Sir Lionel switched the line of his cross-examination and asked, "Who engaged you—Captain Taggart?"

"No. Course, he signed the papers. But it was Dellimare wot engaged me."

"Why?"

Higgins frowned. "'Ow di'you mean?"

"I asked you why he engaged you. Were you the only man who applied for the vacancy?"

"Well, not exactly. I mean ——" Higgins had a baffled look, as though he wasn't sure where the questions were leading. "It didn't 'appen like that."

"How did it happen then?"

Higgins hesitated. "Well, we ran into each other, as you might say, an' 'e was short of a second officer an' I wanted a berth, an' that's all there was to it."

"Where did you meet?"

"Some bar da'n by the water front. Don't remember the name of it."

"It was by arrangement, wasn't it?"

Higgins' face reddened, the muscles of his neck swelling. "Well, wot if it was? Ships don't grow on trees and a bloke's gotter look after 'imself, ain't he?"

Sir Lionel hesitated. But he had nothing definite against Higgins except that he had been engaged by Dellimare privately.

Slowly, thoughtfully, he resumed his seat and Higgins was permitted to stand down.

The line Sir Lionel finally took was more or less forced on him by the evidence of the other survivors. He had to have something positive to justify his clients in withholding payment of the insurance claim, and as, one by one, they took the stand and supported everything that Higgins had said, he was left with only Patch. The most damaging evidence was that of the helmsman, Yules, who

"Mr. Dennis will see you now, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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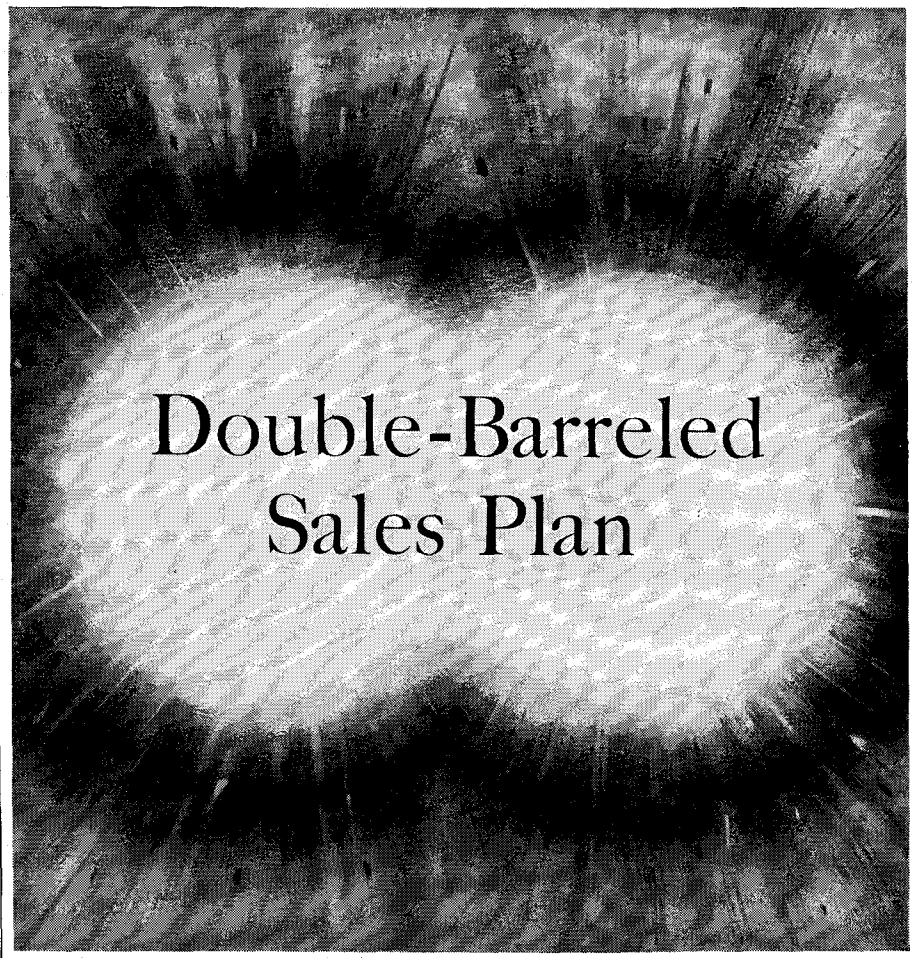

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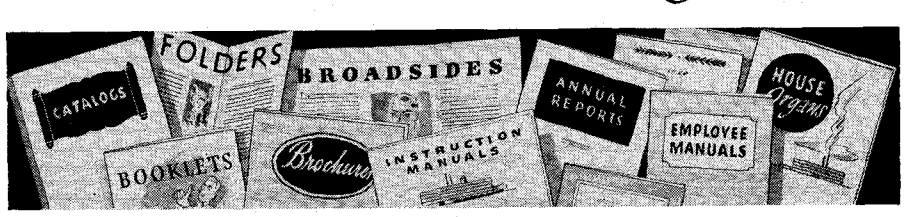

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had been on the bridge with Higgins when the fire broke out. He was timid and he gave his evidence with a slight stutter. He wasn't a very strong witness, but he clung with unshakable obstinacy to his statement that Patch had given the order to stand by to abandon ship. He even had the words off pat, and though Patch's counsel rose to the occasion and had him so terrified that he kept on looking to Higgins for support, he never budged.

He was the last witness before lunch, and I didn't need Hal to tell me that Patch would have a bad time of it when he took the stand for examination by the various counsel. . . .

As soon as the court resumed, Sir Lionel asked for Patch to be recalled to the witness stand. He then launched his attack. Who had engaged him—Dellimare? "I see. How long had you been without a ship?"

"Eleven months."

"Didn't you think it was strange that a man with your record should suddenly find himself first officer of a six-thousand-ton ocean-going ship?" And when Patch didn't say anything, Sir Lionel repeated, "Didn't you think it strange?"

And all Patch could say, with the eyes of the whole court on him, was "I never considered it."

"You—never—considered it!" Sir Lionel stared at him—the tone of his voice, the carriage of his head all indicating that he thought him a liar. And then he turned to Bowen-Lodge. "Perhaps, Mr. Learned Chairman, you would ask the witness to give a brief résumé of what happened nine years ago in the region of Singapore?"

Patch's grip on the rail in front of him tightened. His face looked ghastly—trapped. The courtroom stirred as though the first breath of a storm had rustled through it. Bowen-Lodge looked down at the questioner. "The Belle Isle?" he inquired. And then, still in the same whisper of an aside, "Do you consider that necessary, Sir Lionel?"

"Absolutely" was the firm and categorical reply.

Bowen-Lodge hesitated, and then he put the question to Patch. And Patch, rigid and tight-lipped, said, "There was a report issued at the time, sir."

Bowen-Lodge looked across at Sir Lionel, a mute question to discover whether he wished to pursue the matter. It was obvious that he did. "I am well aware that there is a report available," he said in a cold, icy voice. "Nevertheless, I think it right that the court should hear the story from your own lips."

"It's not for me to give my views on it when a court has already pronounced judgment," Patch said in a tight, restrained voice.

"I was not asking for your views. I was asking for a résumé of the facts."

Patch's hand hit the rail involuntarily. "I cannot see that it has any bearing on the loss of the Mary Deare." His voice was louder, harsher.

"That is not for you to say," Sir Lionel snapped. And then, needling him, "There are certain similarities."

"Similarities!" Patch stared at him. And then, beating with his hand on the rail, he burst out, "Similarities there certainly are!" He turned to face the chairman—still angry, goaded beyond the limits of what a man will stand. "You want the sordid details. Very well. I was drunk. Dead drunk. That's what Craven said in evidence, anyway."

"And were you drunk?" Bowen-Lodge asked. His voice was modulated, almost gentle.

"Yes, I suppose so—in a sense. I'd had a few drinks. But not enough," Patch added violently. "Not enough to put me out like a light." And then, after a pause, he added, "They ran her aground on the Anambas Islands in the early hours of the morning with a thundering surf running, and she broke her back."

"You are aware," Sir Lionel said quietly, "that there has been a lot of talk since—suggesting that you did it for the insurance."

Patch rounded on him. "I could hardly be unaware of it," he said with wild sarcasm, "seeing that all these years I've barely been able to scratch a living in my own chosen profession." He turned back to the chairman, gripping hold of the rail. "They said I ordered the course, and they had the log to prove it. It was there in my own handwriting. Craven—he was the second officer—swore that he'd been down to my cabin to query it and that I'd bawled him out. Later he took a fix, and then came down to my cabin to warn me again, but I was in a drunken stupor—those were his words—and when he couldn't wake me, he went back to the bridge and altered course on his own responsibility. By then, of course, it was too late. That was his story, and he stuck to it so well that everybody believed him—even my own counsel." He had turned his head and was looking across

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The thing that usually keeps men from understanding women is women.

PETER CARTWRIGHT

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the courtroom at Higgins. "By heaven," he repeated, "there are similarities!"

"What similarities?" Sir Lionel asked in a light tone of disbelief.

Patch turned to face him. It was pitiful to see how easily he was goaded. "Just this!" he almost shouted. "Craven was a liar! The log entry was forged. The Belle Isle was owned by a bunch of Greek crooks in Glasgow. They were on the verge of bankruptcy. The insurance money just about saved them. It was all in the papers about six months later. That was when the rumors started."

"Are you suggesting a similarity between this Greek company and the Dellimare Trading and Shipping Company?" Bowen-Lodge asked.

And Patch, fighting back, cried, "Yes! Yes, that is exactly what I am suggesting!"

Now, I thought—now he must tell them about Dellimare's offer. Whether he had evidence to support it or not, it was the only thing for him to do. But, instead, he drove home his accusation on the basis of motive and opportunity; the owner on board and the company the only people who would benefit by the loss of the ship.

"You seem to be forgetting the cause of the ship being abandoned and finally lost," Bowen-Lodge said. "Are you accusing Mr. Dellimare of causing the fire in that afterhold?"

It brought Patch up with a jolt. "No," he said.

"He was dead by then?"

"Yes." Patch's voice had dropped to a whisper.

"I think at this stage, Mr. Learned Chairman," Sir Lionel said, "I should ask you to put this very serious question to the witness: Did he, or did he not, on the night of March eighteenth, set fire to Number Three hold of the Mary Deare, or cause it to be set on fire?" A sort of gasp like an eager shudder ran through the courtroom.

"No, I did not," Patch declared, and his voice was clear and firm. And then he added, turning to face Sir Lionel Falcett, "If I'd set fire to the ship, what was the point of my putting it out?"

It was a good point, but Sir Lionel only shrugged. "We have to consider that she might have gone aground on the nearby reefs, perhaps the coast of France, only partially burned out. The evidence would be better sunk in twenty fathoms of water. There was a gale coming up and with Mr. Sands on board ——"

Bowen-Lodge gave a discreet little warning cough and Sir Lionel murmured an apology. The chairman conferred briefly with his assessors, who nodded agreement. And then he faced the court again and announced his decision to adjourn until the following morning. "The evidence given before the court today suggests that the case may not now come within the scope of a formal inquiry. I will give my decision in the morning. Tomorrow at ten-thirty, gentlemen."

Nobody moved for a moment, and even when they did, I sat there, stunned and angry at the injustice of it. To take a man's record and fling it in his face like that, to damn him without a shred of evidence—and there was Patch still standing stiff and rigid in the witness box—and Sir Lionel, picking up his papers and smiling at some little joke made by one of the other lawyers.

Patch was moving now, crossing the floor of the court. Without thinking, I started forward to meet him, but Hal put his hand on my arm. "Better leave him now," he said. "He needs to think it out, poor devil."

"Think what out?" I asked. I was still wrought up by the injustice of it.

"What he's going to say tomorrow," Hal answered. And then he added, "He hasn't told the whole story yet and Sir Lionel Falcett knows it. He can tell it tomorrow or he can tell it in the criminal courts. But he's got to tell it sometime."

The criminal courts. "Yes, I suppose it will come to that," I murmured. But before that, the truth had to be uncovered. And the truth, whatever it was, lay out on the Minkies. "I must have a word with him," I said. I had suddenly made up my mind, and was forcing my way through the crowd toward Patch.

He didn't hear me when I called to him. He seemed oblivious of everything but the need to get out of the place. I caught up with him in the corridor and he turned abruptly with a nervous start. "Oh, it's you." He was trembling. "Well, what is it?"

I stared at him, horrified by the haggard, hunted look in his face. There were beads of sweat still on his forehead. "Listen," I said. "I'll take you out there—as soon as the inquiry is over."

He shook his head, still walking toward the freedom of the main doors. "It's too late now," he said.

His attitude exasperated me and I caught hold of his arm, checking him. "Don't you understand? I'm offering you my boat," I said. "Sea Witch is lying in Lulworth Cove. We could be over there in twenty-four hours."

He rounded on me then. "I tell you it's too late." He almost snarled the words at me. And then his eyes slid past me, narrowing suddenly and blazing with anger. I felt his muscles tense, and then he had freed himself from me and was walking away. I turned to find Higgins standing there. He had Yules with him and they were both staring after Patch.

I turned to look for Hal, but Higgins caught hold of my arm, so that I was instantly conscious of the colossal brute strength of the man. "I 'eard wot you said just (*Continued on Page 64*)

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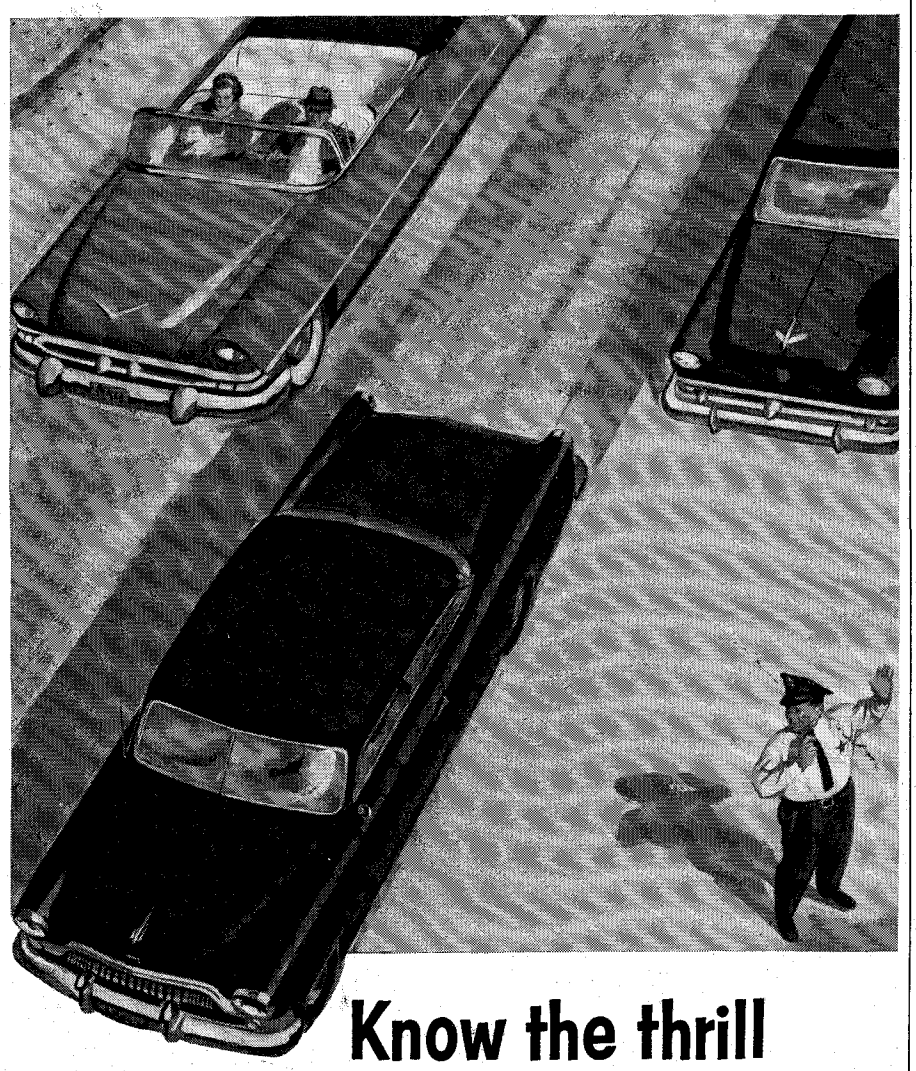

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(*Continued from Page 62*) then." His throaty voice was full of the smell of stale beer as he thrust his head close to mine. "If you think you're goin' ter take 'em a't there ——" He checked himself quickly, his small, blood-veined eyes narrowed, and he let go of my arm. "Wot I mean is—well, you steer clear of 'em," he rasped. "'E's a wrong un—yer can take my word fer it. You'll only get yerself inter trouble." And he turned quickly and went plowing off down the corridor, little Yules hurrying after him.

That night I found it difficult to sleep. Rain was lashing at the window and in the twilight of half-consciousness Patch and Higgins wandered through my mind. I pictured Patch walking the streets of Southampton, walking endlessly to a decision that would justify his cry that my offer was too late and leave him just something to be identified in a mortuary.

In the morning, of course, it all seemed different. The sun was shining and the world was going about its ordinary everyday life as I walked to the court. But once inside the building the sense of tragedy closed round me again. Patch wasn't in the courtroom and I waited out in the corridor, searching the faces that thronged the narrow passageway, every minute that passed a confirmation of my fears.

"Mr. Sands." A hand touched my arm, and I turned to find Janet Taggart standing beside me, her eyes unnaturally large in the pallor of her face. "Where is he? I can't find him."

"Who?"

"Mr. Patch. He's not in the courtroom. Do you know where he is, please?"

"No."

She hesitated, unsure of herself. "I'm terribly worried," she murmured.

I stared at her, wondering how it was she had come to share my own fears. "You should have thought of that before," I said brutally, and watched the muscles of her face contract so that the features looked small and pinched. She was different now from the sunny-smiling kid of the photograph, and the light wasn't shining on her hair any more. She looked grown-up, a woman. "He'll be here in a moment," I said more gently, trying to calm her fears and my own.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course." She stood there, hesitating, her face taut. "I went to see him last night. I didn't understand—not until I read the evidence of Higgins and the others. All those things I said ——" She stared at me, her eyes big and scared-looking. "He told me everything then. He was so ——" She stopped there with a little shrug, uncertain of herself and what she was saying. "You do think he's all right, don't you?" And then, because I didn't answer, she said, "Oh, heaven! I could kill myself for the things I said!" But she wasn't speaking to me. She was speaking to herself.

I heard the court rise. The corridor was empty. There was still no sign of Patch. "We'd better go in," I said gently.

She nodded, not saying anything more, and we went into the courtroom together and took our seats. Holland was on his feet. He had a piece of paper in his hand, and he turned to face Bowen-Lodge as silence descended on the room. "Mr. Learned Chairman, I have just received information from the receiver of wreck to the effect that the Mary Deare is not sunk. The harbor master at St. Helier, Jersey Island, has reported that the vessel lies stranded on the Plateau des Minquiers and that a French salvage company is endeavoring to refloat her."

The gasp of surprise that swept through the courtroom gathered force as people gave voice to their astonishment. Men in the press desk were on their feet. I caught sight of Higgins, sitting with a dazed look on his face. There was still no sign of Patch.

Bowen-Lodge leaned forward over his desk. "This alters the situation entirely, Mr. Holland. I take it that it means the receiver of wreck will be able to make a full examination of the wreck." And when Holland nodded, he added, "I presume you have discussed it with him. How long before he can report to the court?"

"He's not sure about that," Holland answered. "Any examination may have to wait on the successful refloating of the vessel."

"I see. Thank you, Mr. Holland." Bowen-Lodge nodded and turned to his assessors. He conferred with them; then tapped with his gavel to silence the court. "There are one or two questions, Mr. Holland, arising out of the fact that the ship is not (*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you're trying to be funny, Mabel. . . ."

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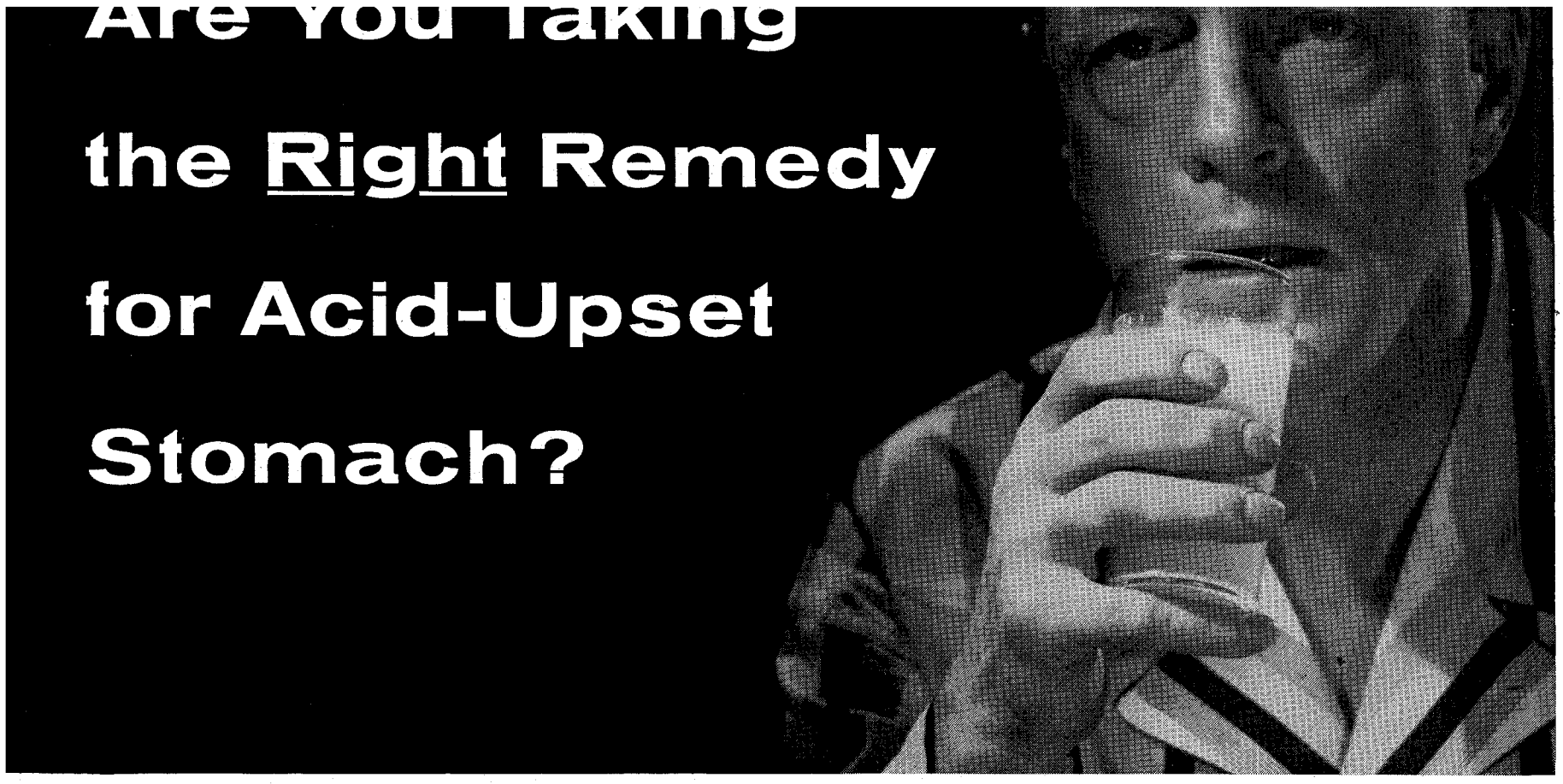

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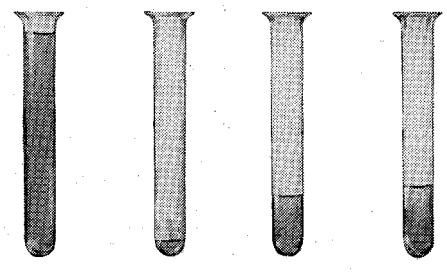

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(*Continued from Page 64*) sunk. Please recall your last witness."

Holland nodded and called, "Gideon Patch."

The court was still, nobody moved.

"Gideon Patch!" And when he still didn't appear, Holland turned to the usher on the door and said, "Call Gideon Patch."

The name was repeated, echoing in the emptiness of the corridors outside. But still nothing happened. Necks craned in the public gallery; the buzz of conversation rose again.

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They waited several minutes for him, and the silence in the court was so absolute that you could almost hear the ticking of the clock. And then, after a brief discussion with the assessors, Bowen-Lodge adjourned the court for one hour. "At twelve o'clock, please, gentlemen." The court stood and then everybody was talking at once, and down by the jury box Higgins, Yules and Burrows stood in a little bunch with the heads close together. And then Higgins broke away from them suddenly and came lumbering toward the door. His eyes met mine for a second; they had the dead, flat look of a man who is scared. Out in the corridor I saw him again, talking to Gundersen; and then Gundersen left, walking quickly.

The wait seemed a long one. There was no news. At length the crowd began to drift back into the courtroom. As they did so a rumor ran from mouth to mouth—Patch hadn't been seen since the previous evening. Bowen-Lodge and the assessors entered and there was silence as Holland rose to say that he regretted he was not able to produce his chief witness.

"Have the police been requested to take action?" Bowen-Lodge asked.

"Yes. A search has been instituted."

There was a moment's silence as Bowen-Lodge fiddled with the papers on his desk. And then he said, "In view of the fact that the Mary Deare has been located, the assessors and I are agreed that no further purpose can be served by continuing this investigation, particularly as the chief witness is no longer available. I am, therefore, adjourning the court indefinitely pending examination of the wreck. All witnesses are released. You will be notified in due course should further evidence be required of you. Thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance."

It was over, the chairman and assessors gone, the courtroom emptying. As I made my way toward the door, Higgins stepped forward blocking my path.

"Where is 'e?" he demanded. "Where's 'e gone?"

I stared at him, wondering why he should be so worked up over Patch's disappearance. He ought to have been pleased. "What's it got to do with you?" I asked him.

Beady eyes searched my face, peering at me over sagging pouches. "So you do know, eh? I said you would."

"As it happens," I said, "I don't know. I wish I did."

"To hell with that!" The violence inside him bubbled to the surface. "You think I don't know what yer up to—you with your boat lyin' in Lulworth, waitin' for 'im. Well, I tell yer, if that's yer game, watch a't, that's all." He stared at me, his small eyes narrowed, and then he turned abruptly and left us.

As we walked down the corridor, Hal said, "You're not going to be a fool and try and slip him out of the country, are you?" He was looking at me, his face serious, a little worried.

"No," I said. "I don't think it ever occurred to him that that was a way out."

He nodded, but I don't think he was convinced. He would have pressed the point further, but as we went out into the sunshine, he was greeted by a man in a reefer with a little pointed beard and graying hair. He had a high, rather strident voice, and, as I waited, I heard him say to Hal, "Oh, not your type, colonel—definitely not." There was something about a motorboat, and then: ". . . rang up about an hour and a half ago. They had her on charter a month back. . . . Yes, old Griselda. You remember—dry rot in the keel and rolls like a cow." He went off with a high-pitched laugh and Hal rejoined me. Apparently the man was a yacht broker. "Odd place, this, for him to do business," Hal said. And then he added, "I wonder if it's the Dellimare Company, chartering a boat to go out and see what the French salvage people are up to. I wouldn't be surprised."

He had his car parked outside and I got him to drive me down to the police station. I wanted to find out if there was any news of Patch. But all the sergeant at the desk could tell me was that he had been seen in a number of pubs in the dock area and had spent part of the night at an all-night café out on the Portsmouth road. He had got a lift about four in the morning in a truck headed back toward Southampton.

There was nothing more to be done, and I took the next train back to Lulworth. The cove looked lonely and desolate in a drizzle of rain, and Mike met me on the wet shingle with the news that a warrant had been issued for Patch's arrest. It had been announced on the six o'clock news.

"Did it say what the charge was?" I asked.

"No. But they've got police checks on all the roads leading out of Southampton and they're keeping watch on the ports."

We discussed it during the evening meal. Not having been present at the inquiry, but only reading the press reports, it was natural, I suppose, that he should still retain a vivid impression of Patch's visit to us, and over coffee he suddenly reminded me of the package I had been given at Paimpol. "I suppose it couldn't contain some vital piece of evidence?" he said.

Until that moment, I had forgotten all about it. "If it had," I said, "he would have asked me to produce it."

"Have you still got it?"

I nodded and got up and went into the aftercabin. It was still there in my brief case and I took it through into the saloon. Mike had cleared a space on the table and I reached for a knife and cut the string, feeling as I had felt during the war on the occasions when I had had to deal with the effects of some poor devil who'd been killed.

"Looks like a book of some sort," Mike said. "It couldn't be the log, could it?"

"No," I answered. "The log was in court." And then I slid the contents onto the table and stared incredulously.

Lying among the supper things was a thick wad of five-pound notes. Mike was gazing at the pile, openmouthed with astonishment. He'd never seen so much cash in his life; neither of us had. I split it between us.

For several seconds there wasn't a sound in the saloon except the crackle of those Bank of England notes. And when we had totaled it all up, it came to exactly five thousand pounds, and Mike looked up at me.

"No wonder he didn't want to bring it out through the customs himself," he said. And then, after a pause, he added, "Do you think he accepted Dellimare's offer after all?"

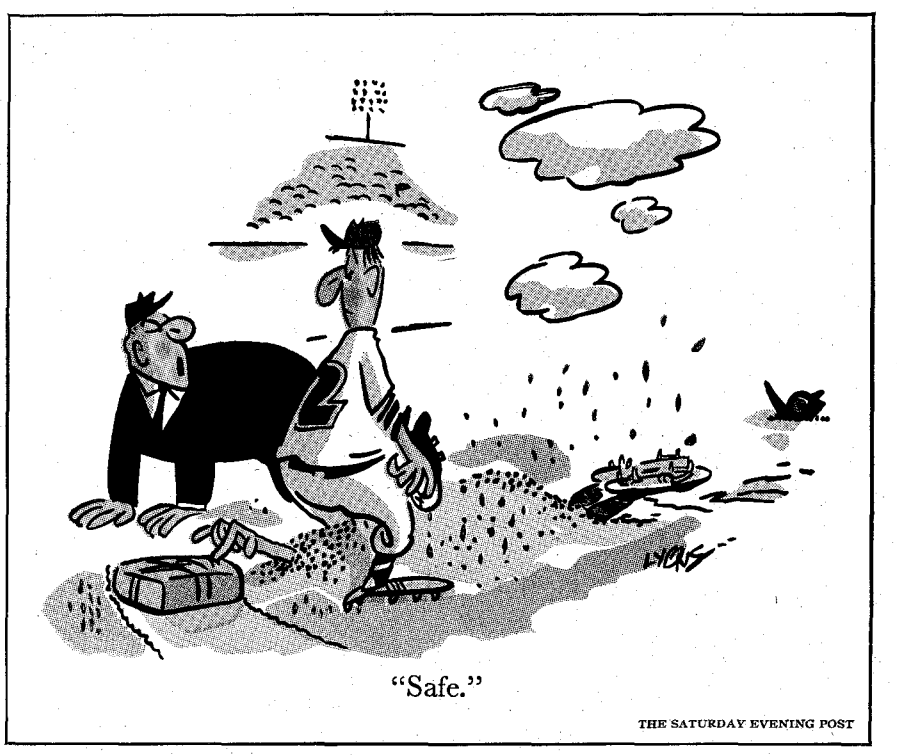
But I shook my head. "If he'd accepted, why put out the fire, why beach her on the Minkies?"

Mike took the envelope from me, frowning and turning it over in his hand. "Odd that he should have failed to collect it. It's almost as though he'd forgotten all about it."

I nodded slowly. And then I went up on deck and lit the riding light. It wasn't really necessary; we were the only boat in the anchorage, and nobody was likely to come in on such a reeking night. But it gave me something to do. I lit a cigarette. It was quite dark now and we lay in a little pool of light, hemmed in by the iridescent curtain of the drizzle. The wind seemed to have died away. The water was very black and still. No ripples slapped against the topsides. The only sound was the faint murmur of wavelets on the beach. I stood there, smoking in the feeble glow of the riding light and wondering what the hell I was going to do with all that money.

I stayed there, thinking about it, until my cigarette was a sodden butt. I threw it in the water then and went below. Mike was checking over one of the aqualungs. I lit another cigarette and sat down, not talking, just sitting there with my cigarette, going over the whole thing in my mind. We sat for a long time in silence.

I don't know who heard it first, but we were suddenly staring at each other, listening. It came from the bows, a sort of splashing sound. "What is it?" Mike had got to his feet. The splashing ceased and then footsteps sounded on the deck above our heads. They came slowly aft, while we stood waiting, frozen into immobility. They reached the hatch. The cover was slid quietly back and bare feet appeared, followed by dripping trouser legs, and then the body of a man all sodden with water; he was standing suddenly at the foot (*Continued on Page 70*)



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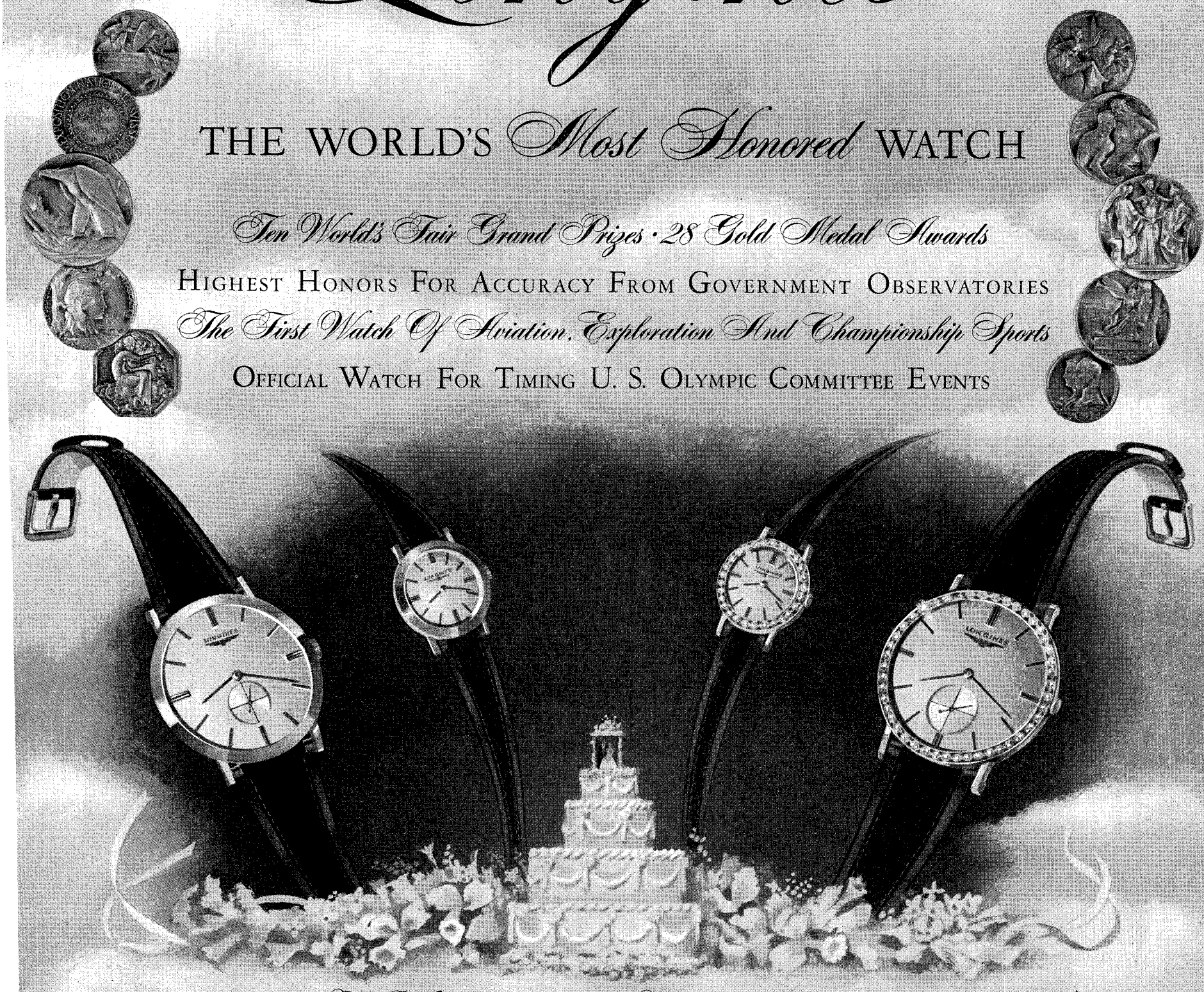

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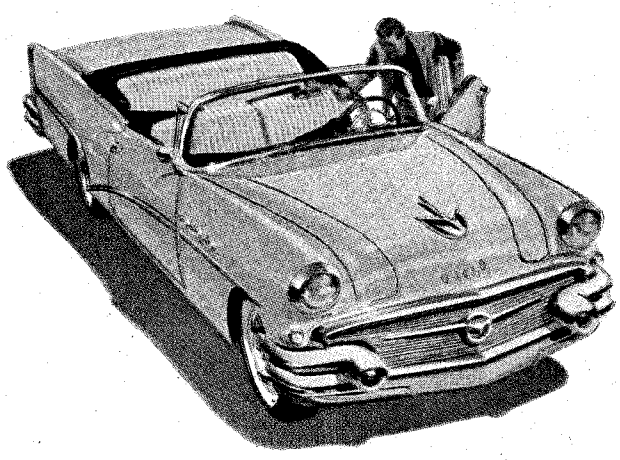

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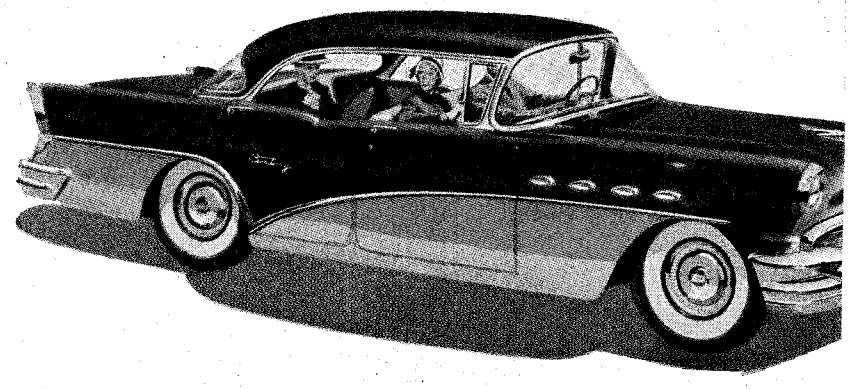

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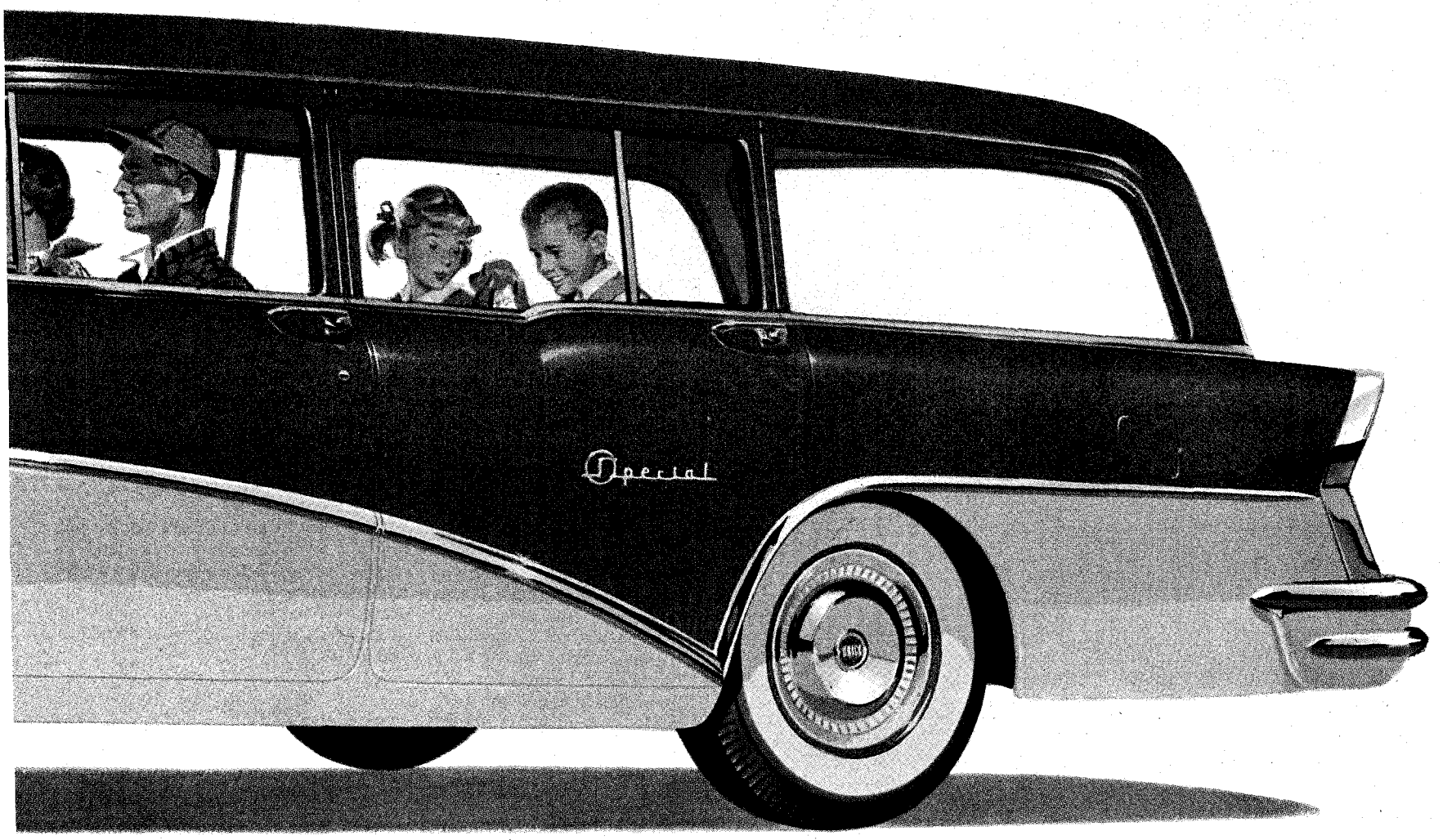

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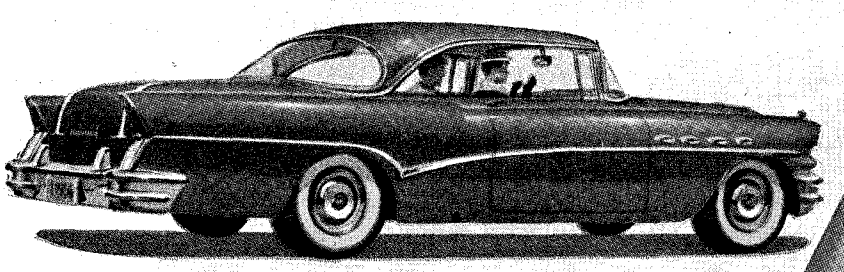

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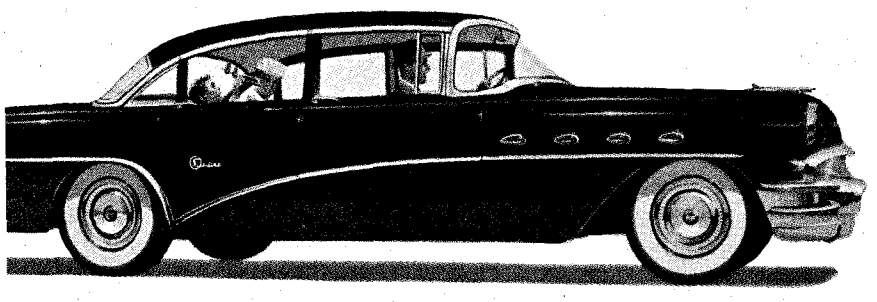

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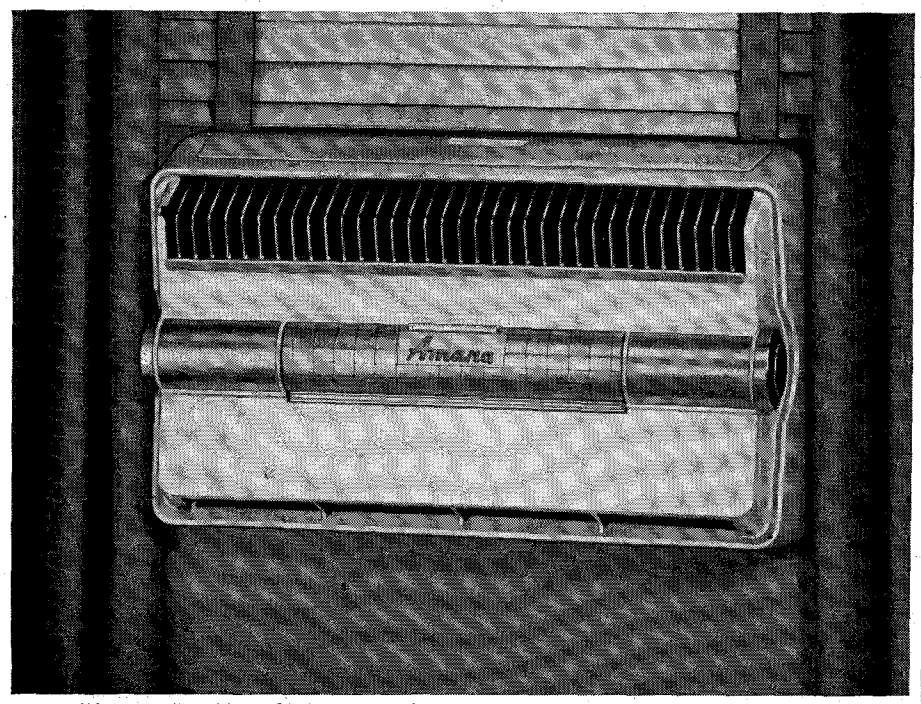

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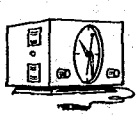

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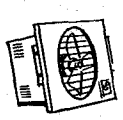

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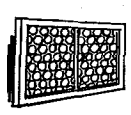

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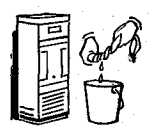

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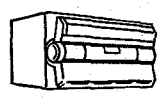

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(*Continued from Page 66*)

of the ladder, blinking in the light, his face pale as death, his black hair plastered to his skull and water streaming from his clothes onto the grating.

"Good Lord!" I breathed. I was too astonished to say anything else. He was shivering a bit and his teeth were chattering, and I stood there, staring at him as though he were a ghost.

"If somebody would lend me a towel ——" Patch began to strip off his wet clothes.

"So Higgins was right," I said.

"Higgins?"

"He said you'd make for Sea Witch." And then I added, "What have you come here for? I thought you were dead." I almost wished he were as I realized the impossible position he'd put me in. "What the devil made you come here?"

He ignored my outburst. It was as though he hadn't heard or had shut his mind to it. Mike had found him a towel and he began to dry himself, standing naked, his hard, sinewy body still brown with the heat of Aden. He was shivering and he asked for a cigarette. I gave him one and he lit it and started to dry his hair.

"If you think we're going to slip you over to France, you're wrong," I said. "I won't do it."

He looked at me then, frowning a little. "France?" The muscles of his jaw tightened. "It's the Minkies I want to get to," he said. "You promised to take me there. You offered me your boat." A sudden urgency was in his voice.

I stared at him. Surely he didn't still want to go out to the Minkies? "That was last night," I said.

"Last night, tonight—what difference does it make?" The pitch of his voice had risen. He had stopped toweling himself and suddenly there was doubt in his face. It was as though he had come here in the certainty that when he had arrived everything would be all right, and suddenly he knew it wasn't.

"You probably don't know it," I said, trying to soften the blow, "but there's a warrant out for your arrest."

He showed no surprise. It was as though he had expected it. "I was walking for a long time last night," he said, "trying to make up my mind. In the end I knew I'd never reach the Mary Deare if I went into that court this morning. So I came here. I walked from Swanage and I've been up on the hills half the day, waiting for it to get dark."

"Have you seen a paper?" I asked him.

"No. Why?"

"The Mary Deare has been located and a French salvage company is endeavoring to refloat her. A full examination is to be made of the wreck, and if you think there's any point ——"

"A full examination? How did the press find out about her? Gundersen wouldn't have told them. How did they find out?"

I explained how it had been announced in court. "I imagine some Jersey Island fisherman sighted her."

But it was the examination he wanted to know about. "When will the receiver of wreck get out to her? Did Holland say anything about that?" And when I told him about the expected delay, he said, "It makes no difference then, except that it will frighten Gundersen. He'll have to hurry—and so shall we." He picked up the towel. "Have you got a drink?"

I reached into the locker and got him the rum bottle and a glass. His hands shook as he poured it out. "I'll need some clothes too." He knocked the drink back at one gulp and stood gasping for breath. "Now that they know there's going to be an official examination of the boat, we'll have to move fast."

Mike had produced some clothes out of a locker. He put them on the table and Patch picked up an undershirt. "How soon can you leave?" he asked.

I stared at him. Surely he didn't imagine I was going to take him out there now? "Don't you understand?" I said. "There's a warrant out for your arrest. I can't possibly take you."

He was halfway into the undershirt, and he stopped, his eyes fixed on me. For the first time, I think, he realized that we weren't going to take him. "But I was relying on you." His tone was suddenly desperate. And then he added angrily, "It was only yesterday you offered to take me. It was the one chance and ——"

"But you didn't accept it," I said. "You told me it was too late."

"So it was."

"If it was too late then," I said, "it's certainly too late now."

"How could I accept your offer? They were going to arrest me. I was quite certain of that, and if I'd gone back into that court this morning ——"

"But you didn't."

"No."

"Why not? Can't you see you've put yourself in an impossible situation?" I leaned forward, determined to get at the truth. "You've got the police hunting for you now—everybody against you. What in heaven's name made you decide to run for it?"

●

The idea that two can live as cheaply as one usually dies of hunger. AL M. SCHAEFER

●

He pulled the undershirt down over his head and came to the edge of the table, leaning down over it. "Something I learned last night—something that made me realize I had to get out to the Mary Deare as soon as possible." There was silence for a moment, whilst we looked at him, waiting. And then he said, "That salvage company—it's under contract to the Dellimare Company."

"How do you know?" It seemed the wildest piece of guesswork. "How can you possibly know when it's only just been announced that a salvage company is working on the wreck?"

"I'll tell you." He began to get into the rest of Mike's clothes. "Last night, when I got back to my rooms, I went up and got my coat. I was going for a walk—to think things over. And outside I found Janet—Miss Taggart—waiting for me there in the street. She'd come ——" He gave a quick shrug. "Well, it doesn't matter, but it made a difference. She believed in me. And after that, I searched the pubs all through the dock area. I knew I'd find Burrows in one of them. He could never keep away from the booze as long as he had money. And he had money, all right. I found him in the end, drunk and truculent, and so sure I was finished that he was prepared to talk. He wanted to talk. He wanted to gloat. He hated my guts because I'd told him he was incompetent and that I'd see to it he never had charge of an engine room again, and he thought it would drive me to despair. That's how I learned about the salvage company."

He paused and took a quick drink. The wind was rising, and in the silence the sound of it whining in the rigging was suddenly loud. Then he pulled Mike's sweater over his head and sat down opposite me. He was still shivering. "Higgins must have worked out the course of our drift for Gundersen. Anyway, they were convinced she was on the Minkies, and they got a boat and went over there. And

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when they'd found her, Gundersen signed up this French outfit to salvage her."

"But what difference does that make to you?" Mike asked. "It's perfectly natural for the Dellimare Company to want to salvage her."

Patch turned to him, his lips drawn back in a smile. "They're not going to salvage her," he said. "They're going to have the French pull her off and then they're going to sink her in deep water."

I saw Mike looking at him as though he were crazy, and I said, "Do you seriously imagine they could get away with that?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"But no salvage company ——"

"It's nothing to do with the salvage company. But their contract is for refloating and towing the hulk to Southampton, and Higgins and Burrows will be on board the tow. Gundersen will insist on that. And with Burrows on board, it's simple. He's only got to open the sea cocks and the Mary Deare will quietly founder at the end of her towline. They'll wait till they're past the Casquets, I imagine, and sink her in the Hurd Deep. She'll go down in sixty fathoms or more and everybody will think it bad luck and due to the state of the hulk after being pounded on the Minkies." He turned and stared at me. "Now perhaps you understand. I've got to get out to her, Sands. It's my only hope. I must have proof."

"Of what?" Mike demanded.

He looked from one to the other of us, a quick, uncertain movement of the eyes. "I must know for certain that there was an explosion in those for'ard holds."

"I should have thought that was a matter for the authorities," Mike said.

"The authorities? No. No, I must be certain."

"But surely," I said, "if you went to the authorities and told them the truth—if you told them about Dellimare's offer ——"

"I can't do that." He was staring at me, and all the vitality in his eyes seemed to have burned itself out.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not?" His eyes dropped and he fiddled with his glass. "You were with me on that ship," he whispered. "Surely you must have guessed by now." And then he added quickly, "Don't ask me any more questions. Just take me out there. Afterwards ——" He hesitated. "When I know for certain ——" He didn't finish, but looked directly at me and said, "Well? Will you take me?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "But you must realize it's impossible now."

"But ——" He reached out his hand and gripped hold of my arm. "For heav-en's sake! Don't you understand? They'll refloat her and then they'll sink her out in deep water. And after that I'll never know ——" He had a beaten look and I was sorry for him. And then a spark of anger showed in his eyes. "I thought you'd more guts, Sands," he said, and his voice quivered. "I thought you'd take a chance—you and Duncan. You said you'd take me!" He was coming up again, the muscles of his arm tightening, his body no longer sagging. Unbelievably, there was strength in his voice again as he said, "You're not scared, are you, just because there's a warrant out for my arrest?"

"No," I said. "It isn't only that."

"What is it then?"

I reached across the table for the envelope. "This, for one thing," I said, and threw it down on the table in front of him so that the fivers spilled out of it and lay there, white and crisp, black-inked like funeral cards. "You let me bring that back for you, not knowing what it was." I watched him staring down at them uncomfortably and I went on, "Now suppose you tell us the truth—why you took that money, why you didn't tell the court about Dellimare's offer." I hesitated, still staring at him but he wouldn't meet my gaze. "You took that money from his cabin after he was dead, didn't you?"

"Yes." His voice sounded weary, exhausted.

"Why?"

"Why?" He lifted his eyes then, staring straight at me, and they were suddenly the eyes of the man I had first met on the Mary Deare. "Because it was there, I suppose. I didn't reckon it belonged to him any more. . . . Oh, I don't know." He was frowning, as though trying to concentrate on something that didn't interest him. He seemed to be lost in some private hell of his own creation. "I suppose I was a fool to take it. It was dangerous. I realized that afterward. But at the time—well, I was broke, and when you know you've got to fight a company to prove you did your best to bring a ship home that they didn't want brought home ——" He let it go at that, his mind still on something else.

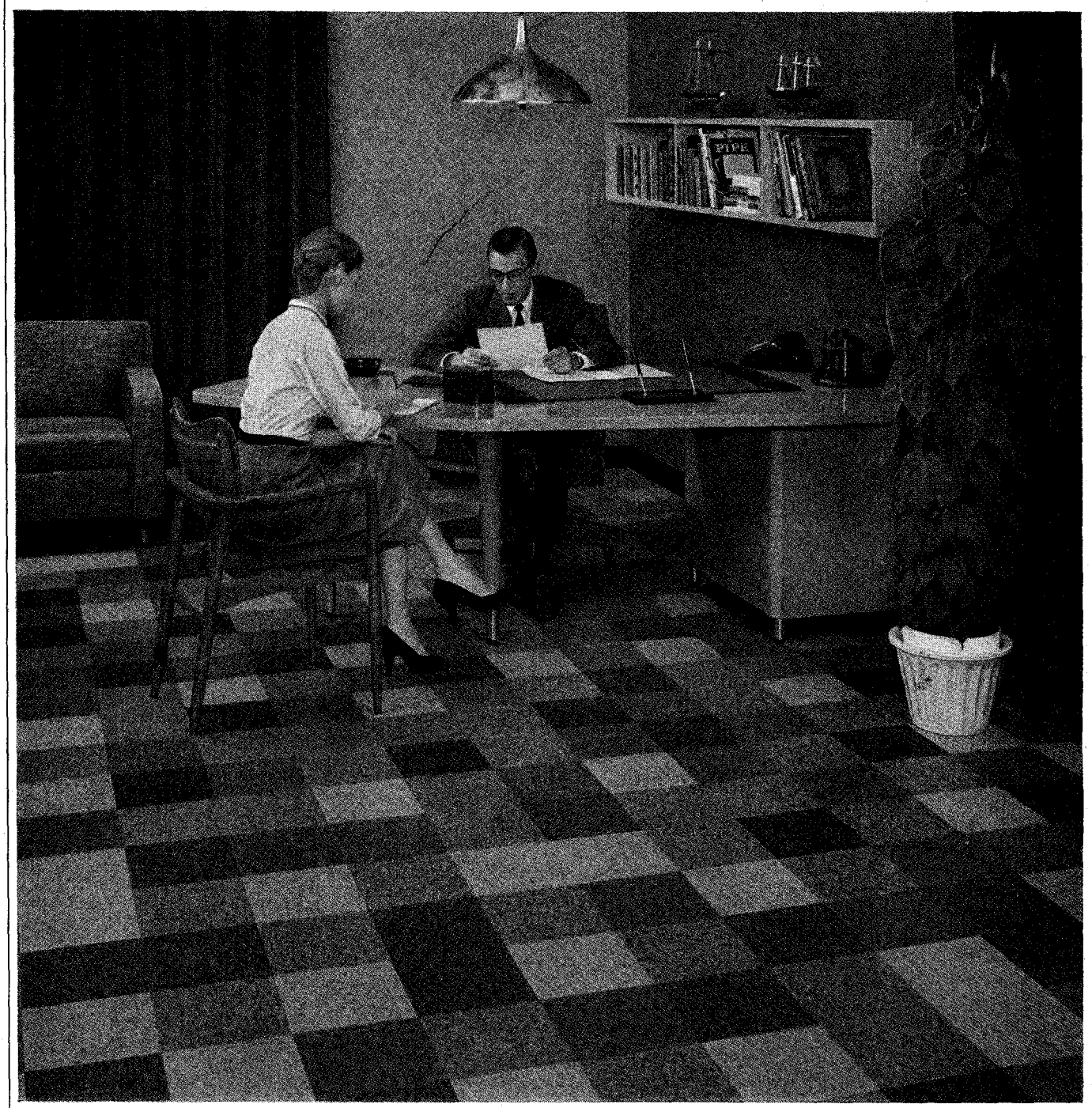
"Is that why you didn't tell the court about Dellimare's offer?" I asked.

"No." He got suddenly to his feet. "No, it wasn't that." He stood for a moment looking out through the open hatch, and then he came back to the table. "Don't you understand yet?" His eyes were fixed on my face. "I killed him."

"Dellimare?" I stared at him.

"He didn't go overboard," he said. And then, after a pause, he added, "His body is still there on the Mary Deare."

TO BE CONTINUED



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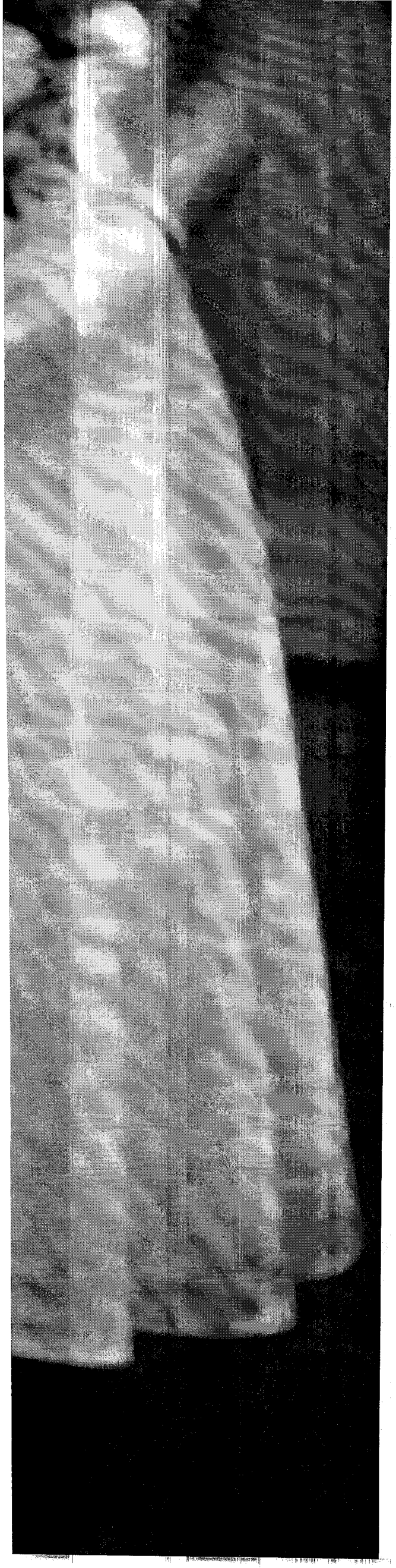

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A wedding is a mixture of the delicate and the enduring. It can be as fragile as a flower or as solid as a gold ring. But after the last grain of rice falls – it's up to you.

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"Wedding Procession"
Photographed by
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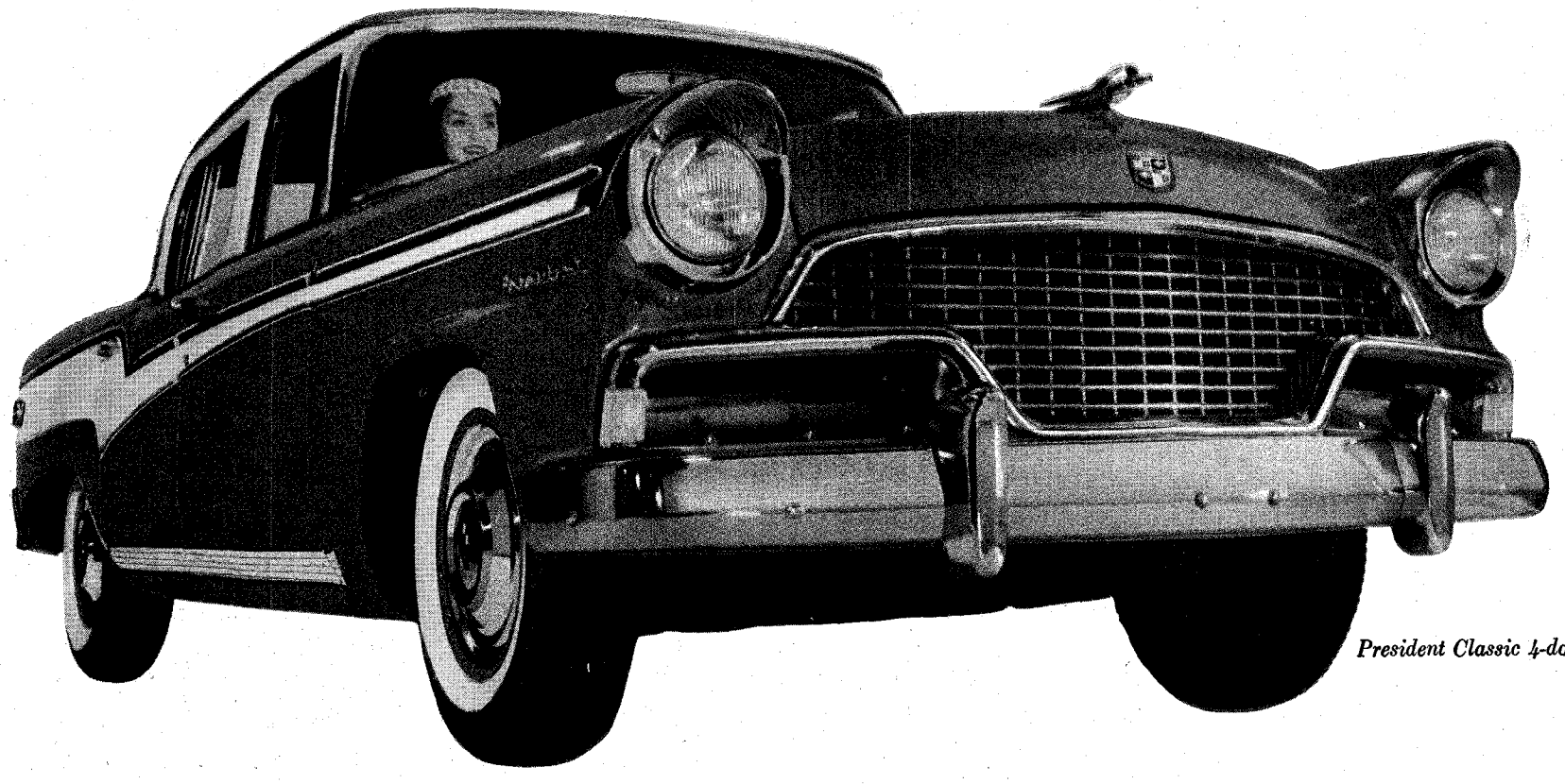
210 horses that run on chicken feed!



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Calcutta (Continued from Page 39)

numerous hotels and *dharam-shalas*—free Hindu lodging houses—in pursuit of wealth, wager and women.

Commanding the Bay of Bengal—Calcutta is at present the capital of India's West Bengal state—and overlooking the most fertile parts of the Indian and Burmese peninsulas, Calcutta is the best strategic site in Southeast Asia. The British were the first to realize its importance. They came here in 1661 in search of a "pile"—Thackeray's "nabobs" gorged on Calcutta's wealth. But finding it a natural fortress, they fortified it with their arms. From here they advanced into India and Burma, right and left, up and down. "Calcutta was the center of the government and Bengal the base from which the English, between 1757 and 1859, expanded their dominion by wars with Indian powers," wrote the historian Dunbar.

Calcutta has suffered more than any other Indian town in recent times. It has been assaulted, looted (1756), recaptured (1757), left in the shade. (The British shifted their capital from Calcutta to Delhi in 1912.) In 1770 and 1943 millions starved here in famines. In 1857 this city saw the first sparks of the great anti-British mutiny. From 1908 to 1930 Calcutta remained the home of the Indian terrorist movement. In 1942 the dwellers here suffered heavy casualties from Japanese bombers. In 1946 Calcutta saw the first big episode of the Hindu-Moslem fratricidal war, which resulted in the establishment of Pakistan.

Today Calcutta is the center of the communist conspiracy. Who can forget Lenin's famous dictum, "The road from Moscow to Paris lies through Peking, Shanghai and Calcutta"? The "pinko-punkos" occupy many significant positions in the public life, own one daily, three weeklies, twelve monthlies, and have infiltrated the so-called independent press, as well as some branches of the West Bengal state government. Communists hold the labor front in fee through their control of the local branches of the All-India Trade Union Congress; the peasants through the All-India Kisan Sabha; and the students through the All-India Students Federation.

The communists demonstrated the fury of their might when Soviet Premier Nikolai A. Bulganin and Nikita S. Khrushchev visited here last November. Some 2,000,000 screaming, howling Bengalis turned out to greet them. Appointments the visitors had made were canceled, because security officers feared they might be smothered by their admirers.

In the context of history's aeons, Calcutta may look a whimpering toddler—it was founded by the British in 1690. But already it has carved a deep niche for itself in Indian history. Calcutta, like Bombay, is not "an Occidental city"; nor, like New Delhi, a "grown-up village." This indeed is the most Indian of all Indian cities. Calcutta alone gives you an idea of the Indian civilization and thought. Calcutta, like Hinduism, has much that is ugly, debased and tawdry, but it also has much that will send you into wild raptures, into ecstatic trance.

Here, is Calcutta:

Metropolitan boulevards running for miles in straight lines, but changing their names every 200 yards; posh ten-story buildings, with elevators permanently out of order and all approaches to these buildings blocked by whining beggars; swank air-conditioned hotels with ankle-deep rugs, equipped with pull-and-let-go flush toilets; neon-glaring, bustling markets, with shops which can best be described as holes in the walls; a bragging municipal corporation with a stinking, odorous animal market—selling baboons, langurs and parakeets—within spitting distance; squalid bustees, where 1000 people live in an area as large as the city room of a large American newspaper and with one dark pit used as a back-well privy.

A modern transportation system is run by bearded, curt, devil-may-care Sikhs. Rickety, hand-drawn rickshaws get the right of way over sleek limousines. Sacred cows and goats contentedly graze on a first-class race track. Big, bloated *seths*—Marwari millionaires—ramble cheek by jowl with naked porters. Sloe-eyed dainties in satin skirts and magenta saris are seen dispensing sin under the litho pictures of Hindu gods and goddesses, and getting sprinkled with holy water by a Brahmin priest. Western-educated young men prostrate themselves before the fierce, blood-swigging goddess Kali. Saffron-robed Hindu holy men are seen sitting cross-legged on chairs under whirring electric fans, while they hammer madly on American typewriters.

Calcutta, indeed, is all this, but this is not all to make it an incredible fantasia and a fanatic, seething experience.

Following the old proverb that "face is an index to mind," most American tourists do this city with a tour of the highly streamlined Chowringhee, the spacious Park Street and the fashionable New Market.

But more than these places, the footpaths offer the most interesting sights. There goes a huddle of Marwari women in tight blouses and rainbow-hued saris, gilded with gold and silver tinsel. And there is a cluster of Bengali girls with their pigtails rolled in a bun and hair part red with vermilion—this is considered auspicious—walking with the supple grace of "the floating swans."

Walk a few steps and you will be surrounded by little urchins forcing on you a shoeshine, nylon lingerie, sexy American magazines, Mickey Spillane, China Pictorial and that modern aphrodisiac—"girls on the jacket, but no jacket on the girls"! A little farther on, the hawkers peddle tropical cut fruit.

Then come the betel merchants, sitting with their pots of catechu and lime, and chopping a green coconut with a sharp sickle. The milk of this is drunk to sharpen one's brain and fertility.

As dusk descends the scene changes magically. At Chowringhee, should you look like an affluent stranger, you will be accosted at every step: "Mister, would you care for some innocent fun? Girls, plump, slim, tall, buxom, European, Anglo-Indian, Chinese, Bengali, Marwari, Punjabi." You shake the rascal off. But it is no use; another follows you, and another, and another.

To escape this hellish nightmare, you get into one of the waiting cabs, where the Sikh driver contemplates you with a sinister smile, or you hurriedly duck into one of the numerous night clubs.

Should it be the Prince's Bar at the Grand Hotel or Sherry's at the Great Eastern Hotel, you will see poor imitations of floor shows modeled on Paris, London and New York originals.

However, if you look for purely Indian entertainment, you will be disappointed. Calcutta's rich European community—Calcutta's 9573 Europeans include 8717 Britishers; Americans number only 679—

The Perfect Squelch

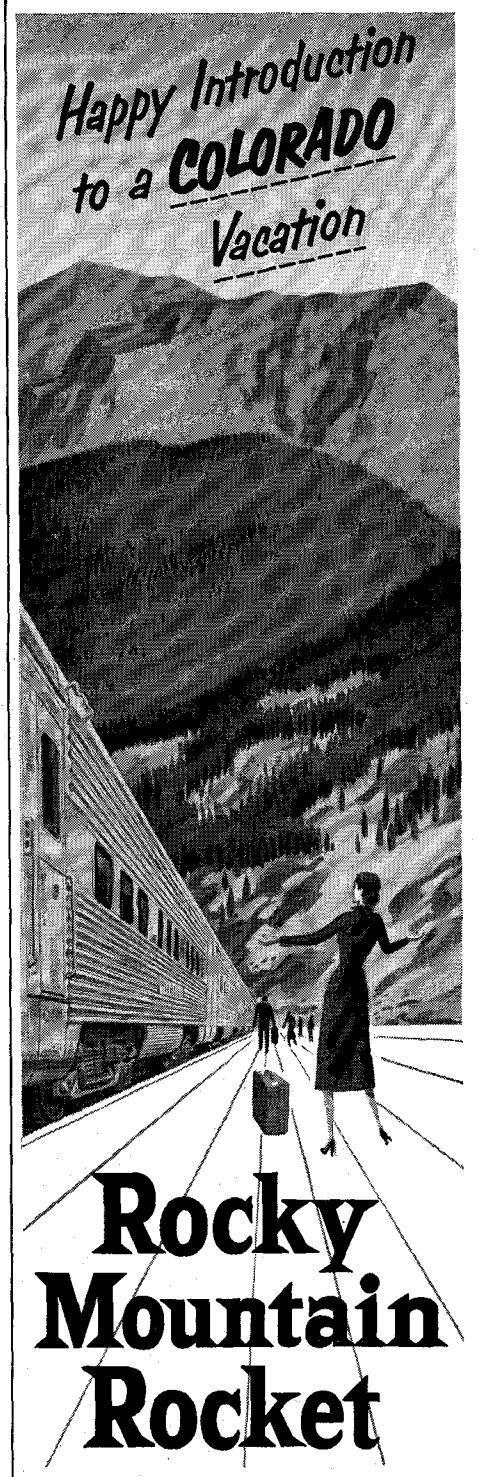
As the party progressed, its conversation was monopolized by one marathon talker. This man, an actor and television performer, used an extremely English accent with upper-clawss intonations. Although actually from the American Corn Belt, he scoffed at most things American and obviously regarded himself as veddy superior, indeed.

At one point, he gleefully mimicked a young girl from Kansas. Imitating her drawl and twang, he suggested that she enroll in "some good Eastern college, if there is one," and learn to speak English.

"Listening to me," he added unguardedly, "you'd never guess that I came from Kansas myself, now would you?"

"True," the girl replied. "And don't think Kansas doesn't appreciate it."

Raymond L. Marshall



Rocky Mountain Rocket

This is the train that goes directly from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver, a step from Colorado's choicest skyland vacation spots. And what a train it is—both the Pullman accommodations and the coach seats (reserved) are so inviting they seem made to order. The Rocky Mountain Rocket leaves Chicago 2:00 pm—next morning Colorado.

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big Indian business magnates, and government bureaucrats seem to prefer fading European performers at large fees to famous Indian classical dancers and singers at half the price.

What do the poor Indians—office secretaries, petty shopkeepers or garage mechanics—do for fun? The answer is that they just gather at someone's place or at the betel-wallah's corner shop and talk.

However, your visit to Calcutta would not be complete until you penetrate the real Indian section of the city. The Burra Bazaar has all the wholesale and retail commodity markets—oil, sugar, salt, spices, textiles and a host of others. Calcutta is a busy port and handles more than 9,000,000 tons of cargo annually—about half the total sea-borne trade of India. It is also a brisk center for stock-market speculation.

In terms of money, Burra Bazaar has perhaps more wealth per square inch than any other street in the world. But, unfortunately, this place also has the distinction of containing more filth per square inch than any other locality in the world. The entire place has a peculiar smell—a blend of cooking curry, roasted onions, parched gram, saffron, rancid olive oil, perspiring bodies, cow dung and overflowing garbage cans.

Here, every few yards, you will find narrow, crooked, cobbled streets with six-story houses on either side valiantly defending one another from the evils of sunlight, fresh air and the pattering rain. The footpath is littered with banana skins, orange peels, tattered rags, dark-red betel juice and dried-leaf containers grubby with Jalebi gravy. Farther ahead you see the handcarts and bullock carts with stocks of grain piled up sky high, expensive American autos, dozing cattle, the ice vender, the sherbet wallah. There are roadside cafés with people consuming hillocks of rice and lentils, and the inevitable betel-and-cigarette stalls with smoldering ends of coiled coir ropes hanging for those addicted to the fragrant weed. And there sits the fortuneteller with his head all shaved except for a small tuft of hair tied in an inscrutable knot. All the time you are pursued by the little beggar boy, his face streaked with grime, chirruping, "Baksheesh, sahib! Baksheesh!" his little palm thrust upward and his voice rising.

If you have the stamina to stand a little more of color, have a look at the signboards. Here you see some of the choicest advertisements in the English language. One hairdresser specializes in the "singing" of ladies' hair; another declares: "Shave 4 annas (about a nickel), headcut 8 annas." A draper describes himself as a "sailor of ready-made clothes." But it is in the gastronomic field that one encounters the slickest signs. There is a "biggest loafer in town," and there is a "Glutton's inn," and outside one restaurant one reads: "Mutton cutlis our specialty. Eat them, enjoy them, repeat them."

But if Calcutta streets are more colorful than a Ringling circus, its mob fury is worse than a Nebraska cyclone. Often the explosion of mob fury is not a clash of organized hostilities, only a sympathetic detonation. Men fight on Bowbazar Street, for they have heard men fighting on Clive Street. By the time they hear it, the cause becomes legend. In the ensuing hysteria the entire city joins the fray.

Who can forget the great Calcutta killing when 6000 people lost their lives in an orgy of Hindu-Moslem bloodshed? For four days—from August 16 to August 20, 1946—the city remained in the grip of the hoodlums. The streets were filled with clawing, surging, shrieking mobs. Everybody was hurling stones, bricks and Calcutta's favorite weapon—electric bulbs filled with nitric acid—at everybody within sight. Most bazaars were left a rubble of twisted iron pieces, glass splinters, charred remains of automobiles and disfigured corpses.

But that was long ago. In June, 1953, the British-owned Calcutta Tramways Company announced an increase in the regular fare by one pice—one third of a cent. The Calcutta wallahs objected. A tram-fare-enhancement resistance committee was organized. The passengers were ordered not to pay their fares at all. Those who did pay were beaten up and hurled into the streets. Eighty streetcars were burned, four people were killed and 1200 injured, 200 seriously. The rioting continued for a month. At last the company succumbed and withdrew the increase.

And in February, 1954, the primary schoolteachers struck, demanding higher pay. Thousands squatted on a main highway approaching the red-painted government secretariat. After some time the government asked them to disperse. The strikers resolved on a march. Joined by the city riffraff, the procession soon became a sea of humanity in mass rebellion. Bazaars, shops, schools, colleges and restaurants closed. Trams, buses, taxis and rickshaws were off the roads. Telephone girls left their jobs and went home, post offices worked with depleted staffs. All incoming railway trains were held up. Streets were barricaded. The United States Information Agency Library was attacked. Nobody cared to investigate how the Americans got blamed in a teachers' protest against the Indian Government.

But it will be doing less than justice to Calcutta people if we forget to mention their sense of humor.

Once, at random, I pulled out a Calcutta paper. It happened to be the Amrita Bazar Patrika of Sept. 11, 1955. In this issue I found the following gems of wisdom:

NEW DELHI, SEPT. 10—"I know of a publishing house in Calcutta which wants to go into the manufacture of aeroplanes," said Mr. K. K. Basu, a member from West Bengal in India's Parliament.

CALCUTTA, SEPT. 10—The Chief Minister, Dr. B. C. Roy (in West Bengal Assembly), today jovially offered to compensate an opposition member for the loss of a fountain pen which he had to give as a bribe to a police officer to escape trespass in a protected territory.

CALCUTTA, SEPT. 10—Once somebody shouted at Dr. Roy (Premier of West Bengal) in the assembly. Roy snapped back, "I am a doctor. I advise you to keep quiet or you will collapse."

And not long ago, Calcutta's deputy mayor, answering complaints that the city's water supply contained germs of cholera, valiantly said, "The drinking water might contain germs of gastro-intestinal infections, but it has never been found to contain germs of cholera."

Nowhere is Calcutta's humor and lust for life more evident than in its religious festivities. One recent Sunday at about five A.M., while soundly snoring in bed, I thought I heard a faint noise. Soon the noise became thunder, a roar of cannons. All nervous, I rushed out of the room. And what do I find? Loud-speakers blaring at full blast, brass bands playing on their shrillest notes, people shouting madly and beating huge, empty drums, children shrieking at the top of their voices. The entire city was in a screeching, tearing fit, it seemed.

I asked a neighbor what was the matter. His reply left the confusion worse confounded. It was the Vishvakarma worship day. God Vishvakarma is the ruling dictator of the universe and the presiding commissar for tools, machinery and factories.

When I reached my office, I saw the printers, the proofreaders, the copy cutters, the make-up men, the pressmen and the photographers assembled under a large canopy supported on bamboos. On a raised pedestal was a heavily garlanded and mustached statue of God Vishvakarma riding on an elephant.

The meeting started with religious discourses. But to hold the interest of the audience somebody started playing recorded classical music, which soon gave way to Indian film music and then culminated in American boogiewoogie.

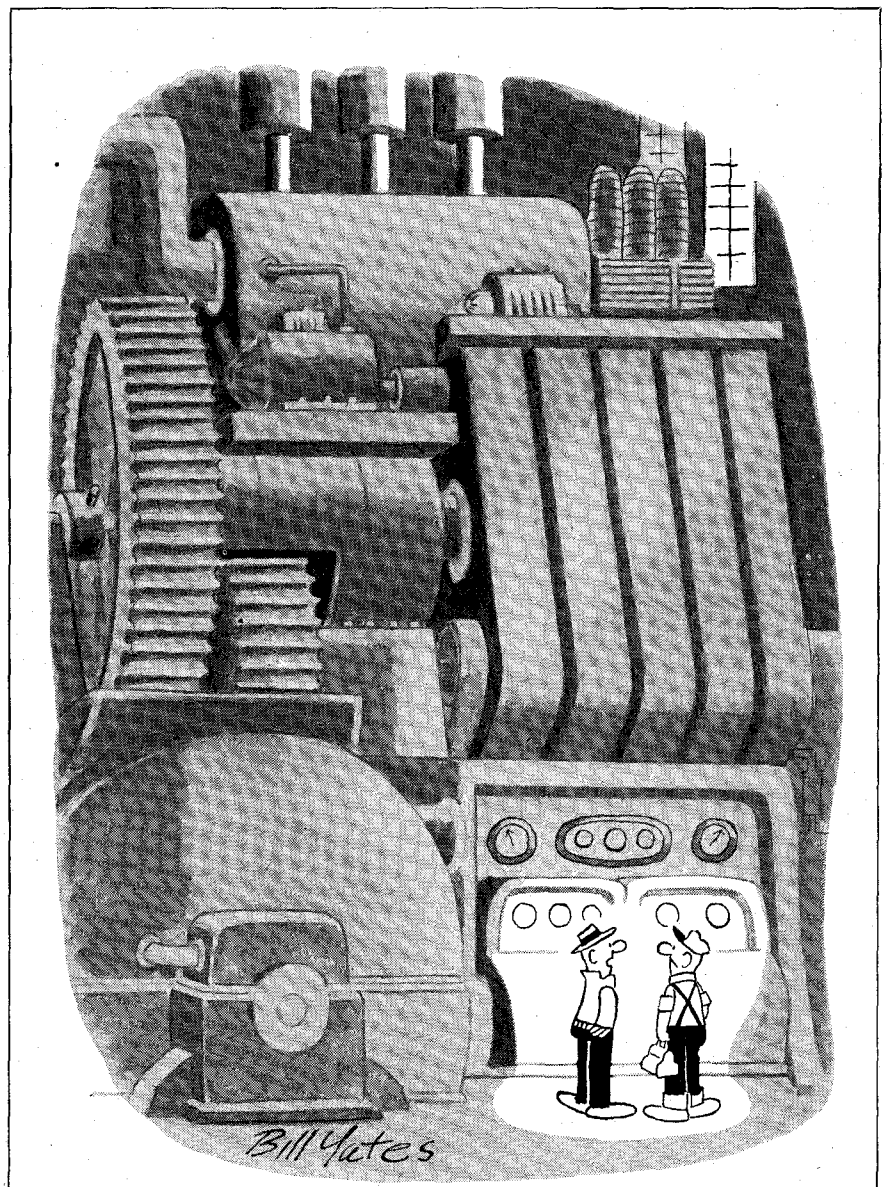
The revelry continued until evening, when the statue was taken out in a truck amid the chants of "*Bhagwan Vishvakarma Ki Jai!*" (Glory to God Vishvakarma). The statue was paraded through the entire city in a frolicsome spree, and later quietly dumped into the muddy Hooghly River. Next day newspaper editions came out two hours late.

We have called Calcutta zany, colorful, furious and unpredictable. But that is merely the way it looks to a one-day-a-city tourist. To a non-Bengali, however, the most annoying thing about Calcutta is its consuming arrogance.

The other day I bought a book in the Bengali language—spoken by 50,000,000 people—entitled The History of Bengal. But I found myself reading the history of India right from the advent of the Aryans to Gandhi's crusade against the British Raj. To the author, India and Bengal seemed identical entities. But if there was any error, it was on the side of moderation. For talk to any Bengali and he gives you an impression that India is only one of the states of Bengal and that the Indian history is only an adjunct culminating in the Bengali renaissance in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. A friend of mine recently described Bengalis "as more chauvinistic than the Texans, prouder than the Bostonians and haughtier than the Turks."

Recently Bengali-American relations sank to the lowest depth in the last 100 years. The cause was a chance remark by a wandering American minstrel, Karl Shapiro, that Rabindranath Tagore's—a Bengali Nobel-prize-winning poet and philosopher, 1861–1941—popularity had declined somewhat in the United States. This innocent remark was enough to send all Bengal into a mercurial tizzy. Protest meetings were held, fist-thumping orations were delivered, grief was expressed over what was termed an unprovoked attack on Bengal's honor; angry letters to the editor were drafted. One correspondent painfully recorded in the Hindustan Standard: "If the United States does not any more like Tagore, then something must have gone wrong with that country. . . . Rabindranath may be out of date to the readers of the U.S., but he is still living and will live forever in the minds of the truly enlightened people of the world."

While this anti-American feeling was at a feverish pitch, the communists, as usual, joined (*Continued on Page 78*)



"Of course, the hexical jackshaft limiter relay might possibly stick, preventing the coaxial copasolerator from actuating . . . in which case, give it a kick."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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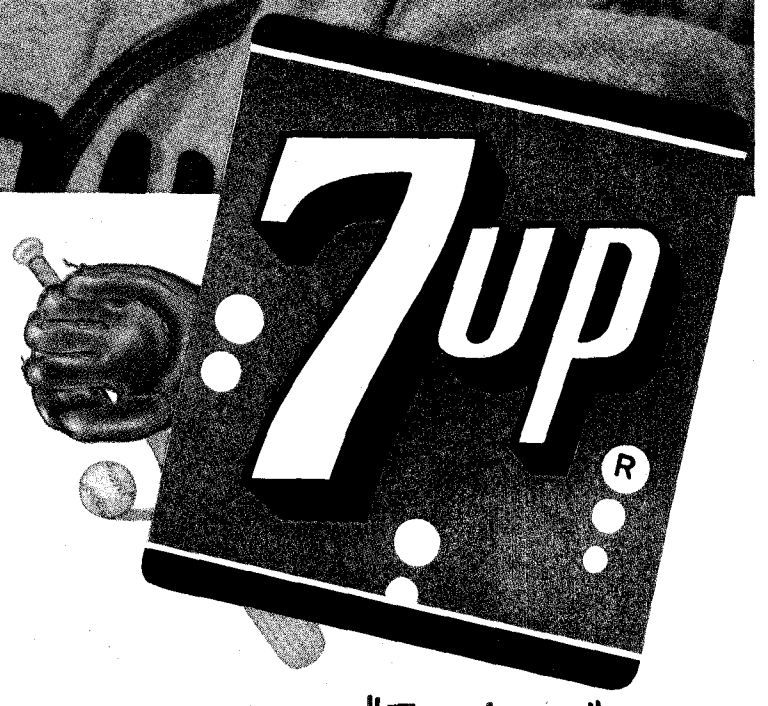

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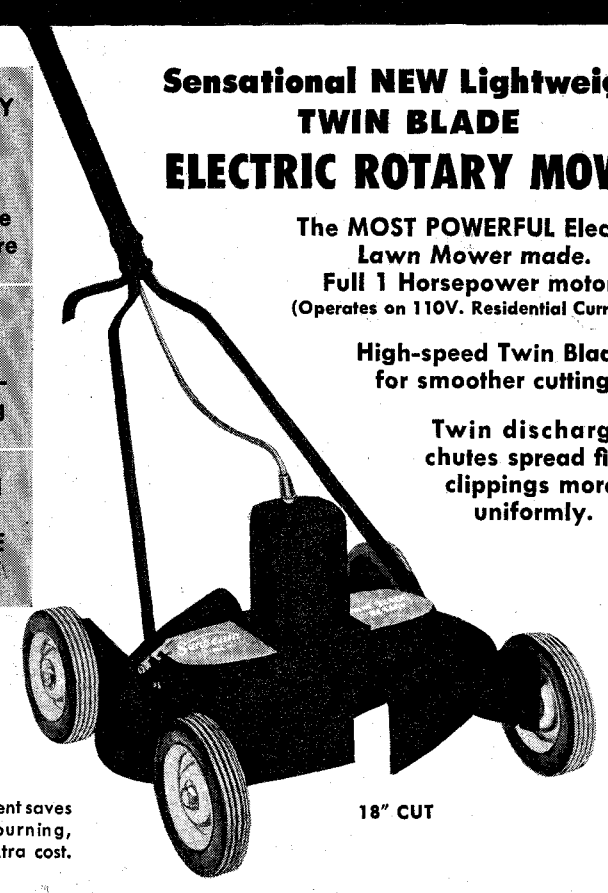

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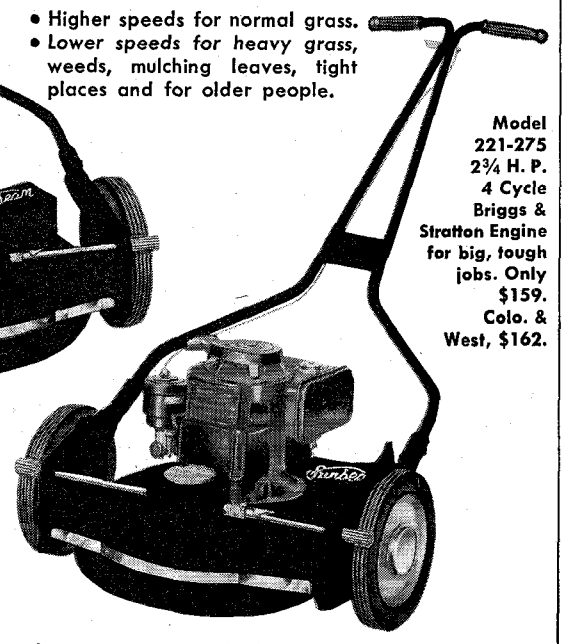

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FAMOUS FOR MIXMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, FRYPAN, COFFEEMASTER, ETC.

(*Continued from Page 76*) the fray. A columnist said that when Mr. Nehru recently visited the state of Uzbekistan in Soviet Russia, many a mother brought her little suckling infant to greet the Indian hero. As Nehru arrived, one mother whispered fondly to her little girl, "Sh-sh. Here is the prime minister of India."

But the little girl piped, "Mummie darling, please tell me. Who is India? What is India?"

The mother grew desperate, but hit a brain wave. "Dearie! India is the land of Tagore."

The little girl understood. The story had a wonderful reception in Calcutta and the people madly cheered.

One of the outstanding features of Calcutta among all Indian cities is the general intellectual atmosphere in the town.

I shall not discuss here the crowd at the Coffee House at Chittranjan Avenue, a meeting place of smug commercial artists, newspaper subeditors, apprentice lecturers, potbellied government clerks and long-haired sophomores. Here Jean Paul Sartre and Franz Kafka are still the craze, and the wildest discussions are held over a cup of coffee. The other day I was sitting there drawing a few sketches. A couple of smart-looking boys joined me. Very soon we were hotly discussing whether Marilyn Monroe was a blonde or a brunette. Somebody suggested that "Las Vegas is the cultural capital of the United States." Another remarked, "Jersey City is the quietest haven in the whole of America." The first rolled the ball again, "Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon never eats a full dinner. All his life he has lived *à la carte*." Another cut him out: "The battles won on the playing fields of Eton have been lost in the paddy fields of Bengal," and "The back of the British has been broken on the banks of the Yangtze, Hooghly (the Hooghly flows right through Calcutta) and the Nile." Just at that time I saw a young Bengali girl step in.

Almost unanimously, the entire house chimed in a chorus, "A girl in a sari is a melody! But, brother, a young Bengali girl is a symphony!"

My favorite resort in Calcutta is the headquarters of the Ramakrishna Mission—the Belur Math, about six miles away from the city. The Ramakrishna Mission is a philanthropic body and operates all over the world. In the United States it has branches in New York, Boston, Providence, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Berkeley, Hollywood, Portland and Seattle.

The Belur Math is hard to believe. Its quiet, shaded grounds, tall coconut trees, the canna and cassia plants, the crystal-clear Hooghly full of small sail and ferry-boats—all make it look a picture postcard. In the center of the extensive park is a temple, mainly financed by American devotees. The temple is a spacious prayer hall where scores of men and women—mostly Indians, but also a few Europeans and Americans—sit cross-legged like Buddha in deep-breathed meditation before a garlanded statue of Ramakrishna. The entire atmosphere is so effulgent with religious ecstasy that I, a hardheaded journalist, forgot myself and my companion, an old Bengali revolutionary, for a few minutes and lapsed into a spiritual trance. Opposite the temple is the mission secretariat, run by smiling saffron-colored swamis on modern lines. Nearby, the Swami engineers produce fuel and lighting gas from cow dung without tampering with its manurial properties.

"Swami Ramakrishna," my Bengali companion was telling me, "is really the savior of Indian civilization and father of Indian nationalism. It is due to his and his disciple Vivekananda's influence that Calcutta is the least Anglicized city in India today."

Ramakrishna (1834–86) and Vivekananda (1863–1902) lived at a time when India had not only acknowledged the superiority of English arms but also the superiority of Manchester and Oxford over Banaras and Mathura. By their personal example of renunciation and asceticism, these two men proved to the millions of Indian people that the old Hindu way could hold its own against any system. Vivekananda took India's message beyond the seas and attended in 1893 the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. There the Americans dubbed him a "cyclonic Hindu." He was, in the words of Sir Valentine Chirol, "the first Hindu whose personality won demonstrative recognition abroad for India's ancient civilization and her newborn claim to nationhood."

Calcutta has produced many more great men and women—social reformers like Ram Mohan Roy, philosophers like Sri Aurobindo, poets and artists like the Tagore brothers, novelists like Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. And at present there is hardly any branch of science or of the humanities in which this city does not lead. Today the most famous of Indian singers, Juthika Roy, Kananbala and Dalip Roy, are Bengalis. Uday Shankar, the greatest exponent of Indian classical dancing, is a Bengali.

A problem that inevitably puzzles every visitor to Calcutta is the reconciliation of all the apparent filth with the hidden beauty, of all the piffle underneath the obvious wisdom, of all the sloth under the merry-go-round whirl.

Attempting to explain, an Englishman who has been living here for the last twenty years said, "Culture is what remains when everything else is forgotten. Bengali's exclusive pursuit of culture has proved a dangerous pastime. They think business too mundane an activity and loathe to work with their hands, feeling that there is too much to do with their brains. To a typical Bengali, a low-paid, sedate clerkship is the physical Nirvana, while the job of a better-paid roving salesman is too much of bother."

As a result of this disdain of manual work, the Bengalis have been reduced to the frustrating status of colonials in their own land, refugees in their own homes. In Calcutta all the big business and industry is owned by the British or the thrifty Marwaris. There is hardly a single Bengali shop in the whole of Park Street or Burra Bazaar. The jute mills are manned by the Biharis, and the conservancy services are run exclusively by the Orissans. Non-Bengali immigrants constitute more than one third of the total population of Calcutta.

Business being in the hands of non-Bengalis, the local men are denied even the small jobs in commercial firms. The good Bengali boys, in the upper-bracket

Our Mutual Friend

By ABIGAIL CRESSON

You must have met the lady;
She twitters like a bird;
She interrupts; she chatters.
You think she has not heard
A single word you've uttered;
But you are wrong. Just wait!
She'll broadcast all you've
said to her—
And never get it straight.

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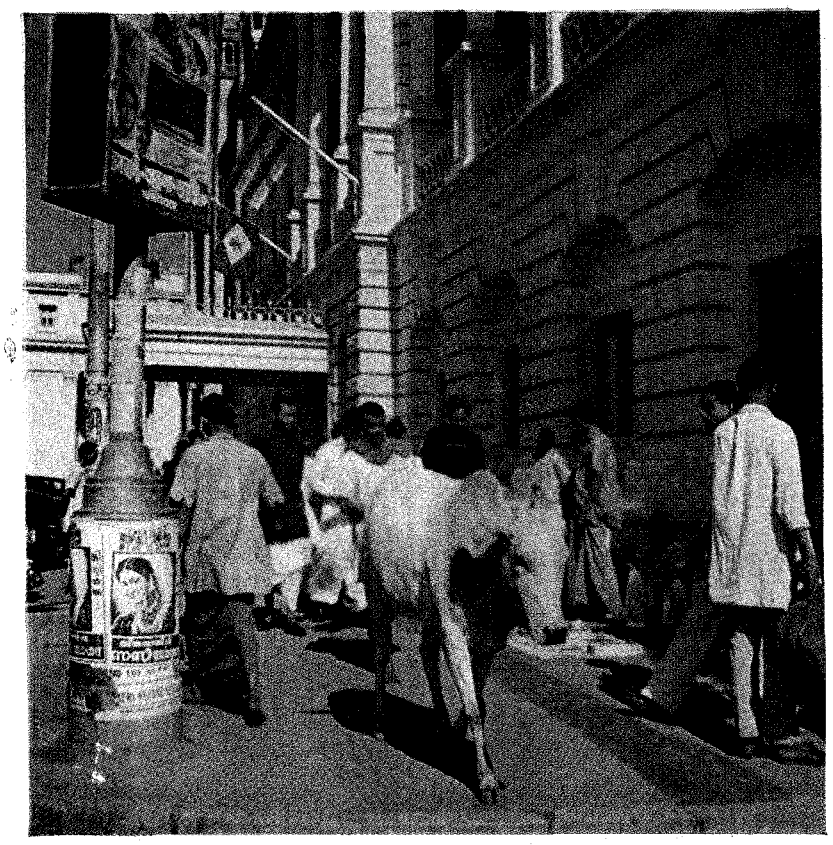
tradition, study the classics and the liberal arts, neglecting science and technical know-how. Hundreds of philosophy, literature and history majors appear as candidates for a handful of university teaching jobs. Failing to get them, they become disappointed and disenchanted, and drift into left-wing journalism or multiply the ranks of anarchist organizations. According to the latest statistics, one third of Calcutta's population remains chronically unemployed.

Again, India's rock-bound caste system works as a severe curb on all individual initiative and enterprise. It is more so in Bengal, where society is divided into family cell blocs. Unlike in America, here an editor's daughter never elopes with the son of a proofreader. She is bound by her caste, family genealogy, considerations of social status and dowry. The businessman's son looks down upon a farmer, the farmer upon a janitor, and a janitor upon his wife.



A sacred cow meanders through Calcutta's financial district. A government attempt to herd the animals to uncongested areas has met with little success.

Added to this is the dreadful Calcutta weather. Calcutta, for four months of the year, November to February, may be fun in the sun. But for the eight other months, it is a simmering hell. Temperatures range to 110 degrees Fahrenheit, the humidity is often 90 per cent. Clothes stick to chairs as if pasted with glue. Bodies perspire and emit a foul stink. The entire night the rich sleep indoors under whirring, noisy fans, the poor huddle together with their naked black bodies in corridors and porches. During monsoon, all movement becomes difficult.

But worse than the weather is the lack of proportion in the male and female population. Most of the immigrants here are males below forty, who leave their families in their native towns and villages. According to the 1951 census report, Calcutta had only 570 females to every 1000 males. Thus, roughly, one out of every two males is denied the soothing relaxation of a cheerful home. And everybody knows that the stag males are the greatest danger to a city's peace.

It is hard to convey the profound discontent and frustration in this India's premier city. A letter from a "Disgusted Professor" which appeared in the Statesman of Sept. 9, 1955, may help. It said:

Some of the more innocent pastimes of the students in the class are throwing pieces of chalk at the teacher while he is trying to teach, emitting various animal cries, floating toy aeroplanes, singing film songs, and calling teachers names behind their backs.

Is anything being done to cure the age-old ills of Calcutta city? It is hard to answer. The local private entrepreneurs are migratory birds having no permanent ties. The government is busy preparing blueprints and doling out promises. Right now they have an $80,000,000 five-year plan which, when implemented, will improve Calcutta's transportation by providing suburban railways and building bridges: it will change the city's sky line by building a few skyscrapers; root out cholera and smallpox by augmenting the city's filtered water supply and installing garbage incinerators; enforce cleanliness by mechanizing municipal conservancy services and clearing slums; and precipitate general prosperity by encouraging cottage industries and building new homes. So they say.

Summing up Calcutta—and who can sum it up?—the British-owned Statesman—May 21, 1953—commented:

Calcutta's politics tend to the left. But it is also very conservative, and so, passive. It demonstrates against government and recklessly driven motorcars. It cares little that its streets are full of homeless cattle; that its pavements and buildings are littered, spattered and fouled; that, when water is scarce, public sources of supply are let run to waste. If cholera or smallpox is epidemic, there may be alarm, but there is almost no indignation. If houses fall down and people are killed or if people are burned to death in preventable fires, it is a pity!

As for myself, while I was in this city I hated it for its filth, hokum and hooey. But after I left I found myself drawn back here for a longer stay. For indeed, which other of the world's cities could be so lusty, bawling, boisterous, wacky, waggish, exciting, dramatic, elegant, glamorous, scholarly and artistic as this great Indian metropolis, Calcutta? THE END

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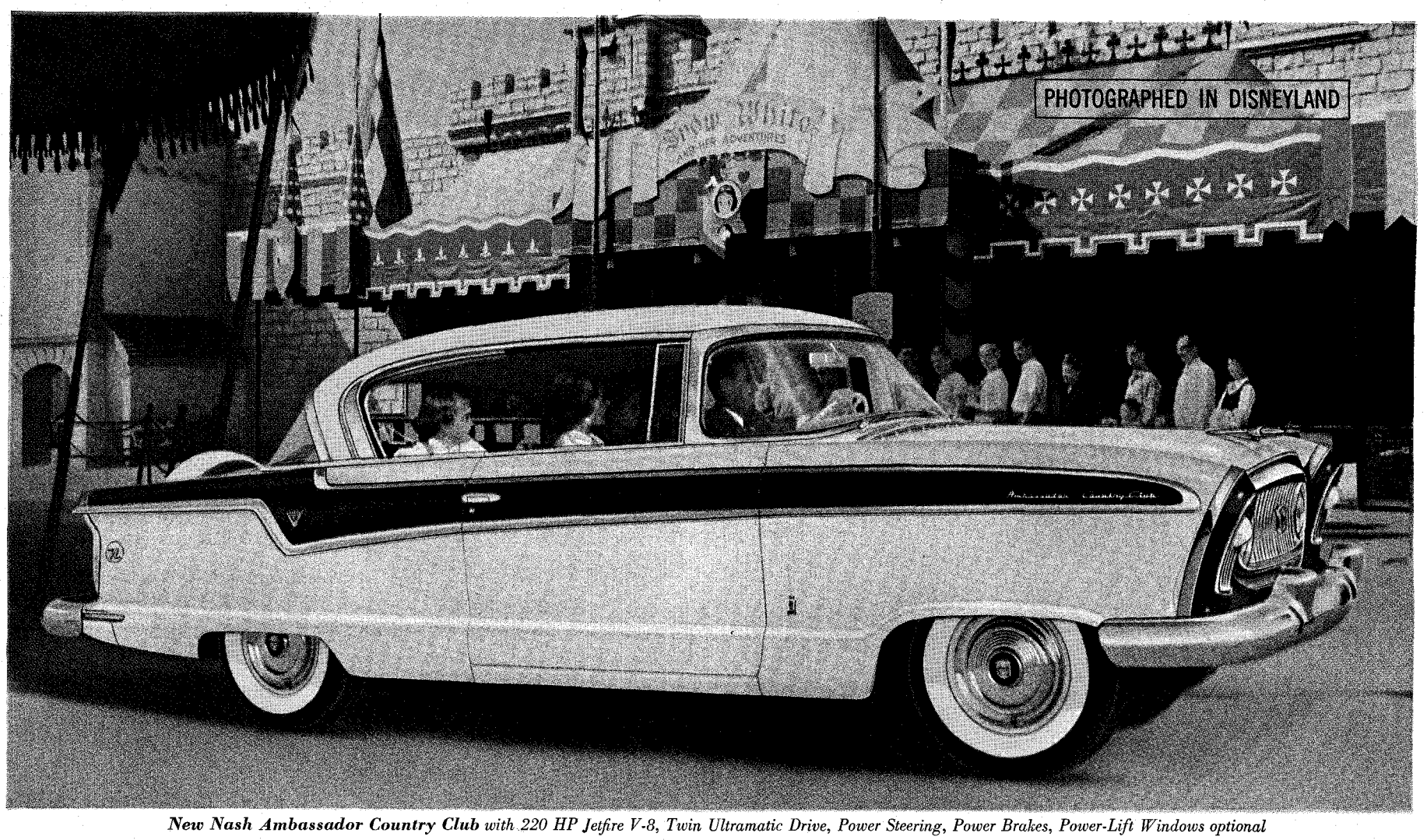

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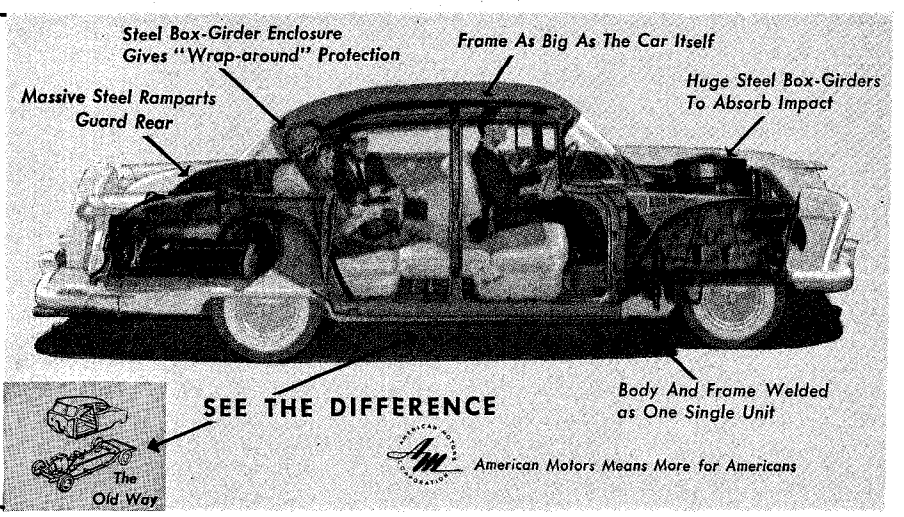
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Trouble at Coley Falls (Continued from Page 43)

The man's indifferent tone rankled Steve. "Did you understand my order that nobody would go into Coley Falls without my express permission, lieutenant?"

Ramspeck looked bored. "I didn't think that applied to me," he said, shrugging.

"Why shouldn't it apply to you?"

"Rank has got its privileges," Ramspeck said sullenly then. "When I was in command I never found it necessary to ——"

Steve cut him savagely off. "You're not in command now, Hal. At four-thirty I found the office still not organized. In the mess hall I found Caldara preparing to serve a cold supper to men who have worked all day and most of last night! You and Desbrow, who are responsible for those things, were away in town in violation of direct orders! How do you explain that?"

Ramspeck pushed his cap back so that his hair, worn too long, fell lankly over his eyes.

"I don't think ——" he began, but Steve cut him off.

"You're both confined to the battery area," he said harshly. . . . "Desbrow, turn your first sergeant's duties over to Sergeant Quigley. He'll take over. The two of you get onto the area!"

●

About the only man that today's woman will back up for is a driving instructor.

HENRY MC MAHON

●

The truck moved on, the men silent in front, and Steve watched until it parked. He had forgotten Pat Mitchum; remembered her now and turned back, a little sorry that she must have heard.

She gave him a level gaze as he stopped by the car again. "That was rather brutal, wasn't it, captain?" she asked.

"They got what was coming to them," Steve said shortly.

"I don't understand you," Pat said with her voice a little puzzled. "I tagged you yesterday as a martinet—one of those narrow, overbearing officers that my brother used to write about. Now, I've just heard you give two of your people a wicked dressing down, and that should confirm me in my belief as to what you are. But it doesn't. Why is that, captain?"

Steve stared back at her flatly for a long moment, then said, "I don't know, Miss Mitchum. Frankly, I don't care."

She paid no attention to that. "It must have been something that you said about why the battery is here," she said thoughtfully, looking again to where the antenna turned. "That antenna—watching, as it is—makes things seem different somehow."

"Battery D is in battle position here, Miss Mitchum," Steve told her abruptly then. "The last battery I commanded occupied battle positions in Korea. We lived there under the constant threat of bullets and shells, and that was bad. It is worse here."

"Worse, captain?"

Steve's voice was brittle now. "If we made a mistake in Korea a few men might die. If we make a mistake here, a city, a countryside, dies. Think about that, Miss Mitchum. It might give you a caption for your column tomorrow. Just say that there's no room for mistakes in battle positions."

"I'd like to know more," Pat said, but Steve started to turn away.

"I've got things to do; there is a practice alert tonight. Go on back to Coley Falls, Miss Mitchum. You're supposed to walk on your side of the street while we walk on ours. Remember?"

The words kindled sparks in Pat's eyes. "Stop throwing my own words back at me!" she said violently. "You're having an alert tonight, captain? Then have you got guts enough to let me stay and watch? On your side of the street?"

Steve stared soberly back at her for a moment; he didn't understand this girl, he was thinking. Then some of his good humor came back, and he grinned and reached for the door handle.

"Be my guest, Miss Mitchum," he said. "The press is always welcome in D Battery."

It was after supper when Steve called Bill Diamond at battalion. Sergeant Caldara had served up reasonably good chow, not corned-beef sandwiches. Jock Ballard had made a surprised "O" with his mouth when Steve had come in with Pat Mitchum beside him. He'd introduced his officers and, all in all, it had been a satisfactory meal. Hal Ramspeck had stayed in his quarters, and that had helped. Now, Jock and Pete Zerner had taken Pat Mitchum off to show her the launcher site before darkness came completely down. She hadn't had much trouble in bringing those two to heel, Steve thought wryly as he lighted a cigarette and waited for Diamond to come on the line.

The latter's voice answered presently. "Hello, Steve," he said. "How're things going?"

"Can't complain," Steve answered.

"You can't?" Diamond asked and Steve caught the skepticism in his voice. "You see Pat Mitchum's piece in the Gazette?"

"Yep," Steve said and grinned—he'd heave the harpoon into Bill now. "Pat—Miss Mitchum—had dinner with us tonight here at the battery. Some of the boys are showing her the launcher area now."

Diamond's voice, cautious, said, "I could have sworn that you said Miss Mitchum, Steve."

"Yep," Steve said laconically again. "Pretty as a picture, Bill. Regular pin-up. We're indoctrinating her."

"Well, call me Harry," Diamond mumbled. "You work fast, my friend. What brought all this about?"

Steve's voice sobered. "I'll be darned if I know for sure, Bill. She came out here to apologize for that crack in her column about my police record—which is a lot of hooey, incidentally. At first she was pretty nasty. Then something changed her all of a sudden. . . . I just remembered something. She said she hadn't written that snapper at the end of today's story. Who do you suppose did?"

"Her old man," Diamond answered. "His son was killed in Italy in World War II and he blamed it on the Army—has hated the Army ever since. That was made to order for Dan Coley when he started looking for somebody to head up his newspaper campaign."

"It makes sense," Steve grunted. "Well, we're not out of the woods yet, but maybe we'll get a break with Pat Mitchum. She asked to stay for the practice alert tonight and I've told her it's O.K., Bill."

A faint uneasiness crept into Diamond's voice. "You sure that's a good idea, Steve? You've got a green outfit and there are bound to be foul-ups on your first alert. This Mitchum is a newspaper

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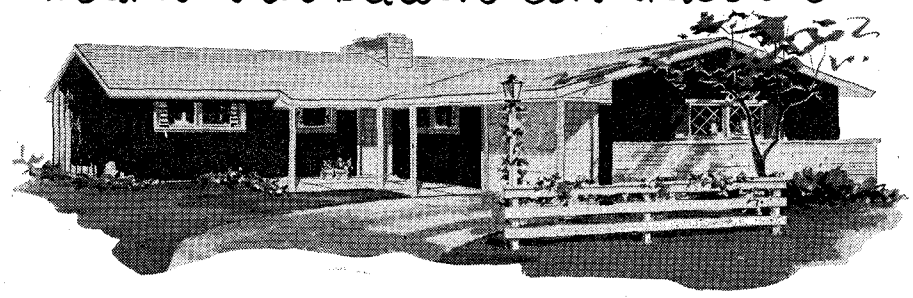

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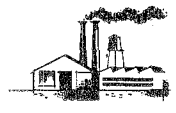

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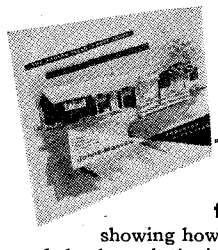

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woman. She's looking for a story. How do you know that all your mistakes won't be plastered across the Gazette's front page tomorrow?"

"I don't," Steve answered. "As a matter of fact, I'm not even sure that I'd be sorry if they were. Look, Bill, up to now we've suffered in this thing because we've not been real to these people here. We've been merely a symbol to them—something shadowy and vaguely menacing and to be resisted. We've been the Army instead of just a bunch of Joes trying to do a job."

"I guess I see what you mean," Diamond said. "Maybe you're right, at that."

"I think I am. Sure, we'll make mistakes. Let her tell people about them. That makes us human—takes us out of the mysterious, superman class."

"O.K., Steve," Diamond grunted. "The blood is on your own head. You can expect the alert any time after twenty-one hundred hours."

"Suit us fine," Steve said. "One thing more: what dope have you got on Hurricane Fauna? Anything special?"

"Not much," Diamond said. "She was moving inland the last I heard. We'll keep you posted if there's anything new."

Steve said, "Thanks, Bill," and hung up.

Pat Mitchum's voice said from the door then, "I heard what you said about being a bunch of guys named Joe who've got troubles like everybody else, captain. I'd never thought of it that way before, I guess. If you don't mind, I'd like to use that in tomorrow's column."

Steve stood up to face her as she stood there, leaning in the doorway of the office. The twilight was behind her and the light of the unshaded bulb hanging above the desk washed across her face, showing Steve the loveliness of her eyes and the sheen of her hair.

"You're welcome to print anything you want, Miss Mitchum," he said slowly. "Battery D isn't made up of gods any more than it's made up of Cossacks. We're just a bunch of people who can be all thumbs at times, who are trying to do a job here. Most of us have come because we happen to think the job is pretty important."

Jock Ballard's voice came out of the sultry dusk then, "We've got a pip on one of the radar screens, Miss Mitchum. Want to see it? It's been identified as a Navy plane coming from Norfolk."

"Your Lieutenant Ballard is an enthusiastic soul, captain," Pat murmured then as she turned. She added over her shoulder. "He seems to think a lot of you. . . . Most people call me Pat, not Miss Mitchum."

The screen door slammed behind her, and Steve reached for a cigarette as Jeff Quigley came in from the orderly room. He lounged against the desk and gave Steve a half-humorous, half-cynical regard.

"What's the big idea of making me acting topkick?" he demanded in an aggrieved voice. "You forgot that I can't add up two and two and I sign my name with an *X*?"

"Never mind how you sign your name," Steve told him, grinning as he fished a manning table from the papers on his desk and tossed it across to the other. "I want someone ramroding this outfit who can kick things around a bit, Jeff. That's you. Desbrow's out. Among other things, he's been running a usury-loan racket among the men while we were at Bliss. There's no better way to ruin a green battery."

"There ain't," Quigley agreed. "Just so you don't get any ideas about keeping me in Desbrow's job permanent, Steve. I'm liable to go over the hill if you do."

Steve grinned tightly again. For a fleeting moment his mind went back to that night when Charley battery—his old outfit—had been cut off up north in Korea. He could still remember how Jeff's lean face had looked in the muzzle flash of the twin 40-mms. as his half track had tried to stem the last Chink rush.

Jeff was a good man to have around when the chips were down, but Steve took his mind away from that and brought it back to the problem at hand—1st Sgt. Mike Desbrow and D Battery.

"I'm sending Desbrow back to battalion tomorrow," he told Jeff. "Asking for a replacement as soon as they can dig one up. In the meantime you're it. Let Sergeant Spivey take over the launching platoon. He can handle the job with a little help."

Quigley shrugged. "You're the doctor, Steve," he grunted.

"Let Delong take care of the paper work here in the office—he knows how if you rub his nose into it enough. What I want you to do is start jumping down some throats around here. That part of the battery that trained at Weston while we were at Fort Bliss is pretty sad-sack, Jeff. Start making soldiers out of them."

"That I can do," Quigley murmured. "What about Desbrow tonight, Steve? That guy's got a sneakiness I don't like. What if he took it into his head to try to foul up the alert?"

"I've ordered him to stay in barracks here."

"I'd be happier if you'd locked him up," Jeff grunted. "I don't want him monkeying around the launching site. Not tonight."

"He'll give us no trouble," Steve said with a faint impatience. "Tomorrow he'll be on his way. Don't get spooked up."

"Maybe I'm spooked; maybe I'm not," Quigley said stubbornly. "You've kicked that guy right where it hurts him most, Steve—in the pocketbook. If he's been Shylockin' in the battery he's going to play hell trying to collect, once he's out of here. You think about that?"

"So what?"

"So maybe if something got fouled up bad you might get relieved as battery commander," Jeff said softly. "And with a new battery commander—say like Ramspeck—maybe Mike Desbrow wouldn't get bounced after all. Maybe he figures it that way." Jeff turned away to the orderly room; he thrust his head back a moment later to say sourly, "Lieutenant Ramspeck wants to see you, skipper."

Ramspeck came on in, giving Quigley an angry look as he passed him, and moved on to toss a typed letter on Steve's desk. There was a sly calculation in his Exec's eyes, Steve thought; the look of an amateur poker player about to run a bluff. Ramspeck waited until Jeff had gone and closed the connecting door.

"I'm asking for a transfer, captain," he said. "According to regulations, I have a right to have this request forwarded to higher authority. I'm demanding officially that you do that."

Steve held the paper for a moment, not looking at it yet as he studied the officer in front of him and wondered just what was eating the man. It was something more than just resentment over the chewing out he'd got at the gate, because, unless Steve missed his guess, Hal Ramspeck had been chewed out before. By experts.

Steve jerked his head toward a chair. "Sit down, Hal," he said in an even voice.

"I prefer to stand," the other answered sullenly.

"Sit down," Steve said again.

He didn't raise his voice, but there was something in it now that brought a faintly startled look into Ramspeck's eyes. He hesitated for a moment longer; then shrugged and sat, slouching in a sprawl as Steve dropped his attention to the letter.

It was a request for transfer and followed the prescribed form, Steve noted. The last paragraph contained the meat of the thing: sly words full of innuendo here and rashly misleading there.

. . . I do not feel that I can conscientiously carry out the arbitrary policies presently followed in this organization. An arrogant disregard of civilian authority has already materially worsened relations with the civilian community. This has been verified by a personal visit to Coley Falls. Because he accompanied the undersigned, the first sergeant of this battery—a man with long and honorable service—has been peremptorily relieved——

Steve put the letter down in front of him and took his time about lighting a cigarette. Ramspeck was staring into space, that loose lock of hair falling over his eyes.

"You sure you want this to go in, Hal?" Steve asked then.

"That's what I want," Ramspeck answered sullenly.

"It's going to do you no good at battalion," Steve told him in an impassive voice. "You know that, don't you?"

"They can't hold it up there," Ramspeck said angrily. "I know the regulations. Maybe, if it goes high enough, it'll get to somebody who's not a big buddy of yours. Like the battalion commander is."

"Maybe," Steve agreed. "Care to tell me just what really is eating you, Hal?"

"I've written out what I've got to say," Ramspeck said, his voice insolent again. "Are you afraid to forward it, captain?"

"I'm going to leave it in my basket for tonight," Steve told him evenly. "I want you to sleep on it. Come in and see me in the morning. Meanwhile, my earlier orders stand."

Ramspeck stood up. "My mind is going to be the same in the morning as it is now," he retorted morosely.

He turned and went on out, not bothering to salute, and Steve stared thoughtfully after him. Hal Ramspeck was an officer that the battery could do without, he knew. The easy thing to do would be just to forward the letter and let Ramspeck cut his own throat, because, in the Army, you didn't write stuff like that unless you could back it up. There'd be an investigation and, when the smoke had cleared away, Ramspeck would be through. Yes, that was the easy way.

But not the right way, Steve knew. The kid was young and maybe he could be straightened out.

Steve stubbed out his cigarette finally and stood up. A little before nine, he saw. There was time to make a quick swing around the area and see how things looked before the alert came through. The night was hot and still, he noted absently as he stepped out; windless and with a subdued quietness which portended a storm. He moved on across the gravel to where the jeep was parked.

In the orderly room, Specialist 3rd Delong sat at the first sergeant's desk, looking at a comic book again. He'd kept his eyes on the book as Lieutenant Ramspeck had gone out, but he'd heard a little of what had gone on in the other office.

The screen door's sudden opening startled him now, and he half got out of his chair; then saw that it was Sgt. Mike Desbrow who had come in. The latter glowered at Delong for a moment. Then he jerked his head toward the door to the other office.

"Stevenson in there?" he asked cautiously.

Delong shook his head and allowed himself a covert grin. "Naw. He went out five minutes ago. He and Lieutenant Ramspeck were in there jawing at each other before that."

Desbrow's heavy face looked interested. "What about?"

"The lieutenant wants a transfer. From what I heard, he gave some pretty plain reasons."

Desbrow thought that over for a moment, his forehead creased in heavy thought. Then he said abruptly, "Go see if the lieutenant's letter is still in there."

Delong brought it back and the first sergeant read it, his lips moving slowly as he passed each word. He finished finally and rubbed a hand across his chin as he made his mind up.

"Make a copy," he said, then, to Delong.

"Why should I make a copy?"

"Because you'd like five bucks," Desbrow grunted. "Hurry it up. I ain't got all night."

He waited, sitting on the corner of the desk and glowering at the hot darkness beyond the screen door while he listened to the hammer of Delong's typewriter. The latter (*Continued on Page 85*)

"Oh-oh."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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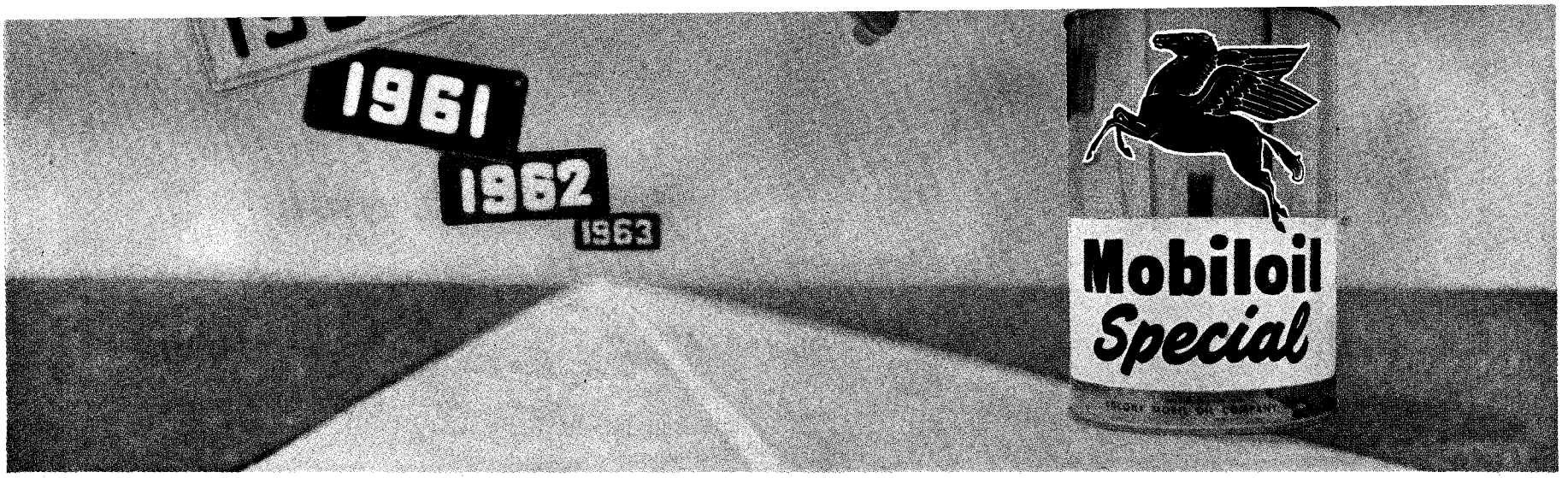

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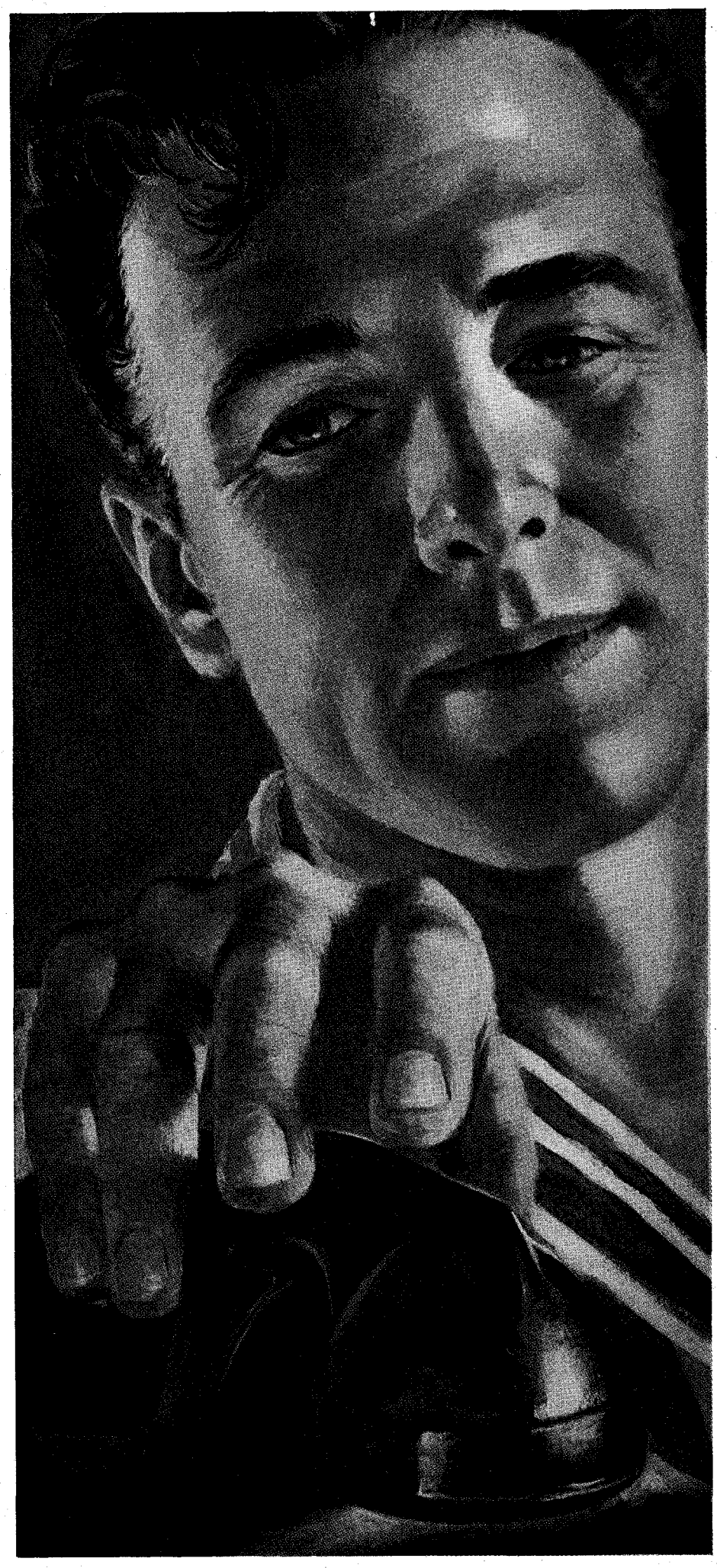

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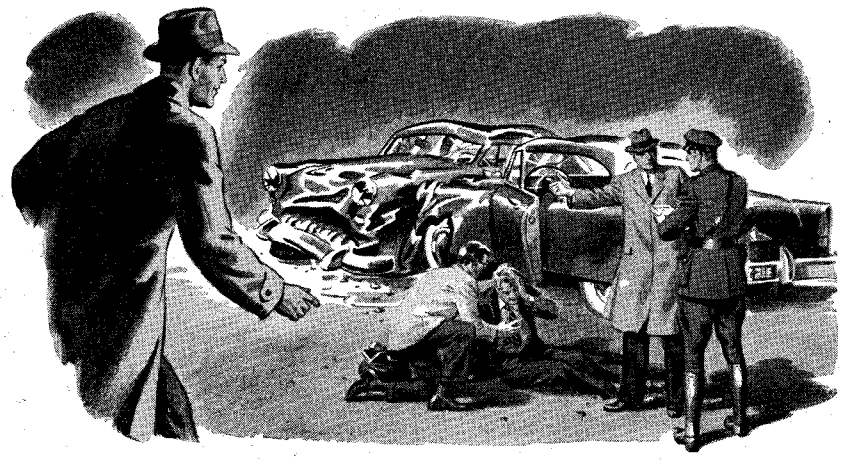

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(*Continued from Page 82*) finally ripped the sheet out of the machine and slid it across.

"There's your copy," he said. "Where's my five bucks?"

"See me at the pay table tomorrow," Desbrow told him. "Now give me an envelope, Sam."

Delong pushed that across and watched while Desbrow scrawled, "Mr. Amos Mitchum, Editor Coley Falls Gazette, Coley Falls," across the envelope's face. He slipped the copy in and sealed it.

Then Delong said, "The skin's off your own nose, sarge," and shrugged as he went back to his comic book.

Things were in order at the launching area, Steve found. Jeff Quigley was there and reported that the launcher crews were checked in and ready. There'd been trouble with the firing circuit at A Section launcher—a short in an outside connection—but Harvey O'Keefe, the missile technician, had got it fixed. Jeff walked with Steve back to where the jeep waited.

"I hope you got Mike Desbrow locked up in the attic," Quigley said, half facetiously. "We don't want no more trouble here."

"Don't let him worry you," Steve said.

"I'm the worryin' kind," Jeff grunted. "So long, Steve."

Steve swung the jeep out into the connecting road and was nearing the gate to the control area when the siren suddenly lifted its shrill wail into the night to say that Condition Red—"attack imminent"—had been flashed down from battalion.

The sound of it quickened Steve's pulse a little as he parked and entered the nearest of the control vans. The boards were manned and operating quietly, and a thread of pride ran through him as he watched for a little in each darkened cubicle and moved on to the next. Pat Mitchum was with Jock Ballard in launching control, the two of them making shadowy silhouettes in the subdued glow of the battle lamps.

There was a tenseness here that Steve could feel despite his knowledge that this was only a drill. In the shifting shadows it was easy to let your imagination run; easy to think that somewhere, high above the tossing Atlantic, hostile planes were really boring relentlessly in, bellies heavy with lethal loads. Dark birds winging out of the night; birds of prey that had to be stopped.

It was three quarters of an hour later when Jock Ballard spoke cryptic words into a receiver. Steve saw the ruddy shine on Ballard's face as the latter turned; he felt the tension begin to run out of the others in the cramped van as Jock spoke: "All clear, skipper. Battalion says to secure."

Pat Mitchum moved back until her shoulder was touching Steve's, and he heard her breath go softly out and knew that the same suspense had been in her as had been in the others. He lifted a hand to turn her toward the outside again.

"Let's get a cup of coffee, Pat," he said. "Show's over for tonight."

She came a little reluctantly, he thought, and they paused in the shadows outside the vans—the night air welcome, despite its oppressive heat, after the darkness within. There was a haze which had come up with the night, Steve noted absently; through it the stars made blurred points of light. Men moved back to the barracks and mess hall, their voices a subdued murmur.

Pvt. Alfred Hoskins was arguing with Joe Shanks as they passed the spot where Steve and Pat Mitchum stood. "You don't know much about radar to say a cockeyed thing like that," Hoskins was saying impatiently. "Look, for radar to track anything it's got to see it, just like you'd see it with your eyes if you could look that far. Why do you think we always got to site the radars up on a hill like this? So they can see—that's why!"

"Look, professor," Shanks retorted good-humoredly, "I don't even know what it is you're talkin' about. You stick to radar. I'll stick to girls. Then we'll both be experts."

Their voices trailed off and Steve touched Pat's arm and turned. "How about that coffee?"

They had it in the little alcove in the mess hall which had been screened off for the officers, and Pat's eyes were thoughtful as she sipped at her steaming cup. "I'm glad that I came," she said, meeting Steve's eyes with a friendliness that hadn't been there before. "I'm even more glad that I stayed. There was something about that—oh, waiting, I suppose, in the van—that explained a lot of things that I didn't know about before. Do you know what I mean, Steve?"

"I think I do," Steve told her. "You know that it's just a drill, but you can't help thinking: *Suppose this was the real thing? What would I do then, and would it be enough?*"

Pat nodded. "Yes, that's it." She frowned a little and put down her cup while she listened to the hum of voices beyond the screen. "Was that the way it was in Korea?"

Luke shook his head. "Not the same. Usually in Korea we were too busy to think about anything."

"It was pretty bad there, wasn't it?"

"War's bad no matter where it is," Steve said a little shortly. "There are things that are worse."

"Such as prison camps?"

"Yes," Steve said. "Such as prison camps."

Pat's eyes were steady on him now as she cradled her cup in her hands. "I don't suppose," she said slowly, "that when you were a communist prisoner you ever thought that you'd come back one day to be treated as a criminal in a town where you'd once lived. Did you ever think of that, Steve?"

"You don't think in PW camps," Steve told her, his voice rough now. "You just concentrate on staying alive. One day at a time. Tomorrows there are unrealities.... Through with your coffee?"

Pat was silent for a moment. Beyond the screen Private Hoskins was still arguing with Joe Shanks.

"Why do you suppose low-flying planes can get through a radar barrier if that's not so?" Hoskins was demanding. "It's because they are down where the trees and the hills screen them. A kid would know that!"

"This kid don't," Joe Shanks retorted lazily. "How about some gin rummy, professor? That, I know."

Steve saw that Pat Mitchum was listening to that, and he grinned. "You can hear anything in a soldiers' mess hall, Pat," he said. "Maybe we'd better get out before you hear something you shouldn't. I'll take you to your car."

She stood up and moved ahead of him into the night again. "That man was right, wasn't he?" she asked then. "The one the other called 'professor'? You had to have this site, not just any site, so that your radars wouldn't be blind?"

Steve said, "That's right," and they fell silent as they went toward the gate.

There was another car there, Steve saw. Its headlights made a pale path along the gravel and he could see the sentry standing with his carbine held across his chest while he argued with two men who faced him. Steve quickened his pace. Then Matt Gould's heavy voice cut through the night.

"You don't pull no gun on me, bud," he was saying. "Put that down an' get out of my way. I'm goin' in there!"

Then Stanton Coley's voice cut in with a sour protest, "Take it easy, Matt. You've no jurisdiction here; this has got to be handled carefully. . . . Where's Captain Stevenson, soldier?"

Steve heard the sentry start to reply, but didn't wait. "I'm Stevenson," he said, moving up. "What do you want?"

Stan Coley turned so that Steve could see his sharp profile against the car lights now. Steve could feel the arrogant dislike in the other as Coley spoke.

"What have you done with Miss Mitchum, Stevenson?" the man demanded coldly. "That's my car standing there by the side of the road. I lent it to her."

A sudden understanding ran through Steve. *Good Lord,* he thought, *these fools think that I've done something to Pat because of that thing she wrote. How stupid can they get?*

For a moment the thought amused him; then anger washed that out. "What the hell do you think I've done with her?" he asked, making his words rough. "Tied her in a cellar? Get out of here!"

Pat Mitchum brushed past him. "What's the matter, Stan?" she violently wanted to know. "Perhaps you were afraid that I had stolen your car? Listen to this! I'm quite old enough to get around without you and some cop coming after me!"

Stan Coley stepped forward and put a hand on her arm, but she pulled it away. "I was worried about you, Pat," he said.

"Why? You needn't have been."

Petulant annoyance crept into Coley's voice. "Look, Pat, don't be a fool! You can't run an article like you ran in the Gazette this morning, and then come out here and expect to have it laughed off, can you? Come on, let's get out of here!"

He reached for her arm again, but she whirled away from him. "I don't think that I care to go back with you, Stan," she said evenly. "Take your car!... Captain Stevenson, will you have someone call a taxi to come for me? I don't think I'm in the mood to argue with the better element of Coley Falls right now."

That really got to Stanton Coley, Steve thought with a cold amusement; the guy wasn't used to being crossed up, because his voice was overbearing now. "You forget that you're working for me—for my grandfather, Pat. Get into the car or I'll have Matt put you in."

"The first time Matt Gould puts a finger on me he'll damned well get it chewed off!" Pat snapped. "Get this through your head, Stan: I'm going back alone!"

In a minute, Steve was thinking sourly, he'd step up and slug Coley, and then everything would be just dandy. If Coley Falls wanted to stay on its own side of the street, then why didn't it stay there? It was sure on his side of the street now.

He was starting to move forward into the light as the siren suddenly started its banshee wail again. It rose to a shrill crescendo and then died away, and a voice boomed out of a loud-speaker to send little shivers along Pat Mitchum's spine.

"This is no drill; repeat, this is no drill! Man your battle stations! Man your battle stations!"

At the first whine of the siren, Steve had bounded away through the darkness and, for a moment, Pat hesitated at the gate. That little shiver ran through her again. This was real. This wasn't a drill like that she had seen an hour ago. Something was winging in through the darkness—something that had not been identified as friendly, and so must be hostile until it was proved otherwise.

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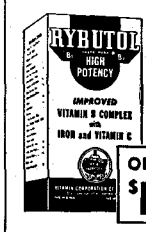

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In her imagination she could see the long, horizontal doors folding down into the earth at the launching site. The bell would be clanging its strident warning and the elevators, their slim Nikes already lifting needle-pointed noses into the air, would be rising through the shadows cast by the battle lanterns.

"Condition Red—no drill!" The words hammered at her: "Condition Red! Man your battle stations!"

She wheeled and started to run toward the vague outline of the vans. Others had been running, but their running had stopped now, and around her, unseen but felt, she was aware of men going about their tasks.

She came to the radar vans and hesitated for a moment. She knew what was in there. The radarscopes with their greenish glow and, on the screens, that bright pip which was that unidentified thing winging in out of the darkness. A single lost plane? A formation of hostile bombers? Who knew? Suddenly Pat wanted to be close to Steve; he would know the answers if there were any answers. She went on toward launching control.

Steve watched the board across Jock Ballard's hunched shoulders while he guarded the line to Bill Diamond at battalion.

Diamond's voice came after a moment. "No identification yet, Steve," it said with an unemotional metallic quality. "It's not Navy or Air Force. Whatever it is, it'll be in range of your radar any minute now."

Ballard cut in, "Pip coming onto acquisition screen!"

"We've got it," Steve said harshly to Diamond. "If it's going to be identified it hasn't got much time left."

Jock Ballard's voice, repeating in a monotone, carried to Pat's ears as she listened by the curtains: "Tracking radar carrying target. Acquisition radar returned to search. Missile tracker trained on A Section Nike. All Nike sections ready to fire."

"D Battery ready," Steve said into his mouthpiece in the same flat monotone, and touched the switches which would send the firing signal to the underground panels of the launching sections. "Will fire when target reaches outer ring."

Five seconds ticked by with the slowness of years as Steve watched the board, waiting for the signal that would tell him that whatever that was out there in the darkness had come as close as it could be permitted to come. When that happened he'd shove the button down and, at the launcher site two miles away, there would be a "whoosh" and a roar as the booster fired and the sleek, deadly Nike would be gone into outer space, trailing its fiery train behind it.

Another second ——

Then Bill Diamond's voice came urgently over the wire, "Hold it, Steve! Identification coming from Air Defense! . . . Oh, for Pete's sake! The dumb —— Friendly—friendly! Secure, Steve!"

Steve repeated, "Secure!" and thumbed the locking knob as he heard Jock Ballard repeat after him, "Secure! Cease tracking! Secure!" Over the phone, Bill Diamond's voice was shouting profanely, and snatches of what he was saying came through to Steve:

". . . dumb son —— Does he know how close he came to getting himself blown to kingdom come? I don't give a damn if he is a big shot in his private plane! . . . Hello, Steve?"

"I'm here," Steve said laconically. "What was it?"

"Private pilot in his private plane," Diamond answered, his voice thin and angry. "A big shot who's too important to be bothered with regulations! . . . I wish —— Ah, let it go! Good night, Steve."

Steve said good night absently and put down the headset; he fished for a cigarette as he headed back into the night. Pat Mitchum was waiting for him—a slim figure against the starlight. "What was it, Steve?" she asked unsteadily.

"Private plane," Steve answered, shrugging. "Didn't ——"

Jock Ballard's voice interrupted hoarsely, "Skipper, I can't get the launching area, and their ready light is still showing! Something must be fouled up down there in the ——"

Steve didn't wait to hear the rest as he pitched his cigarette away and took off at a run for the jeep. He piled into the seat; he was jamming down on the starter when Pat Mitchum flung herself in beside him.

"I'm going too," she said.

The motor caught and Steve grunted, "Hang on!" and slammed his foot down hard. They went through the gate, the jeep's wheels spewing gravel as they swung around the police car, still standing there, and Steve heard Matt Gould yell and saw the beefy cop jumping out of the way as they headed into the road which led to the launching area. They were almost there when it happened. A blast of white light blinded them for an instant; then came the great puffing "whoosh" and a trail of fire rocketed off into the sky.

"Good grief," Steve said under his breath, and jammed his foot down harder. "One of the Nikes fired. There's hell to pay."

He took the jeep through the gate with the throttle wide open; wrenched it around in another splash of gravel and braked to a violent stop back of A Section launching platform. Men were already there ahead of him, kneeling over another who writhed on the concrete as the ambulance came clanging up.

Steve hit the ground running, shoving men aside as he pushed his way through. "Who is it?" he demanded harshly.

Jeff Quigley's laconic voice answered, "Mike Desbrow. He's burned bad. Looks like you should have locked him in the attic after all, Steve."

It was after midnight when Bill Diamond reached D Battery's site. The guard passed his car through into the area; along the highway the lights of other cars made bright beads, as the curious, coming out from Coley Falls to watch, parked along the shoulders. Battery guards, patrolling the wire, kept the curious from overrunning the area, Diamond noted absently as he went on toward the battery office. Steve was there, drinking black coffee with Jock Ballard and Pete Zerner, as they tried to reconstruct what had happened. Beyond, in the orderly room, a typewriter clacked steadily as Bill Diamond came on through the door. Steve looked up.

The latter looked tired, Diamond thought without emotion. Other than that, Steve looked no different from the way he always looked when things were rough—not that he had expected otherwise—so Diamond's thoughts ran. This was close to war, when you came right down to it, and Steve was accustomed to war. But, Diamond realized bitterly as he stood just inside the door, it was not war that was going to nail Luke Stevenson to the cross now. It was peace that was going to do that. He already had his orders as to what he had to do.

"What happened, Steve?" he asked quietly, and dropped into the chair which Pete Zerner placed for him. "Any idea yet?"

Steve shook his head. "Not much," he said tonelessly. "The man who might be able to tell us can't talk. Sergeant Desbrow. He's in the hospital—maybe he'll live. I don't know that yet either."

"Desbrow?" Diamond asked, frowning a little. "The first sergeant you relieved? What was he doing at the launching site anyway, Steve?"

"Another thing that we don't know the answer to, Bill," Steve said tightly. "Jeff Quigley wanted me to lock Desbrow up. It could be that Jeff was right."

"You don't think that Desbrow would ——"

"I don't think anything, Bill," Steve said tiredly. "Let's just say that the Nike fired, and let it go at that for now."

Diamond gave Steve a long look; then nodded. "It's your baby, Steve. Any reports of the Nike landing yet? It wasn't trained on that damn plane, was it?"

Steve shook his head. "The control radar had secured before the Nike took off. We could have trouble finding it unless somebody heard it come down, because the warhead hadn't been armed and wouldn't explode. Can't explode just on impact. Miss Mitchum is checking the news services to see if they've had any reports."

"Mitchum! That Gazette reporter?"

The hammer of the typewriter stopped abruptly and Pat Mitchum came to stand in the doorway that connected the two offices. Diamond's face flushed a little as he realized who she was.

Steve saw that and said softly, "It's all right, Bill. She was here when it happened. . . . Miss Mitchum, this is Colonel Diamond, commanding the battalion."

Diamond got to his feet, his eyes a little hostile as he offered his hand. "You understand, Miss Mitchum, that most of what happened here tonight can't be released until we know more about what actually went wrong. We rely on your discretion."

Pat nodded without saying anything, and went back to stand in the doorway again. The phone rang in the next office, and she said, "That will be my call," and disappeared. Her voice, speaking in clipped accents, drifted to the officers grouped about the desk.

"Steve," Diamond said then, "this is going to be pretty bad no matter how you slice it. An accident down here right now is the worst possible thing that could have happened; it gives Dan Coley real ammunition now in his feud with the department. He's already burning the wires to Washington." Diamond paused and glanced toward the orderly-room door. "Somebody must have tipped Dan off almost as soon as the thing happened."

Steve shook his head. "Not her. His grandson, Stanton. He and the cops were here when the alert came through."

"Trying to make trouble?"

"Probably. I didn't have time to find out."

Pat Mitchum came back to stand in the door again and wait until Steve had finished speaking. He turned his head toward her inquiringly and she gave him a sober look.

"There's a report that something landed in the woods south of Longview, Steve," she said. "It was thought to be a meteor, but I've a hunch it's the Nike. Nobody is reported hurt."

Steve gave her a faint smile and said, "Thanks, Pat. Come on and have a cup of coffee." He turned back to Bill Diamond, and his face was expressionless again, except for the deeper cut of the lines about the corners of his mouth. Diamond's face was grim and unhappy.

"I've got to relieve you of command, Steve."

"I expected that," Steve said in a flat voice. "I'd do the same if I were in command of the battalion."

Diamond's mouth got thinner. "The order came from the high brass, Steve. I talked to Hegstrom himself. Asked him to defer action until the investigation could be made. No soap. Turn things over to Lieutenant Ramspeck for the time being."

Silence lay soddenly over the room for a long moment when Diamond had finished. Jock Ballard's chunky face began to get red and Pete Zerner looked as though he had just heard someone utter some unspeakable blasphemy in shocking terms. It was Pat Mitchum who broke the silence as she pushed her coffee cup violently away.

"Are you trying to tell me, colonel, that you're going to break a man who fought in Germany and Korea—to say nothing of spending years in a filthy communist prison camp—over an accident he had nothing to do with?" she demanded in a flat, outraged voice. "Is that the thing that I've just heard you say?"

Steve turned his head a little to look at her, a faint surprise widening his eyes. Bill Diamond moved his shoulders resignedly and his voice was heavy with regret.

"That's about the substance of it, Miss Mitchum," he said. "I don't like it either."

For a moment Pat stood there, eyes angry as she looked back. Odd, the back of Steve's mind was saying; this was the girl who, just yesterday, had called Luke Stevenson a Cossack. Told him to walk on his side of the street while she and the rest of Coley Falls walked on theirs. Now she was in there swinging for him—not that that would do any good. She was just spinning her wheels.

"I'll tell all of you something," she was saying tightly now. "Tomorrow's Gazette will carry a story that will make today's sound like a nursery rhyme! Who is this Hegstrom? A god?"

She turned abruptly toward the door, but Steve's voice stopped her there. "It's no good, Pat," he said quietly. "Come on back and finish your coffee. There's no story. I told you a man's not allowed a mistake in this business. Remember?"

For a moment, Pat stood still, her head flung back and her dark eyes stormy. Then the fire went out of her and she crossed the room slowly to drop back into her chair again.

"All right, Steve," she agreed tonelessly. "If you say so there'll be no story."

Steve was looking away from her now as feet scuffed on the step outside and the screen door opened.

Hal Ramspeck was there, blinking suspiciously in the light and with that lank wisp of hair drooping down across his forehead.

"Come on in, Hal," Steve said curtly. "I was about to send for you. You're now in command of D Battery again."

Ramspeck stood just inside for a moment longer, his eyes going across the other faces with a malicious satisfaction. *He knows why he's in command again,* Steve thought. Then the other moved toward the desk and picked up the transfer application from the basket where Delong had returned it. He glanced absently at it for a second; then stuffed it into his pocket.

"O.K.," he said thinly. "So I'm in command." TO BE CONCLUDED

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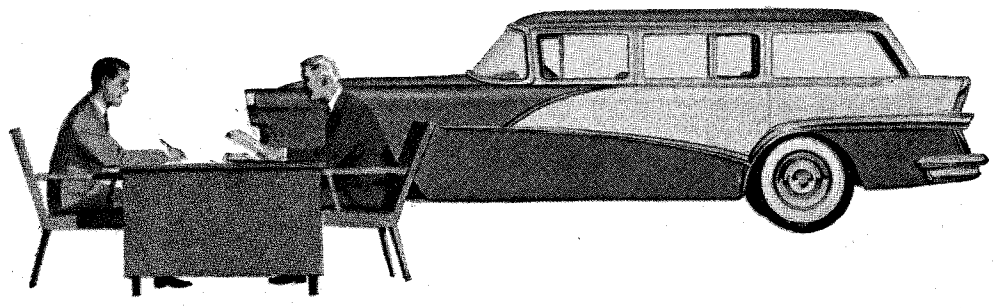

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Toughest Outfit in the Army

(Continued from Page 41)

like the anticlimax of my career when I was suddenly pulled from the front lines in Korea, in March of 1951 during a major counteroffensive, and sent to the Pentagon in Washington to start writing up a training program. Yet this was the beginning for me of a heartening experience. In Korea, I had led American troops who fought gallantly in the finest traditions of the Army, but I had also watched, heartsick, as other, ill-trained American soldiers surrendered abjectly to the Chinese communist hordes in the rout of the 8th Army during December of 1950. My experience with the Special Forces revived my faith in the American fighting spirit. It reassured me that there is no feat of arms that American soldiers cannot perform if they are properly trained and led.

At the Pentagon I found I was one of a group of six Special Forces pioneers who had been hand-picked because of their background in guerrilla warfare. Maj. Gen. Robert A. McClure, General Eisenhower's psychological-warfare officer in World War II, headed the show as Army Chief of Psychological Warfare. Col. Wendell Fertig, commander of the guerrillas on Mindanao during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, was chief of the Special Forces Division. Others were Col. Russell Volckmann, commander of guerrillas on Luzon; Col. Aaron Bank, who had fought with the French Forces of the Interior, and Lt. Col. Martin Waters, who, like myself, had been with Merrill's Marauders in Burma.

There is a premium in the Army today on officers and men with actual combat experience behind enemy lines. While some of them are still on active duty, others have retired or quit the service, and many, of course, were killed in action. In the latter category, none was more distinguished than my World War II commanding officer, Col. William H. Combs, of New Rochelle, New York, member of the New York Stock Exchange and father of nine children, four of them in service. During World War II, his oldest son, Richard, was killed in action in New Guinea. And it was my sad experience to see the gallant colonel himself killed in ambush far behind enemy lines—but only after he had jumped into a Japanese gun position and knifed and shot to death four Jap soldiers. For this action, he posthumously received his second Distinguished Service Cross.

When I had finished my work on the training program for the still-nonexistent Special Forces, I hit the road on a search for recruits. While Colonel Volckmann went to Europe on the same mission, I visited the headquarters of all the continental armies, all of the Army's combat arms and technical-services schools, all of the training divisions and the Army installations in Alaska, Hawaii and the Far East. All told, I traveled tens of thousands of miles and lectured hundreds of hours on the "new concept" of war we were rather tardily adopting. This effort paid off, but not without a lot of frustrations, rewriting of the script and fighting with budget officers over travel funds.

At nearly every spot I visited I was informed by officers of varying experience and rank that the type of men I was looking for were in short supply indeed. One four-star Army commander told me during a personal briefing I was giving him that the Pentagon was "milking off resolute men of a distinctive breed for a cops-and-robbers outfit." At the Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, a colonel assured me that we could never fill our ranks with the type of men we needed because "that kind you just don't find any more." At the Medical Field Service School at Fort Sam Houston, an Army psychiatrist announced to me and the entire student body that "the American standard of living is reducing our soldiers to push-button robots, and the days of Rogers' Rangers, the Swamp Fox, Edson's Raiders, Merrill's Marauders and the OSS are gone forever." A WAC student at the Quartermaster School at Camp Lee got to her feet during my lecture and said, "I'm glad I'm not a mother."

In my talks I told how Special Forces men would infiltrate hundreds of miles into enemy territory, at night, by parachute, helicopter or submarine, assembling in lonely mountains, forests or swamps. They would make contact with key indigenous personnel and begin the recruitment, organization and training of guerrillas to collect intelligence, cut supply lines, blow up bridges, power stations, railroads and similar objectives, and generally make life miserable for our enemies. During the early stages, I pointed out, our men would have to live off the land. Then I would add that each of these United States Army teams would consist of only fifteen men, though they might organize native forces of 1500 to 3000 men for each fifteen Americans. This was the point at which the skeptics would interrupt my talks with their expressions of doubt that we would ever find the type of soldier we needed.

Nevertheless, on May nineteenth, 1952, the 10th Special Forces Group (Airborne) was activated at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. We six officers at the Pentagon sat back with our fingers crossed, but not without confidence. We felt that the country was full of adventurous young men who would volunteer for anything if the need for it was carefully presented, and we firmly believed we had done just that.

All applications for assignment or transfer to the Special Forces were being processed by the Adjutant General of the Army, and we kept the phone lines to the AG's office hot with our inquiries. And, contrary to the expectations of many, the AG was swamped with applications. All over the Army, privates, noncoms and officers were fighting to get into a unit where chances of sustained survival in combat would appear, on the face of it, to be somewhat doubtful, at least. Recruits in basic training, grizzled sergeants and sharp new lieutenants were pulling strings right and left to get in on the ground floor. Many local commanders disapproved applications for Special Forces, for they were understandably reluctant to lose some of their best men. As a result, in many instances, officers and men were taking leave and traveling to Washington at their own expense to plead for our assistance—which they got.

The program was so successful, in fact, that we decided not to rob other units of all the men we needed; regulations were drawn to authorize enlistment in the Army solely for duty with Special Forces.

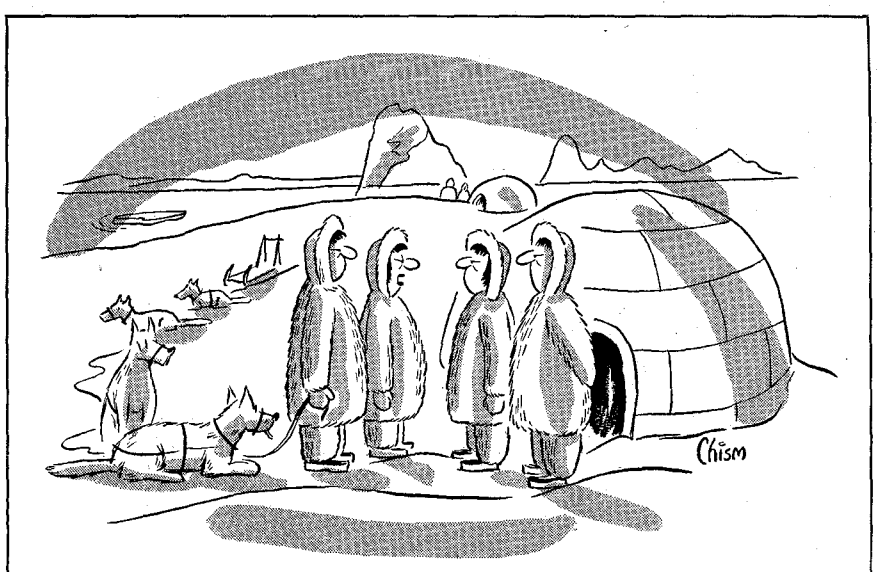
But the Army commander's comment about a "distinctive breed" stuck in my mind, so when the personnel pipeline was clogged with volunteers for Special Forces, I hit the road once more to look at these men, to find out just what kind they were, so we could rewrite our recruiting regulations accordingly. And I found that, mostly, they were just ordinary young Americans like the boy next door. A few of them, of course, were men with a special motivation—refugees from behind the Iron Curtain whose linguistic ability and knowledge of terrain in potential enemy countries make them especially valuable. But we found that almost any man who could serve with the combat arms or the technical services of the Army could serve with Special Forces, if he was ready to be a double volunteer, first for airborne training and then for the Special Forces.

So the 10th Group was filled, trained, and is now stationed in Germany, ready for action. Colonel Bank, the FFI veteran in our original group of six officers, and a vegetarian who runs three miles each morning to keep himself in shape, was the 10th's original commander, though he is now stationed elsewhere in Europe and has been succeeded in command of the 10th by Col. William E. Ekman.

The quick success of the 10th Group led to activation of a second group, the 77th, now at Fort Bragg. Not long ago, I returned to Bragg for a further look at the men who might well spend most of any World War III in the middle of the enemy's homeland.

The scene at Bragg, so far as the Special Forces are concerned, is dominated by the personality of one of the most colorful combat commanders in the Army, Col. Edson D. Raff. Colonel Raff formerly headed the 77th and now commands the Psychological Warfare Center, of which the 77th is a major unit.

The colonel is stocky—five feet six inches tall, 170 pounds—and, at forty-seven, in peak physical condition. His ordinary walking pace is a furious stride,



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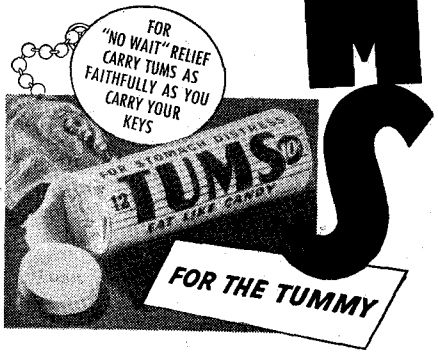

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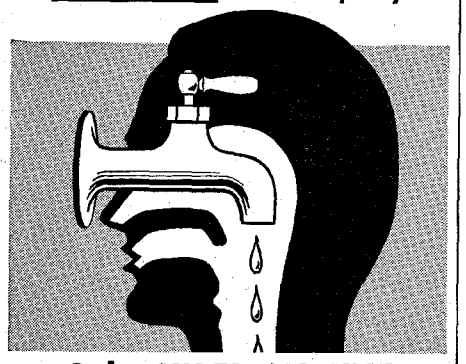

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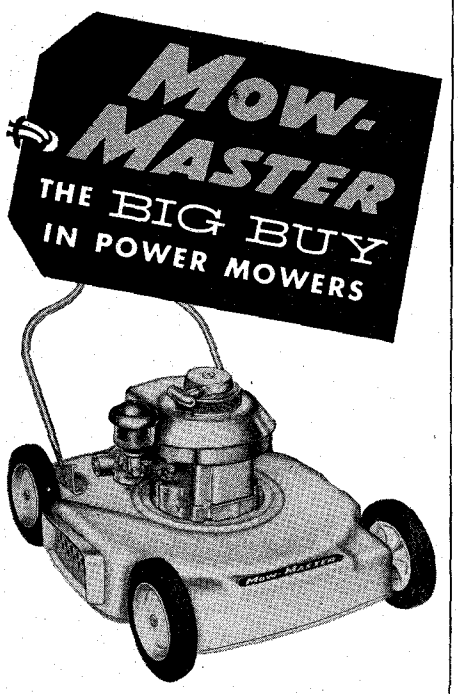

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and for relaxation he climbs mountains or flies his own airplane. Colonel Raff, in fact, is a frustrated fighter pilot; he tried to get into the Army Air Corps before World War II, but couldn't pass the physical because he was unable to look cross-eyed. He has, however, been a paratrooper since 1941 and has made more than 125 jumps.

In World War II, Raff was the first man out of the first plane in the air drop during the invasion of North Africa. This operation turned out to be something of a comic opera because the Air Force got lost and dropped the 'troopers thirty miles from their objective, an airport near Oran. By the time Raff and his men reached the airport in commandeered Arab buses, General Patton's tanks had taken it and General Doolittle's fighter planes were already using it.

Subsequently, however, in Tunisia, "Raff's Army"—a weird, 4000-man collection of French irregulars, camel corps, British sappers, a battalion of the 1st Infantry Division, a tank-destroyer unit from the 1st Armored, and Raff's own paratroopers—gave the Germans very serious trouble in hit-run guerrilla raids over an area 100 miles long by 80 miles wide. Raff soared in rank from captain to colonel in the space of ten months, won the French Legion of Honor, and ultimately a glowing tribute from General Eisenhower in his book, Crusade in Europe. He went on to distinguish himself at Utah Beach on D day, in the Battle of the Bulge, and again as the first man out of the first plane in the last paradrop of the European phase of the war at Wesel.

The immediate commander of the 77th, Col. William J. Mullen, Jr., West Point, 1934, is a much less conspicuous type. Colonel Mullen, a square-jawed New Englander who won the Silver Star on Guadalcanal and fought through five campaigns of the war in the Pacific, is a relative newcomer to the airborne infantry, having made only twenty-two parachute jumps at the time of my visit a few weeks ago.

"I always said I'd go airborne when I was old enough," Colonel Mullen commented in his quiet voice; "so now I'm old enough."

The sharp contrast in the personalities of the two colonels seemed to typify the situation in the 77th, for this is an outfit of individualists. There was, for example, the chaplain. "The chaplain's a great guy," one of the officers assured me. "He doesn't give a damn, either."

Maj. Holland Hope, the chaplain, is a rangy, forty-one-year-old Texan, who used to amuse himself as a boy by catching diamondback rattlesnakes and shooting coyotes and jack rabbits with a pistol. He is balding, wears gold-rimmed glasses, and is the only chaplain in the Army who is a Distinguished Pistol Shot—192 men in the entire Army have such a distinction, incidentally. He had made eighty-five parachute jumps—including a combat drop in Korea—at the time I talked with him. He has a Silver Star, a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart.

"When I jump out of an airplane," the chaplain explained, "I carry an Episcopal prayer book, a Methodist prayer book, a New Testament and a forty-five caliber automatic. Now it's perfectly true that the Geneva Convention specifies that chaplains are not to be armed against the enemy, but another clause of the convention permits defense against marauders and wild animals. Well, I'm not going to be jumping in some place and getting myself chewed up by a bear."

Major Hope joined the Army twelve years ago, giving up a Methodist pastorate at San Jon, New Mexico. "It's near Tucumcari," he said, trying to explain where the 300 citizens of San Jon could be located. "My most distant parishioner came sixty miles to go to church."

As for the men of the 77th, Major Hope reported, "Their church attendance is not outstanding—only about 30 per cent of them go to church regularly, and that includes all the Catholic boys, who bring up the average considerably." However, he continued, "Their support of the chaplain is outstanding; they obviously like to have me around.

"Because of the hazardous nature of this work, I think there is a little more intense religious feeling among the men of the Seventy-seventh than you'll find in the ordinary Army unit," the chaplain commented. "There is a dignity around them. They are not ashamed to call upon God, but they don't want you to know it. And, actually, these are the tenderest-hearted guys you've ever seen; you should see how they respond when we take up a collection for the March of Dimes or for orphans. These are tough men, but they have an understanding heart. We are not breeding a tough bunch of killers—we are just breeding tough American soldiers."

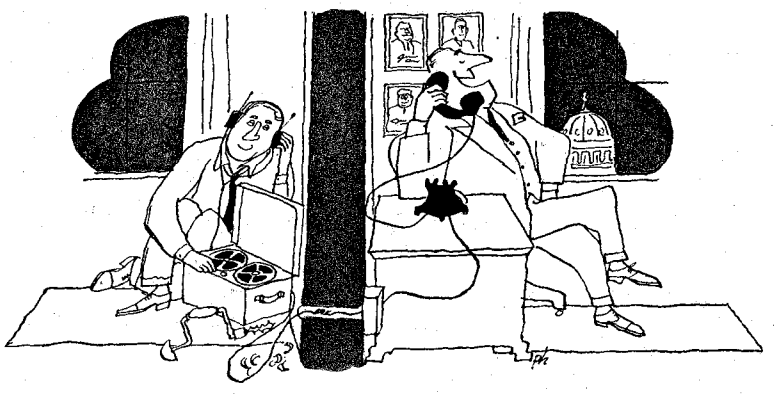
Maj. John Gerl is an example of the type the chaplain was discussing—thirty-five years of age, married, two children, Silver Star with oak-leaf cluster, Bronze Star with two oak-leaf clusters, two Purple Hearts, and a survivor of the first "lost battalion" of World War II. The major is lean, hard-eyed and dedicated.

"I come from a long line of German militarists," he said.

His father was a Prussian colonel in the Kaiser's army, an artilleryman, infantryman and finally the pilot of a triplane Fokker in World War I. The major began his military career in 1939, when he joined a horse-cavalry National Guard unit at Milwaukee. He speaks German, Italian and some Russian, in addition to English, and had considerable experience with the Russians in 1948–49, when he roamed the Russian zone of Germany, seeking information about American airmen shot down in that territory during the war. He volunteered for the Special Forces when things got dull in Korea "because it's airborne, has good leaders, good *esprit de corps*, good opportunity for adventure, and it's different.

"In this type of operation," the major observed, "we accomplish more with a few than a conventional type of unit with many. There's a much greater sense of accomplishment, and, actually, we'll be safer than the men in the front lines."

Major Gerl is S-3 of the 77th, which means he is in charge of training. It seems superfluous to say that the Special Forces training is fantastically rugged. It takes about a year to make a Special Forces soldier out of a civilian—Army basic training, airborne training, and then the fun really begins. Special Forces men learn all about such gentle arts as judo, counterespionage, and use of the artificial lung in underwater demolitions. They think nothing of parachuting into a forest of tall pine trees in the middle of the night—all their drops are made at night after the first five training jumps. They are trained like the marines in amphibious landings, and learn mountain climbing in the Smokies and the Rockies. Not long ago, four Special Forces men scaled a gorge in Pisgah National Forest, North Carolina, (*Continued on Page 93*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Confronted by a recording of a telephone conversation, a "five per center" denied to a congressional investigating committee that he even knew the industrialist on the other end of the wire. To prosecute him for perjury, the committee introduced the industrialist's recording as evidence.

"You can't do that," counsel for the five per center objected. "Federal law says, 'No person not authorized by the sender shall intercept any communication or divulge its contents.'"

"This time we can," Government attorneys replied. "The industrialist was not an interceptor, but one of the speakers. In fact, he was the sender of part of the conversation and certainly can divulge what he sent."

If you were the judge, would you admit any part of the recording?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The entire recording was ruled out. The court said the law against unauthorized interception applies to the persons conversing as well as others, and that neither can divulge his own words because "both must consent to the interception of any part of the talk."

Based upon a 1953 United States decision.

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He put us in step with ourselves...

MAYBE you think you never heard the country all at once. Maybe you think it can't be done.

But a man named John Philip Sousa proved it could be done. He could listen and hear the heartbeat of the country and then he would catch it in a trumpet and clarinet, an oboe and a drum, and the music would sing swift and alive, bright as a silver dollar, and march out through all the Main Streets of the U.S.A. And it would be the country's own spirit, brisk and beautiful and strong, saying what we all want to say, together. Sousa could do that. He could make us walk like one people.

Perhaps Sousa could put the country into music because right from the start it meant so much to him. He was a lad of eleven in 1865 when he watched the victorious Union Army swing to sprightly bands up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. The country had been born again, and he was there at the christening.

Or perhaps it was because he *saw* the country, and most everyone in it, from Madison Square Garden and Carnegie Hall to a thousand theaters and parks and parades across the land. He took his band all round the world, and when they named him the March King, he knew it was the country they honored. Because that was what he brought them.

You can't measure a man like John Philip Sousa. Maybe we feel it quieter now, but what he was and said still goes. For he was you and me and all of us and he put in music the things that made us do what we did at Chateau-Thierry and at the Marne and at Iwo Jima and Heartbreak Ridge.

The Stars and Stripes Forever. Semper Fidelis. Washington Post March. King Cotton. He gave us his marches as fast as you can say Uncle Sam, and the U.S.A. was in every one of them. He placed it there, proud. He was our Mr. Stars and Stripes, and he helped us walk like one people—the way we always will.

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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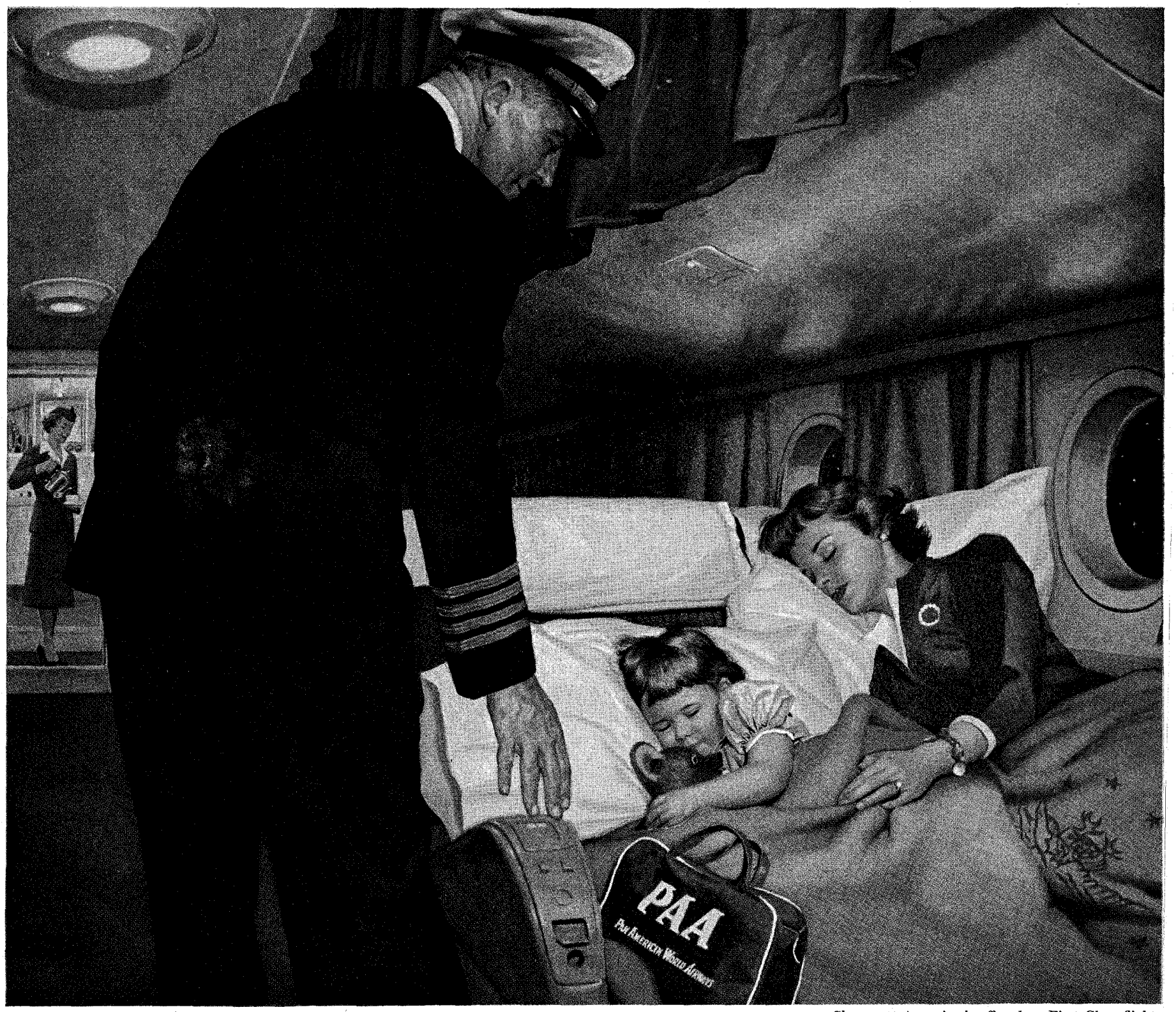

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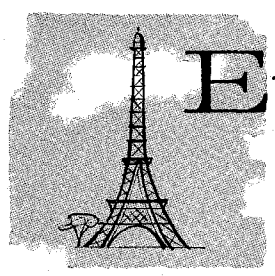

Europe is only a dream away

— *when Uncle Sam's your Skipper*

You sense the difference when you step aboard a big Pan Am Clipper*—to head for Europe with the only U. S. airline that *specializes* in overseas travel.

Some say it's the friendliness of Pan Am's people. Others credit the roomy, long-range planes. And all agree that when you know Pan American meets Uncle Sam's strictest rules of airline operation *with a generous margin to spare,* it adds up to an assurance which makes the hours fly by.

As so many experienced travelers have said: "*Pan Am knows how to run an airline.*" For reservations, call your Travel Agent or Pan Am.

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More people fly to Europe by

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(*Continued from Page 90*) that no one had ever climbed before. It took them four days to do it, including the ascent of a waterfall, but they made it.

When they go to Camp Carson, Colorado, for further mountain training, the men of the 77th fly there and then parachute into the maneuver area instead of being landed at an airport. It is not unusual for these men to fly 100 miles on an exercise, jump, conduct maneuvers and then march the 100 miles back to camp. The Southern Railroad takes Special Forces men into its roundhouses to show them the best way to blow up a locomotive. Not long ago Raff's Roughnecks took a look at a hydroelectric plant near Goldsboro, North Carolina, to figure out the best way of wrecking it. The electric and telephone companies rather nervously show them around so they can learn how to put the foreign counterparts of these utilities out of commission should an occasion arise.

Weapons training is not only intensive but includes all foreign types of weapons in addition to the American makes. Familiarity with foreign equipment is extended to other fields such as map reading, demolitions and communications. The men learn all about the uses of propaganda, enemy brain-washing methods—and, incidentally, how to get along with civilian populations, an extremely important consideration. One small item in connection with the latter: stealing of watermelons from farmers in a maneuver area is regarded in the 77th as a serious breach of training discipline since this, obviously, is no way to get along with civilians. 1st Lt. Albert V. Clement, a cheerful Irish type who operated behind enemy lines in Korea and wears thirteen decorations, describes the Special Forces training as "the closest thing to actual combat you can find."

Jake Lindsey is another Special Forces type. Peacetime wasn't made for Jake. In war, he is a hero; he won the Congressional Medal of Honor in Germany, the Silver Star in Sicily and the Bronze Star in Normandy, and he acquired Purple Hearts in Sicily, Normandy and Korea. In peacetime, however, Jake gets into trouble—marital, financial and convivial. Fourteen times the Army tried to make an officer out of Jake and fourteen times he spurned a commission. His explanation was simple.

"You can't go out and get drunk with your men when you're an officer," he said.

But Jake finally succumbed in 1952, accepting a commission, only to prove subsequently he had been right all along, for when I saw Jake recently, he not only had been returned to the ranks but had been broken from master sergeant to sergeant first class. To Jake, a lean, graying Mississippian who at thirty-three has spent fifteen years of his life in the Army, his ups and downs don't matter at all.

"Rank doesn't mean a damn thing when you're overseas," says Jake. "You're closer to the men when you don't have rank. Money is unimportant in combat. An American will fight for what he thinks is right no matter what he is. Hell, I'd fight for my country if they didn't pay me nothin'."

Then there is M/Sgt. John Paul Gergely, a handsome thirty-eight-year-old, of Hungarian descent, who comes from the Western Pennsylvania soft-coal region. He had achieved the rather fantastic total of 289 parachute jumps by the time I met him. Like several others in the 77th, Sergeant Gergely served during World War II in the 1st Special Service Force, a Canadian-American airborne task force that landed on Kiska in the Aleutians in August of 1943, only to discover that the Japs had been evacuated; then went on to combat in Italy, Southern France and the Rhineland. His reason for volunteering for the Special Forces: "I was looking for the best outfit in the Army."

Like all paratroopers, the men of the Special Forces wear the jump boots that distinguish them from "straight-legs," or ordinary soldiers. But thirty-six-year-old Maj. Francis W. Dawson would be readily identifiable as something special even in civilian clothes. He is six feet five inches tall and weighs 210 pounds without a surplus ounce in evidence on his huge frame. As a platoon leader with the 5th Ranger Battalion, he won a Distinguished Service Cross on Omaha Beach on D day. He and his platoon climbed over a sea wall, penetrated a barbed-wire entanglement, crossed a mine field and then scaled a cliff, all under intense artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire. Then they engaged the Germans in hand-to-hand combat—the major personally killed at least fifteen Nazi soldiers—and knocked out the German gun emplacements that were cutting United States forces on the beach to ribbons.

The major's wife, like many of the wives of Special Forces men, has a relaxed attitude about her husband's service in this outfit, even though war would mean, at a minimum, that they would be separated for the full duration of hostilities. For the Special Forces missions are most likely to be one-way missions until victory. Among the wives who, on the other hand, have a feeling that they would be just as happy if their husbands were in more conservative units, is Mrs. Bernard Sanders, a German girl who met her husband while he was on occupation duty.

First Lieutenant Sanders, who tried civilian life from 1945 to 1948 after World War II service, but came back to the Army because "I wasn't content to be a stock clerk," has a reply to his wife's fretfulness on the subject which is rather typical of Special Forces attitudes.

"Honey," he'll say, "what are you worrying about? I've got twenty thousand dollars' worth of insurance and that's eighty thousand marks. Think what you could do with eighty thousand marks in Germany. Quit worrying."

The lieutenant's feeling about being in the Army at all is also rather typical. "I think it's wrong in our recruiting to tell the men how much we're going to give them, that they are going to learn something, that they're going to get an education and pay while they're getting it. I think we ought to pitch the recruiting appeal to the idea that they should join the Army because they believe in the United States. I think the slogan ought to be 'Join the Army and Fight for Your Country,' or 'Join the Army and Make a Man of Yourself.'"

Aside from patriotism and the *esprit* that goes with membership in an elite organization, there is a strong motivation for adventure and fun among the men of the Special Forces. M/Sgt. Albert H. Green, a thirty-six-year-old bachelor who was twice wounded while he was operating behind the lines in Italy during World War II, sums up the pleasures of his hazardous calling rather neatly.

"Behind the lines," he says, "I feel like a boy on Halloween night."

Inevitably, when such a band of unfettered spirits is turned loose in peacetime military maneuvers, horrendous events are bound to occur. There was, for example, the National Guard colonel who awoke in his sleeping bag one morning to discover that his neck bore large and livid lipstick smears. Special Forces men had crept into his headquarters during the night to apply this cosmetic proof that they had, in theory, slit the good colonel's throat from ear to ear without even awakening him. On another occasion, Special Forces men invaded the field van of a major general, but the soldier assigned to break the news to the general was somewhat embarrassed about it all.

"I beg your pardon, sir, general, sir," he said, "but you're dead, sir."

The general solved the dilemma, effectively if unrealistically, by having the maneuver director banish the Special Forces from the rest of those particular maneuvers.

Special Forces soldiers have engaged in other maneuver feats, such as smuggling themselves into a military headquarters by hiding inside a beer truck, after adequately bribing the driver; or capturing the rations of an entire division and letting their victims go without evening chow for their carelessness; or indulging in propaganda activities such as spreading rumors that the entire maneuver area was crawling with deadly snakes—thus inducing the troops to concentrate on roadways where they could be theoretically annihilated.

While all this is good clean fun to the tough and superbly trained men of the Special Forces, it is also valuable preparation for what might well be the most hazardous and vital missions of any World War III. Personally, if such a war should result in my being returned to active duty, I can think of no outfit in which it would be a greater honor to serve. THE END

"May I make a suggestion?"

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Stop This Senseless Killing!

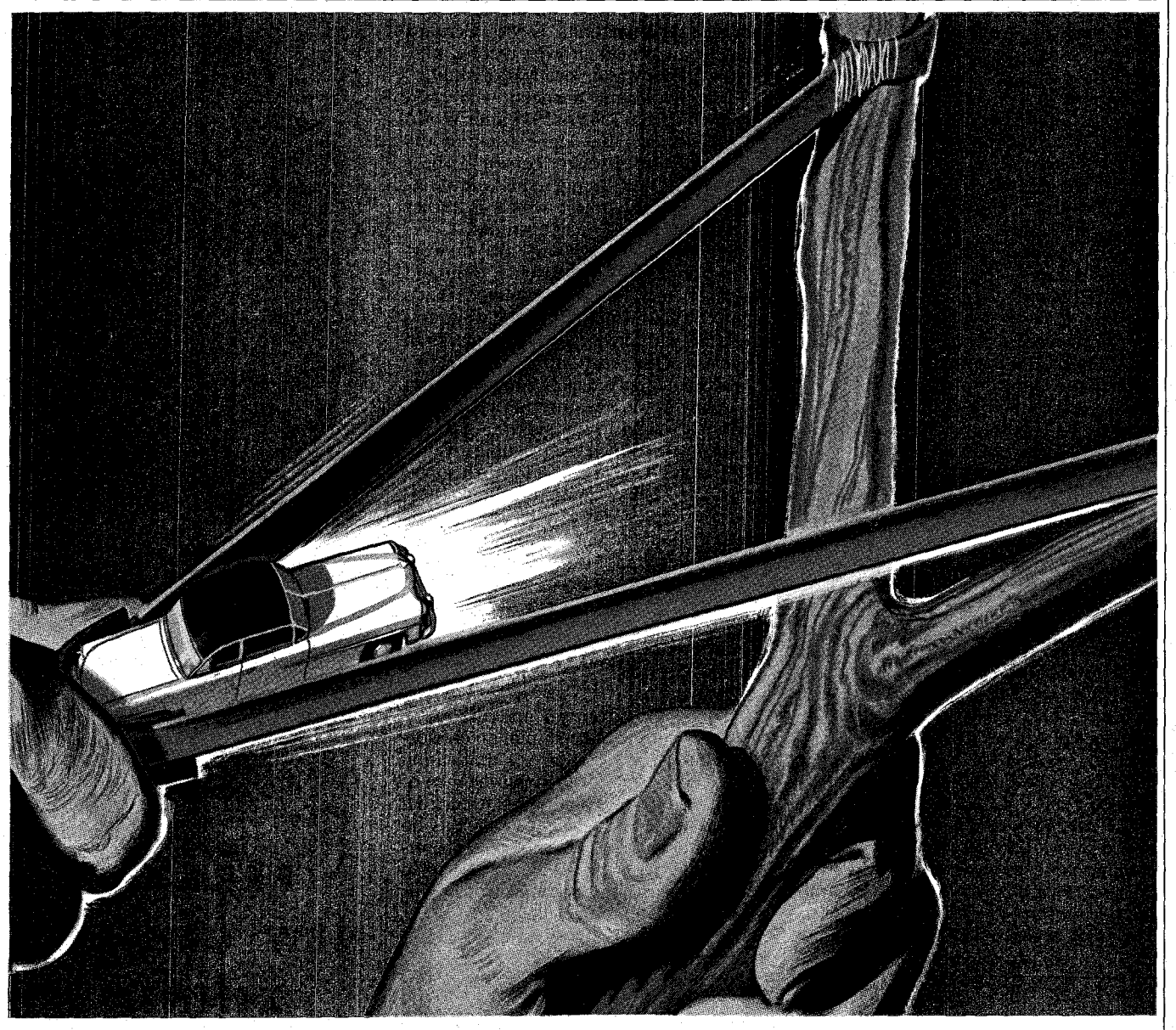
(Continued from Page 23)

when I worked as a personnel man in the factory of the Western Electric Company in Kearny, New Jersey, and later in the department-store business in New York. Today, as a member of President Eisenhower's Cabinet, I find that the effort to improve everybody's chance of working without getting hurt is one of the most important functions of the United States Department of Labor.

On the first three days of next week, in Washington, President Eisenhower's Conference on Occupational Safety will bring together on a nonpartisan basis nearly 3000 leaders of American business, of agriculture and labor, of Federal, state and local governments, and of insurance, education and private safety organizations. President Eisenhower is scheduled to address the opening session of the conference. Two Cabinet members in addition to myself are among the other speakers. A series of specialized safety clinics will be held, and by the time we conclude our meetings we hope that we shall have devised further co-operative means of reducing occupational deaths and injuries in America.

What situation will this conference face? Where do we stand today in the battle, which has been going on for more than four decades, to make life safer for workers on the job? Let us look, briefly, at the recent record.

The work-injury figures for the United States in 1955 are ghastly—and yet hopeful. They are ghastly for the sheer volume of human misery and waste that they represent. On-the-job injuries and deaths in 1955 struck down 1,930,000 men and women—14,200 of them killed, 76,800 of them injured permanently, the rest laid up for an average of seventeen days. Think of those numbers for a moment in these terms: that in the last ten minutes, thirty-five American workers have been maimed; that in the last twenty-four hours, thirty-eight have been killed; that if every man, woman and child in the Cleveland, Ohio, metropolitan area fell



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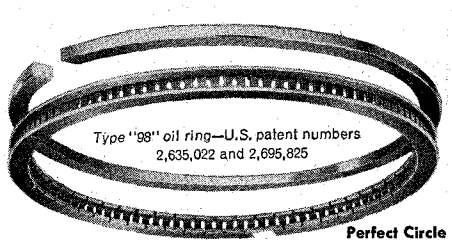

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2-in-1 chrome piston rings

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Can You Name This Star?

This three-year-old pixie was born in Paris of a French father and an American mother. Appropriately, she won her first film fame in An American in Paris, the M-G-M Academy Award winner, after touring Europe and Asia in ballet. Her recent hits include The Glass Slipper, Daddy Long Legs, and Gaby. Divorced after two and a half years of marriage, she lives in a small Santa Monica apartment, drives a small car and dotes on surf swimming in a small bathing suit. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Leslie Caron

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suddenly to the ground with a bruise, a cut, a broken bone, an abrasion, torn ligament, wrenched limb or internal disorder, this Dante's Inferno scene would merely duplicate the sum of last year's work accidents throughout America.

The waste is appalling. The man-days that were lost through work injuries in 1955 could have built one six-room house for every person in the city of Baltimore. The total economic loss is calculated at $3,500,000,000. Yet practically all this human suffering and loss could have been avoided, as we know from experience.

How, then, can I say that these melancholy statistics are also hopeful? The hope arises from a comparison based upon the injury-frequency rate. This is a figure expressing the number of disabling injuries that have occurred in each million employee-hours worked. The injury-frequency rates for most types of employment have been declining for several years. In manufacturing, the decline has been spectacular. Here we have evidence that the safety efforts of industry, labor and government are paying off, that such assemblages as President Eisenhower's forthcoming Conference on Occupational Safety can save lives and prevent injuries.

Since 1943, when the all-manufacturing injury-frequency rate hit a wartime high of twenty disabling injuries for every million hours worked, this figure has been easing slowly downward. The rate was down to 14.5 injuries per million hours in 1949, down further to 11.9 in 1954; and the figures for 1955 show the rate to be only slightly above 1954.

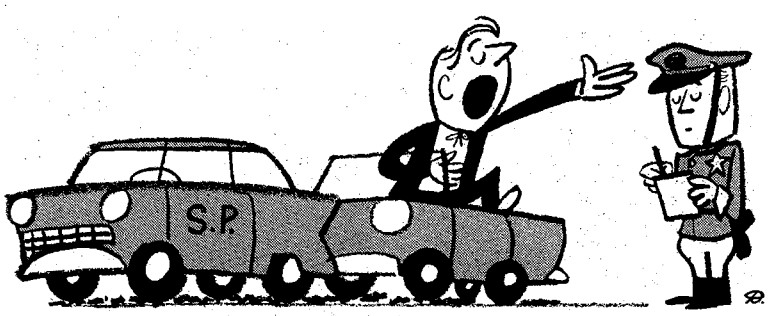
These figures by themselves may not look so bad, if we can shut from our minds the human beings they represent. But when we relate these figures to the experience of some of the biggest firms in the country, which have conducted full-scale safety programs in their plants for many years, we see how much farther we can and must go.

In 1913, an organized safety movement was born among a group of industrialists. This became known as the National Safety Council. Since then, under programs developed from this safety movement, the United States Steel Corporation has reduced its injury frequency approximately 96 per cent, duPont 98 per cent, General Electric and Westinghouse 90 per cent, and General Motors, since it consolidated earlier automobile concerns, 75 per cent. Many of the industrial giants in the United States today maintain frequency rates of less than three disabling injuries per million man-hours worked. It is actually safer to work in many synthetic-rubber factories or synthetic-fiber plants than it is to work in a bank. The telephone company is the safest place of all, with only one disabling injury per million hours.

There are, of course, such rugged occupations as stevedoring, logging and structural-steel erection where you would expect the injury frequency rates to be horrendous—and they are. Stevedores had a rate of 92.3 disabling injuries per million hours worked in 1954, for example. The figure for loggers was 74.3, for steel erectors 47.5. Explosives plants, which are extremely safety-conscious, had a rate of only 2.8.

The point is that safety techniques have been worked out and strictly applied in larger plants which employ safety personnel. But these techniques are not reaching 2,000,000 smaller establishments, which employ more than half our workers, and in which at least 70 per cent of all industrial accidents occur. I'll have more to say in a moment on the subject of how we can furnish these smaller employers with a safety service similar to that provided by large employers—how, in short, we can strike at the heart of the problem.

First, however, let's take a look at some of the dangerous conditions still to be found in our workplaces. In a Middle West plant not long ago, for example, a United States Labor Department inspector discovered a live wire in a pool of water. He notified the management and a State-labor-department inspector. Nothing was done, however, until a workman had been electrocuted there a week later.



The Perfect Squelch

A newly elected member of a state legislature, puffed with his own importance, was halted on the highway by a rookie state trooper who insisted that he was speeding. The legislator first tried to talk his way out of it, then grew angry. When the trooper began noting down his license, he demanded: "Are you going to write me up?"

"Yes, I am," the trooper replied.

"Well, you'd just as well tear it up right now," the legislator asserted. "You don't realize the importance of my position."

"No, I don't," the trooper replied, "But if you're such a big shot, you can get it fixed."

Leo Dotolo

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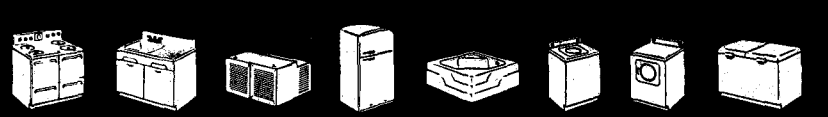

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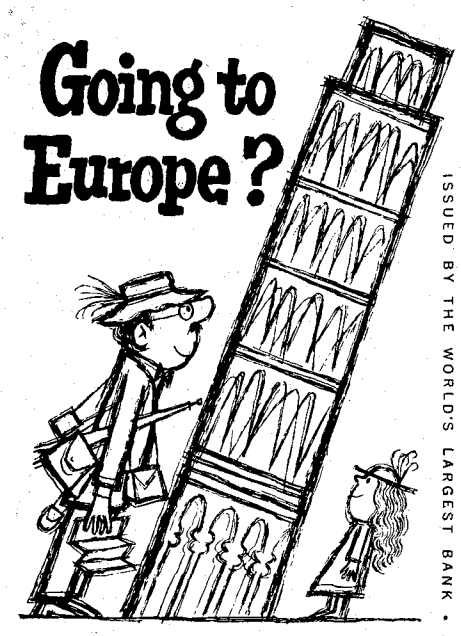

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A rock-crushing-machinery plant was found to be spraying paint in a room so small that the operators and other employees working nearby were covered from head to foot with paint and solvent. One lighted cigarette could have turned the lot of them into human torches.

We found a textile plant, employing seventy-five people, which had only one entrance. It was located in a below-ground basement, and the door was so low that employees had to stoop to enter. This one means of escape in case of fire was frequently blocked by shipments of materials. Just inside the door was a kerosene storage tank, resting on a wooden platform soaked with flammables. Scrap materials and cigarette butts littered the floor, cans of lubricating oil rested near the debris, and there weren't nearly enough fire extinguishers. The fire extinguishers they did have were the wrong type. It seems almost anticlimactic to add that the ladies' rest rooms were inadequate and unsanitary.

These are samples from a long, discouraging list. Employers who allow such conditions to exist are a menace to their employees, and poor businessmen to boot. The losses they can suffer through accidents would make the cost of running a safe operation seem small, indeed.

Misguided employees can be equally culpable, however, and one of the worst menaces is the assembly-line comedian. The National Safety Council estimated not long ago that horseplay during work time was responsible for some 15,000 injuries and deaths each year, at an economic loss to industry of about $15,000,000. There seems to be at least one "pusher" in every shop—the playful type who sneaks up behind a co-worker and gives him a shove or prod just because the victim is the sort who reacts violently. Arm one of these idiots with a compressed-air hose, a familiar piece of industrial equipment, and you have a setup in which painful and even fatal injuries can be administered—and have been.

"Throwers" are another dangerous variety of production-line comic. These are the types who wad up a piece of paper, shavings, cotton batting or waste material and pitch it at the man at the next machine. Unfortunately, these fellows don't always toss such relatively harmless missiles.

In one factory recently, a jester threw a live cat over a locker in the plant's dressing room. The ball of spitting, snarling, clawing fury landed on an employee who had just left the shower. He reported to the dispensary with severe lacerations of the chest and stomach.

"Looks like you tangled with a tiger," the nurse remarked, and she wasn't far from right.

Many fatalities, the National Safety Council reports, have resulted from the playful tossing of flammable liquids. In one case, a man pitched a can of gasoline. The fuel exploded and killed two of his co-workers, and the jokester is now serving a prison term for manslaughter.

In an Ohio case, a garage mechanic got an odd-jobs boy drunk and while the boy was sleeping it off, on a cot near a boiler, he daubed paint on the boy's face. The foreman discovered what had happened and ordered the mechanic to remove the paint—with soap and water. The mechanic, instead, used a cleaning fluid which contained gasoline. Fumes were ignited by the boiler fire, and the mechanic was burned to death, a victim of his own misguided sense of humor.

Employees who won't listen when told to "cut out the clowning" have their counterpart in workmen who ignore safety devices at hand because they are "too much trouble." Take the "hard hats" provided in many industries; their value has been proved by the recent organization of The Turtle Club. Members of this group are workmen who have been saved from death or injury by hard hats. Bernard Schwartz, a Wisconsin lineman, became the one-thousandth member, just a year after the club was formed, when a wire grip fell twenty-five feet and bounced off his hat. Think of it—1000 injuries prevented in a year's time. Yet heaven only knows how many injuries occurred in the same period because workmen failed to use hard hats or other protective devices available to them.

Actually, most workers are safe workers, and proud of it. But there are always a few who, refusing to grow up, become the problem children of industry. Yet their juvenile behavior can be corrected when management provides training and supervision.

Work accidents often are swift and horrible. In an electrical-power-generating plant in New York, a forty-four-year-old father of four children, adjusting the clapper at the top of a heat stack, suddenly fell into the stack and was incinerated. At West Point, Virginia, a twenty-one-year-old mechanic's helper jumped into eight feet of water to retrieve a wrench—and was instantly sucked into the sixteen-inch intake of a heavy water pump and killed. He had ignored a warning to wait until the pump was shut down.

Last year a new building was going up in an Eastern city and bricklayers were working at the tenth-floor level on a scaffolding that seemed perfect in all respects. It was suspended by steel cables from an overhead steel beam. The scaffold was new. The cables were bright and shiny. The working platform was solidly roofed over and a wire fence surrounded it for added safety. For extra protection against the weather, a canvas tarpaulin was stretched along the back.

Then, on March twelfth, a violent gust of wind caught in the tarpaulin, billowing it out like a sail, and pulling the scaffolding away from the building. Ten men plunged to their deaths. The scaffold, otherwise perfect, had not been tied fast to the building because no one had expected a wind strong enough to affect it.

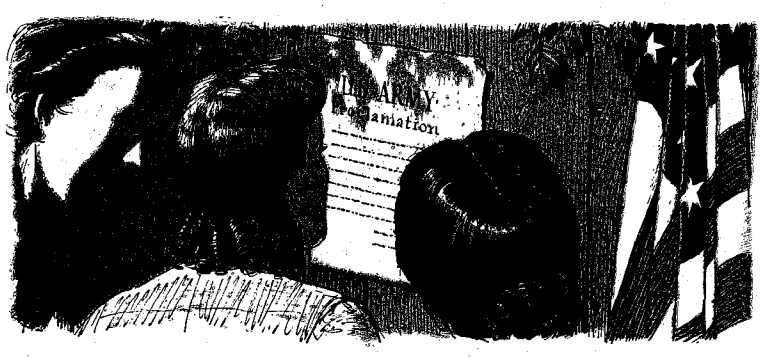
Going through the reports on occupational accidents, one can see how this one can be attributed to bad management practices, that one to the recklessness of an employee, still another to the caprice of a seemingly malevolent fate. But in tackling the problem of reducing the accident toll, I feel that we must begin with management—especially the management of those smaller industrial operations in which the vast majority of the accidents occur.

This is primarily a job of salesmanship. The Department of Labor has authority to enforce safety standards in certain limited areas, but the basic responsibility rests with the states—some of which are doing an excellent job, while others are disgracefully lax or undermanned. In more than three fourths of the states, funds allotted to safety programs are so small that it is not even possible to conduct one inspection per plant per year. But safety and health administrators have come to look on law enforcement as the last resort; the fundamental task is to convince management that safety is simply good business.

For example, a small meat-packing plant found that for every $100 of its payroll, it was losing $1.25 through accidents. An intensive safety program in a period of five years reduced accident losses to eleven cents per $100 of payroll. In three years' time a textile firm reduced its annual accident losses from $26,000 to $9700. One company figured that its five-year safety program had saved it $667,836.13.

Workmen's compensation and medical costs are only the beginning of the expenses resulting from an industrial accident. The injured employee's time is lost; fellow employees stop work to help him or to satisfy curiosity; foremen and executives are tied up helping the injured man, investigating the cause of the accident,

(*Continued on Page 98*)



What's Going On Here?

The general commanding a United States occupation force issues an order: ". . . When any female shall, by word, or gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." The general is termed a "beast," meets international criticism, and is transferred. And a leader whom he supported for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States only two years earlier declares him liable to punishment as a felon. What general and what leader?

Fisher Banks

(*Answer on Page 98*)

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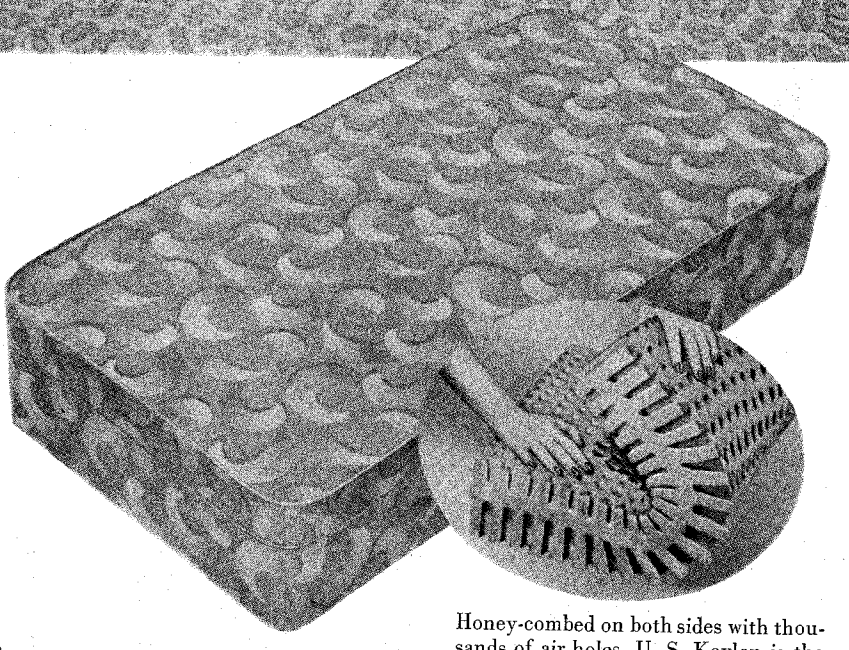

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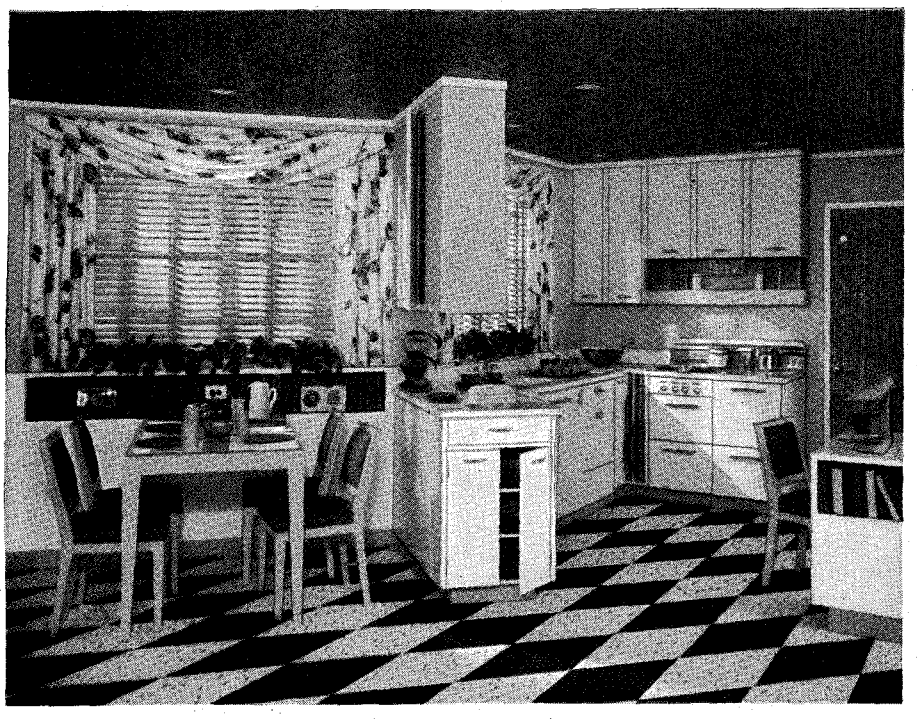

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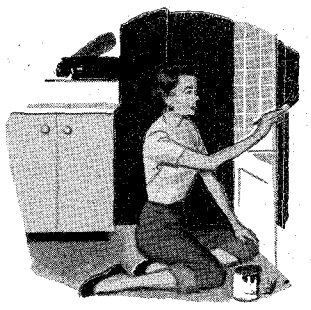

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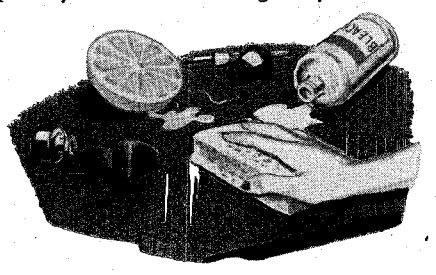

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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(*Continued from Page 96*) breaking in a new employee, preparing an accident report and attending hearings on the injury in serious or contested cases.

Production may be lost because other workers are upset by the accident. Production is lost through stoppage of the machine or process that was in the charge of the injured person. The accident may have damaged machinery or material. Emotional upset of fellow workers may result in further spoilage. Legal expenses often follow—and so the chain continues. When you look at the whole situation, it is difficult to understand the logic of the statement that, because a plant is relatively small, it "can't afford" a safety program.

Of course, the smaller firms cannot be expected to employ a staff of safety engineers, as the industrial giants do. But there is no reason why the states, which have the basic legal responsibility for occupational safety, cannot do a better job of providing a safety service through plant inspection and initiation of safety programs, if funds are available. That is why President Eisenhower called upon Congress recently to provide Federal grants to state labor agencies. This administration's budget for the fiscal year beginning next July first provides a modest $2,000,000 start in this direction—a small sum in view of the fact that it would benefit an estimated 39,000,000 workers.

Federal-state co-operation in safety activities is nothing new. Twenty-five states have agreements with the Federal Government under which state inspectors will conduct safety checks in plants doing work on Federal contracts, thus avoiding a duplication of inspections and saving the Government some money. The Labor Department, in turn, has conducted some highly successful special safety-training programs on a state-wide basis, in specified high-hazard or otherwise important industries. The laundry industry of North Carolina, after participating in one of these programs, reduced its injury rate by 79 per cent. Oregon reduced the injury rate in its food-processing plants by 31 per cent, and in Tennessee the injury rate in the woodworking industry dropped 25 per cent.

Until recent years, organized labor's efforts in the safety field were largely concentrated on obtaining better laws for safety, health and workmen's compensation. But as union leaders began to realize that law could not do the whole job, the attitude changed. In various ways, industrial unions in automobile, rubber and steel plants, and craft unions such as the operating engineers, the chemical workers and the bakery workers, began to develop their own leaders trained in safety. The Bureau of Labor Standards of the Labor Department has trained hundreds of union safety men in the last few years. Unions have also set up safety-training courses at district and local levels. Joint labor-management safety-and-health committees now exist in many plants throughout the country.

Community safety programs are another approach to the problem, and will be discussed during President Eisenhower's Conference on Occupational Safety next week. The value of this approach has been demonstrated in Oregon, where thirty-one community conferences were held in 1953. As a direct result, the work-injury rate in Oregon was reduced by 8 per cent in 1954. Safety on the farm and in the work of public employees will be other conference topics.

Private organizations such as the National Safety Council, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Association of Testing Materials, the Manufacturing Chemists Association and the American Association of Industrial Hygienists all co-operate in developing safety codes. Through the American Standards Association, 160 standards are in daily use in industry to insure safety in such diverse activities as operating elevators, cleaning windows, operating power presses, X-ray machines and welding equipment.

There is no dearth of knowledge as to what needs to be done to make any given plant a safer place in which to work. The trick is to get the know-how applied in every workplace, especially in the smaller concerns where the need is the greatest. The Federal Government can use authority where Federal contracts are concerned. In Tennessee, for example, the United States Department of Labor blacklisted eight small coal mines supplying fuel to the Tennessee Valley Authority, after our inspectors discovered seventeen hazardous conditions in these mines.

As a result of this blacklisting, conditions were cleaned up in six of the mines. The remaining two were barred from further Government business. Usually, however, it is enough to point out the existence of dangerous conditions; far more can be accomplished by safety salesmanship than by Federal or state policing.

While we can point with some pride to long-term improvement in over-all work-injury rates, a record of nearly 2,000,000 casualties in a single year is still far from ideal. The experience of companies which have had full-scale safety programs for many years indicates that we might eventually cut that 2,000,000 casualty figure to about 300,000, reduce the year's fatalities from 14,200 to around 2100, and lower the toll of permanent injuries from 76,800 to about 10,000. If President Eisenhower's conference can help us take another step toward these eminently worth-while goals, as I feel sure it must, then those who participate will be repaid in the most valuable coin of all—the greater welfare of the American working man and woman. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 96)

Gen. Ben F. Butler, a mercurial Massachusetts lawyer in peacetime, issued his Order 28 to curb outspoken Confederate sympathies of the women of New Orleans, which his troops occupied in 1862. For this and other reasons, President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederacy, pronounced him a felon subject to hanging if captured. He never was. As a Democrat, he had strongly supported Davis in the 1860 party convention. He later turned Republican, then switched to the National (Greenback) Party and was its unsuccessful presidential candidate in 1884. Southerners dubbed him "Beast Butler."

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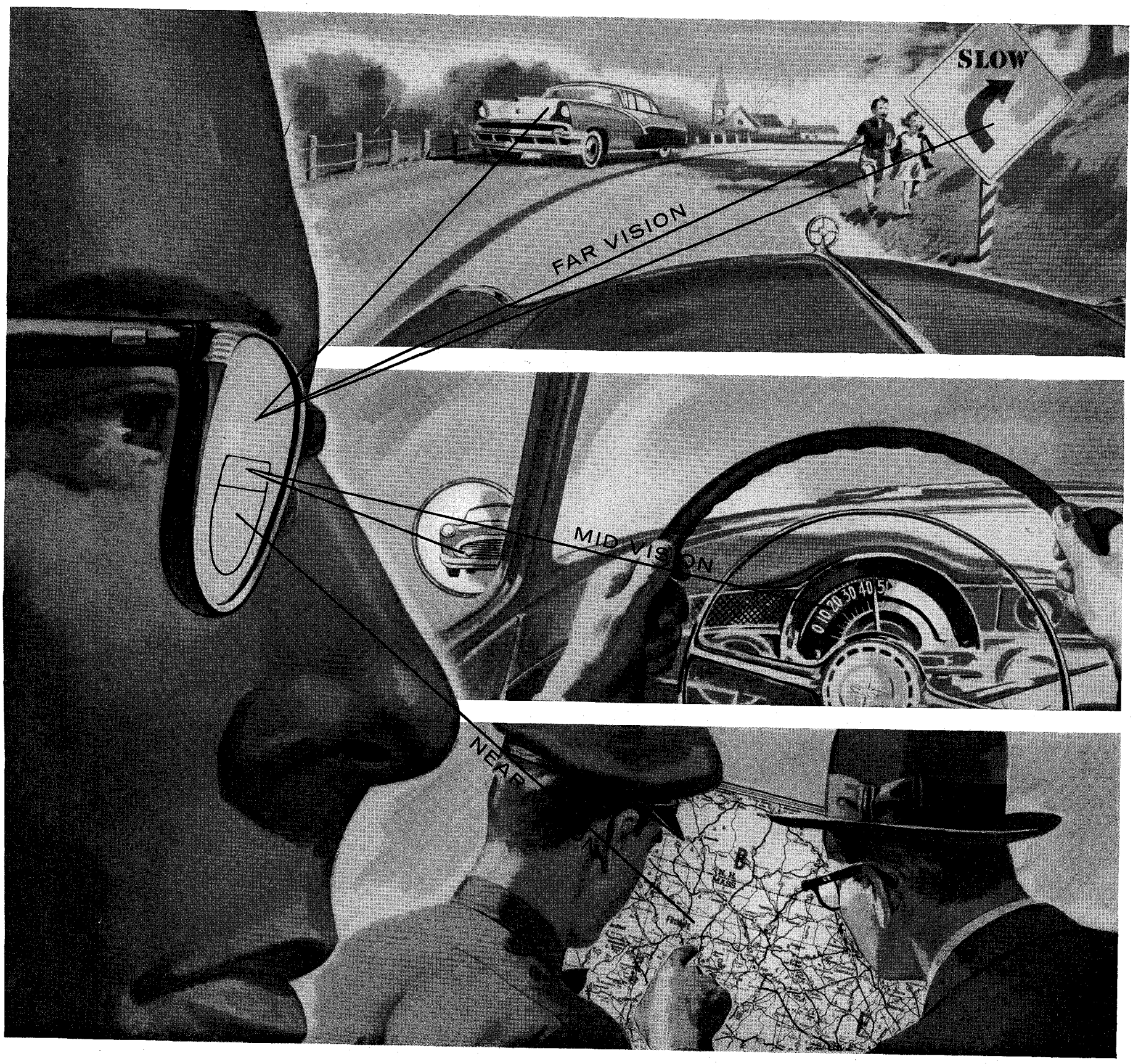

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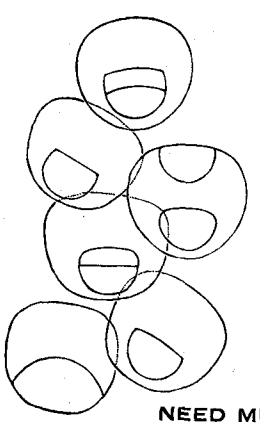

"Curve coming up . . . kids on the shoulder . . . watch that eager beaver behind . . . what's my speed?"

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The Yankees' Southpaw Wizard

(Continued from Page 33)

have been earning his keep on the Yankee farm team at Binghamton, New York.

"Ford's development as a pitcher was set back a year by his refusal to take our advice," Weiss says. "He's one of those typically fresh New York kids who aggravate you out of sheer contrariness. We've never had a serious dispute over salary. Our first offer always is close to his asking price. I think he holds out to the bitter end just for the hell of it."

On at least two occasions the Yankees have taken disciplinary action against Ford. After the 1953 pennant was clinched, Ford and his fun-loving sidekicks, Mickey Mantle and Billy Martin, went to the Copacabana, a New York night club, ran up a bill for $180 and signed Dan Topping's name to it. Topping, the team president, hit the roof when the tab was presented for payment and fined the culprits $500 apiece. The fines were rescinded after the World Series, but the incident was not forgotten by the Yankees.

The next time the book was thrown at Ford, Casey Stengel wound up and let it go in full view of 30,119 witnesses. Ford reported to training camp in 1954 twenty pounds overweight. Stengel was further infuriated by a belief that Ford was merely going through the motions of getting into condition. When the season began, Ford got belted around almost every time he pitched.

Stengel, a merry Andrew himself in his salad days, runs the team with a slack rein, but he cracks the whip with a vengeance when he thinks a player is abusing his free-and-easy training rules. The blowoff finally came on May 21, 1954, in a game with the Red Sox. For five innings it appeared that Ford had recaptured his deft touch. He had a three-hit shutout when the Red Sox suddenly began to tee off on him. Ford was obviously tired, but Stengel made him stay in there and take his lumps. Eleven Red Sox went to bat that inning and six scored.

Exposing a ballplayer to humiliation is a calculated risk that either gives him a sobering jolt or makes him so bitter that his usefulness to the team is destroyed. Ford, a tough, prideful competitor, responded by winning fifteen of his next twenty decisions. He finished with a respectable sixteen–eight record. In postmortems, though, the Yankees' loss of their first pennant in six years was attributed largely to Ford's early-season failure.

Ford knew he would be a marked man in 1955. He went to Florida a month in advance of training camp, ran off his accumulation of winter blubber and was as sharp as a scalpel when the season got under way. He held the Senators to two hits in the opener, and followed up with shutouts over the Orioles and Red Sox. There was loose talk that Ford had jumped the reservation again when he was shelled in three successive starts, and the rumors persisted even though he won seven of his next eight games.

Up to this point we have summarized the trade gossip on Ford's clashes with the front office. It is refreshing for a change to find a ballplayer who is not represented as the All-American boy, yet it is strange that the Yankees, who usually watch their employees' public relations carefully, have made little effort to present a valuable property more favorably. It is odd, too, that no one has gone to Ford to get his side of the story.

I was told that Ford at best is not communicative, and that he might answer an embarrassing question with a bust in the mouth. You never know until you try. I called Ford at his home in Glen Cove, Long Island, shortly before he left for training camp this year, and he said, "Sure, come out to the house and we'll talk."

Whitey was thoroughly affable under pretty trying circumstances. His wife had an appointment with the dentist and he was taking care of his three children—Sally Ann, four years old; Eddie, Jr., two and a half, and Tommy, a year and a half. Their behavior was typical of normal, healthy kids on a rainy day. They were on a rampage. Whitey acted more like the kids' big brother than their parent as he casually mediated disputes over a cowboy hat, the choice of television programs and who did what to whom.

During lulls in the uproar, Whitey spoke of the Yankees' trip to the Orient after the World Series—"The best Japanese team couldn't win the pennant in a Class A league over here." He told of the gags Yogi Berra pulls on hitters to disrupt their concentration—"Yogi really breaks up Ted Williams. Sometimes Williams laughs all the way around the bases after he belts one."

He discussed the difficulties imposed on listeners by Stengel's habit of tying the mother tongue into bowknots—"You've got to pay close attention to Casey when he tells you how he wants you to pitch to 'this feller.' You find out who he means three sentences later."

It was all very informative, to be sure, but it was not getting to the heart of the matter. I asked Whitey about his reputation as a playboy. He pondered the question without a change of expression, and then he did a curiously touching thing. He turned suddenly to the children and said, "How would you like to play in the cellar?" Whitey herded the kids down a steep flight of stairs and found some toys they had not seen since the summer to keep them quiet. His face still was impassive when he returned.

"I know the talk about me that's going around," he said. "It started when I came up to the big leagues. My dad was a bartender in my old neighborhood in Queens, and after I pitched I'd stop off at the place where he worked to talk over the game with him and the customers. I was a sort of a local celebrity, and dropping in at the bar was good for business. Sure, I had a couple of beers, but you know how people are. They see a ballplayer in a bar, and right away the word gets out that he's a rummy. I hardly ever touch hard stuff. Just beer.

"Look, if I was loaded all the time could I rack up the kind of record I've got? I can't overpower the hitters. I'm strictly a control pitcher. I get murdered when I'm not in good shape. It doesn't happen often."

A sound point. Consistency is the hallmark of an outstanding athlete, and by this austere criterion Ford is likely to be the most effective starting pitcher in the majors on any given day. In his career he has allowed an average of 2.8 earned runs and 7.2 hits per nine-inning game.

"You'd think I hang around saloons lapping up booze all winter, the way the Yankees harp on me being a slow starter in the spring," Whitey went on. He was speaking faster, on a rising note of rancor. "This is the first time since I've been in baseball that I haven't had a regular job during the off season. The last two years I worked for a toy company, checking up on displays in stores. This year we didn't get back from Japan until December, and I didn't think it was right to take a job for two months before I had to leave for training camp.

"The one year I reported in lousy shape always is thrown up at me. All right, I lived it up pretty good two years ago. I admit it. I went overboard after we won the World Series, making up for the fun I missed in 1950 when I was drafted into the Army. But that wasn't the main reason I couldn't get anybody out. I was doing two things wrong on the mound. The teams in the league were 'reading' me. They knew what I was throwing by the way I gripped the ball, on the seams for a curve and across the seams for a fast ball. Al Lopez was the first one who spotted that I was telegraphing my pitches, and word got around the league. And everybody was hitting me like they owned me. When Stengel got wise to what was going on, he told me to hold the ball on the seams for everything I threw.

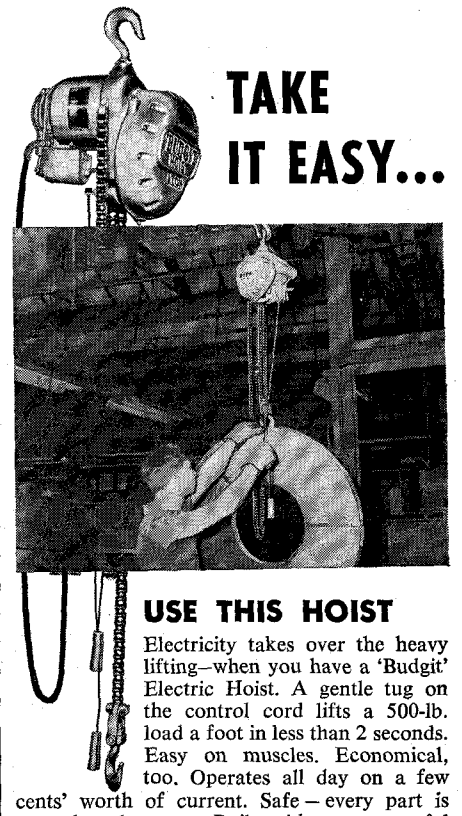
"But something else still was wrong. The Yankees took movies of me pitching in batting practice and compared them with pictures of the '53 World Series. Ed Lopat put his finger on my trouble right away. When I delivered the ball to the plate, I was bringing my right leg down stiff as a poker instead of bending it at the knee. My control was bad because that stiff leg was jarring my body when I released the ball. I don't know how I got into the habit, but as soon as I corrected it I began to win again. That was right after the Red Sox knocked my brains out and everybody said Stengel taught me a lesson. Nuts. I don't need anybody to make me bear down to win."

I asked Whitey how he felt when Stengel made him stay in there and take a mortifying beating. An opaque shade dropped over his eyes. "Stengel runs the ball club. You do what he says."

Ford appears to be as unemotional as a fire hydrant, but flashes of genuine, personal warmth occasionally crack his phlegmatic façade. On the Yankees' return from the Orient last November, they stopped off at Guam to participate in a game for the benefit of crippled native children. Two youngsters—a girl who had been stricken with polio and a boy who had lost a leg in an accident—needed medical attention in Honolulu. The Yankees gave them a lift in their chartered plane. Ford took complete charge of the unaccompanied seven-year-olds on the long overnight flight. He fed them, took them to the bathroom, scrounged souvenirs for them, patiently answered their questions, played games with them; then sat up all night and watched over them while they slept.

At home, few ballplayers are as obliging as Ford in signing autographs, talking to kids and attending promotional clambakes. In Japan one thoughtful gesture by Ford created more good will for the Yankees than all the contrived publicity gimmicks. The Japanese were fascinated by Ford's technique of picking runners off the bases. He doesn't trap more than two or three American Leaguers a year, but he nailed eight Japanese in the equivalent of four games. His deceptive motion aroused so much curiosity that Ford consented to teach it to native players. While the rest of the Yankee entourage was spending the last day in Tokyo sightseeing, Ford was at the ball park for three hours, explaining through an interpreter the fine art of holding runners close to the bases.

The man who sat up all night with two Guamanian children is so alien to the headstrong athlete who thumbs his nose at authority that it is difficult to determine which is the more revealing insight to Ford. The answer to the paradox probably is hidden in the background of an undersized, highly competitive kid who was told he never would amount to much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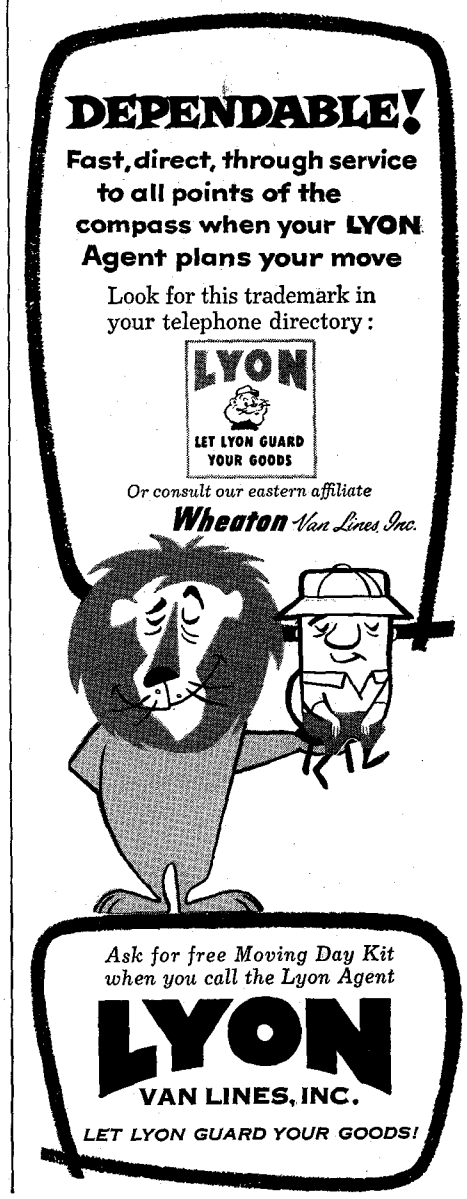
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as a ballplayer. Ford is a self-made pitcher. Now that he's made it big on his own merits, he perversely rejects advice to assert his independence.

Edward Charles Ford, born in a tenement district of midtown New York in 1928, sprouted a chip on his shoulder soon after he began to play sand-lot ball in Astoria, an outlying section where he was raised. His aptitude for the game was unusual from the start, but he discovered it would take more than natural ability to play with the 34th Avenue Boys, the hot-shot team of the neighborhood. He had two strikes against him—his size and his left-handedness.

Had he been a right-hander, there would have been no problem. He could have played shortstop or second base. But the only positions open to a southpaw are pitching, the outfield and first base. Pitching was out; older kids who threw harder got first call. The outfield doesn't offer much action in sand-lot ball. First base was a good spot, but a runt only five feet four inches tall was a poor target for throws. Eddie went out for first base and forced bigger boys off the bag with his hitting and fielding.

Ford maintains he never gave a thought to baseball as a career, but his persistence in exploring every opportunity to prove his ability suggests otherwise. Bryant High School, just down the street from his home, did not have a baseball team, so he spent two hours a day on the subway traveling to the Manhattan High School of Aviation Trades, which did field a team.

"I guess I went to Aviation to stick with Johnny Martin, the catcher on our sand-lot team," Ford admits. "I'm not mechanically inclined at all. Any tool but a hammer licks me. I tagged along after Martin. He was an idol to me because everybody said he would make the big leagues someday." Martin never advanced beyond a Class D league, and now works for the Long Island Railroad.

Mike Chafetz, coach of the Aviation team, vividly remembers Ford, his first baseman in 1944. "I've never seen another boy with his intensity," Chafetz recalls. "We practiced on a public playground under the Queensboro Bridge. It was a long, narrow field laid out so badly that a left-handed batter who met the ball solidly would hit it up on the structure of the bridge or drive it over the short fence to the roof of a garage across the street. I had such a skimpy budget that I had to stop left-handers from taking their turns in batting practice, because they lost so many balls. Ford insisted on hitting, and promised he'd retrieve the balls he knocked out of bounds. Sure enough, he'd disappear for a half hour after taking his cuts and bring back the balls."

In 1945 there was a scarcity of pitchers at Aviation, and Martin suggested that Ford take a shot at the mound. "What a brain storm that was," Ford says now. "I didn't have anything on the ball. I just threw it and ducked line drives. I quit after five games and went back to first base."

Time out. Old records show that Ford won six straight games for Aviation before losing in the finals of the vocational-school championship. "I think I know why Ford told you he was a flop as a pitcher," Chafetz comments. "He's still sore at me because the next year my first-string pitcher was a boy named Vito Valentinetti, now the property of the Cubs. Ford never said much, but he resented playing second fiddle to anyone."

Two months before graduating from high school in 1946, Ford wrote the Yankees asking for a trial as a first baseman, and was invited to work out at the Stadium with forty other amateurs. Paul Krichell, the Yankees' chief scout, glanced at Ford, who was all of five feet six inches tall—he's five ten and a half now—and scanned the field for likelier candidates. After the session, Krichell took Ford on the side for fifteen minutes and showed him how to throw a curve ball.

Why did Krichell pick him out of the crowd for special attention? "I guess he liked the way I handled myself and threw the ball," Ford says. "I had a pretty good arm."

Krichell could take bows as a far-sighted expert by going along with that version, but candor compels him to file a different report. "I gave him a few pointers so he wouldn't feel too bad about being turned down. We do that with all kids who haven't got what it takes. If we can't make ballplayers out of them, we try to send 'em away as Yankees fans. I told Ford pitching was his best bet only because it was a cinch he was too small to get anywhere as a first baseman. Frankly, I never expected to see him again. When I did, I couldn't believe I was looking at the same kid."

The next time was on September 28, 1946, at the Polo Grounds, when the 34th Avenue Boys met the Bay Ridge Cubs for the sand-lot championship of New York. In five months Ford had developed an exceptional curve ball by working doggedly on the basic tips Krichell gave him in one

> It always takes two to make a marriage—a daughter and her mother.
>
> PHILIP BERMAN

brief lesson. Ford had won sixteen straight games, and now, in the finals of the tournament, he was confronted with an extraordinary challenge. Lou DeAngelis, of Bay Ridge, pitched a no-hit, no-run game for ten innings. Ford gave two singles. In the eleventh, Ford led off with a two-base hit and scored on another double by Don Derle. Ford protected the 1–0 lead in the bottom of the eleventh by fanning three hitters, giving him a total of eighteen strike-outs.

Ford raced to the locker room to meet the expected stampede of major-league scouts waving the fat bonus checks they were handing out in those days to all prospects in sight. The gold rush never materialized. The Dodgers and Red Sox phoned him at home with take-it-or-leave-it bids of $3000. The Giants went to $4000, and the Yankees upped the ante another thousand. After a week of half-hearted competition between the two New York teams, Ford signed with the Yankees for $7000—a fraction of the price he could have commanded had he been a strapping six-footer.

"By the middle of the next season I knew I'd pulled a bad boner," says Fresco Thompson, director of the Dodger farm system. "Ford would've been a bargain at a bonus of fifty thousand. Everybody in the business is so hipped on getting big rookies who can throw the ball through a brick wall that we overlook kids with qualifications that are a helluva lot harder to find. Ford had the guts of a burglar and the curve ball of a mature pro who had been pitching for ten years."

Other facets of Ford's precocious maturity presently began to disturb the Yankees. There was no question the kid could pitch. His earned-run average, the most accurate gauge of a pitcher's effectiveness, actually improved as he advanced through the farm system to leagues of higher classification. There were gathering doubts, however, that he had the mental discipline to harness his technical ability.

"We had an awfully tough time convincing Whitey he needed more experience," says Lee MacPhail, Yankee farm director, who was business manager in 1949 at Binghamton, where Whitey is said to have complained openly because the Yankees didn't bring him up. "He was confident he was ready for the majors, and he probably was right. He looked so frail, though, we were afraid it would be like throwing him to the lions if we sent him up."

Ford finally got his chance in 1950. On June thirtieth he was recalled from Kansas City, then in the American Association, and ordered to report immediately to the Yankees in Boston. Ford was put to work the day he joined the team. He relieved Tommy Byrne and absorbed the worst going-over that was to be inflicted on him for nearly four years. He gave seven hits, six walks and five runs in five innings.

The kid's aplomb was unshaken by the rough baptism. "The Red Sox wore their hitting clothes today," he told a reporter airily. "The only difference between this league and minors is that the hitters up here don't swing at as many bad balls. I'm not worried."

For ten weeks Ford's brash pronouncements and after-hours activities aroused more interest than his pitching. He did not complete a game until mid-August, and the six straight victories he was credited with, mainly against second-division teams, were largely overlooked in the excitement of a tight pennant race.

The Yankees and the Tigers had traded the lead five times within a week when Stengel, who is noted for his hunches, played one that smacked of black magic. He nominated Ford for the most crucial assignment of the season—the last meeting with the Tigers, who held first place by a half-game margin. Ford made a 1-0 lead stand up until the Yankees broke loose in the ninth to nail down first place for keeps. The final score was 8–1.

On the train to St. Louis that night, Ford shrugged off compliments on his clutch performance. "I once won a game in Astoria by a score of seventeen to eleven," he said with a dead pan. "That was a big one too."

Sports writers latched onto Ford as a quaint character, and he filled the role up to the hilt. He threw the Yankees into a tizzy in Chicago by neglecting to appear in uniform an hour before he was due to pitch. He was found dawdling over breakfast at the hotel. Blandly explaining that he had misunderstood the starting time of the game, Ford went out to the ball park and throttled the White Sox with three hits.

Dizzy Dean, the old National League star, dropped into the clubhouse for a social visit before Ford faced the light-hitting Phillies in the fourth and last game of the World Series. "Hey, Diz!" Ford yelled. "How come you never won more than thirty games a year in that bush league? I could rack up forty against those bums right now."

It is an established superstition among ballplayers that such popping off is an open invitation to bad luck, but the jinx barely caught Ford at the wire that day. A muffed fly ball with two out in the ninth inning cost him a shutout. Still, he was a winning pitcher in the World Series at twenty-one, a distinction previously held only by Babe Ruth, Lefty Gomez and Paul Dean.

Six weeks later the most sensational rookie pitcher since Bob Feller was initiated into a far less exclusive lodge. Pvt. Edward C. Ford, 51072566, Army of the United States, ceased abruptly to make news for two years, save for three brief items in the papers. One reported his marriage on April 14, 1951, to Joan Foran, a slim, dark girl from Astoria. Another related how the Yankees had him throw out the first ball of the season. The third was a foul ball, batted out by a Broadway columnist, who charged that wires had been pulled to keep Ford at Fort Monmouth, in New Jersey, safe from combat in Korea.

"That was one bum rap that really burned me," Ford says. "I was drafted with ninety guys from Long Island and Westchester, and the bunch of us served our entire hitch at Monmouth in the Signal Corps. The Army gave me one break. They switched me to a desk job as a radar operator after I fell fifteen feet from a telephone pole and damn near broke my neck. Athletes got no special privileges at Monmouth. We had a team, but we played on our own time, at night and on Sundays."

The Yankees hardly recognized Ford when he returned in 1953. He had ballooned to 190 pounds, and he was so subdued that it was assumed military discipline had performed major surgery on his ego. "I was too scared to talk," he confides now. "My second baby was on the way, and I knew I didn't have half my stuff before I went into the service. The trouble was I didn't pitch enough in the Army to get in condition."

Ford solicited advice for the first time in his career. He asked coach Jim Turner to help him develop a change-of-pace pitch; he went to Ed Lopat, a veteran southpaw whose style was quite similar to his, for the "book" on opposing hitters. He had to be restrained from working himself into exhaustion at training camp.

Ford kept his apprehensions a well-guarded secret from the rest of the league by winning his first seven games, including a one-hitter against the Indians. As his confidence returned he began to run with a fast pack of uninhibited youths who had been added to the team in his absence.

Stengel, a nonconformist from away back, winked indulgently at the escapades of the rookies while he was rolling to five pennants in a row, but his attitude changed abruptly when the streak was broken in 1954. The complacent champions didn't buckle down until it was too late to overhaul the Indians. Stengel made Ford something of a whipping boy to bring the team into line. Ford also got a brush-off in the team's publicity.

While fanfares were sounded variously for Bob Turley, Don Larsen, Tommy Byrne and Bob Grim last year, the Yankees seemed studiously to play down references to Ford as the ace of the staff. However, it was to Ford that Stengel turned for the big games that had to be won. Ford did all that was asked of him with cold, professional detachment.

Many observers suspect that his sole interest in the Yankees is the $28,000 they are paying him this year, and the prospect of earning six to ten thousand more in the World Series. Could be—but the Yankees have a better guaranty of receiving full value for their money.

That day at Glen Cove, I asked Ford what he would be doing if he wasn't a ballplayer. "Nothing much," he said. "I suppose I'd be a bartender or an aviation mechanic." He knew the purpose of the question. "I'd be just another working stiff trying to get by on eighty bucks a week." He looked at his new ranch house and the Cadillac parked in the driveway. "A guy has got to be stupid to kick all this away."

Ford may have been irresponsible at times, but he's not stupid. THE END

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This is the Dean Speaking!

(Continued from Page 31)

others. I'm on call twenty-four hours a day against the moment when one of them may need me or one of the services I represent.

The modern student-service staff bears little resemblance to those kindly old codgers and dames, the deans of academic legend. Our offices fill a roomy building, a converted fraternity house. The traditional functions of dean are performed by some fifteen people with whom I work directly, and perhaps two dozen others in services we utilize regularly—medical and psychiatric clinics, loan and scholarship committees, advisory units.

When a student wants counseling, he asks for it, knowing that no authority, family or legal or scholastic, can penetrate its privacy. Such counseling was part of my work during eight years as associate dean. Now, so that troubled students may not be frightened away, it is done by two men and two women counselors entirely separated from the dean's disciplinary work, and bound by professional ethics never to tell. Our staff averages twenty student interviews a day. Eight of them want financial help, five need advice, five are on official business of one of the 150 student organizations, two are disciplinary cases.

Only the obstinate, the unusual, the truly insoluble and the altogether dreadful go directly to the dean—me. A girl in one of the dormitories has suddenly turned maniac or there's an accident out on one of the highways. Our staff investigator is usually first on the scene, and calls me in real emergencies. He checks daily with city and county police, has bailed out students at every hour of every day, and knows a real emergency when he sees one.

One night I was awakened at two A.M. to be told that a student had been found hanged from a tie rack in one of the dormitories, presumably a suicide, though he had not left a note. In cases of suicide—we've had three in ten years—or auto fatalities—four in the past year—it's the dean's job to see that the necessary chores are done, including—hardest of all things—telling the parents.

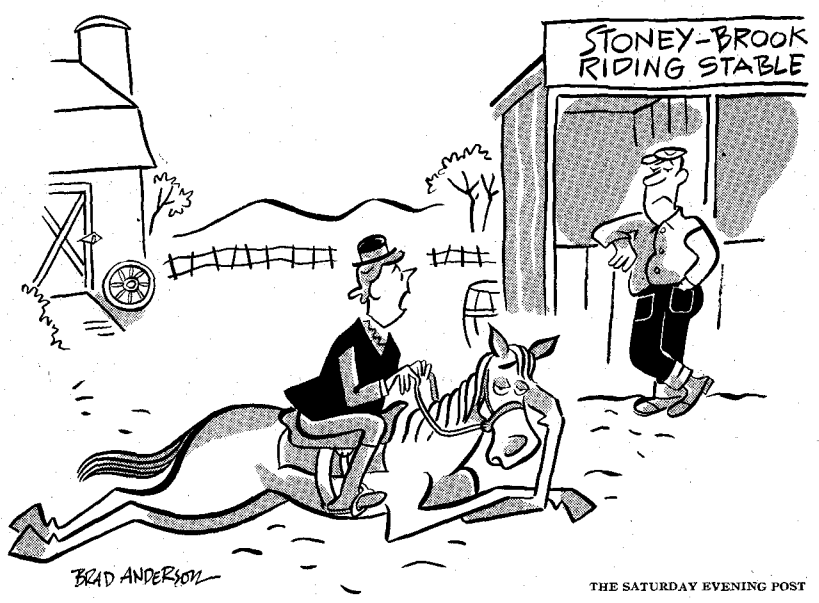
For every irretrievable tragedy there are several close shaves. Recently a coed halfway to class went back to get a notebook and found her roommate asleep. Something made her suspicious; she tried to rouse the unconscious girl, failed, and called help. Next day a note the sleeper had mailed arrived at her home, telling of her deep feeling that she had always been unloved. This, the note said, was her third try—two previous "accidents" had really been suicide attempts. Meanwhile, through her roommate's timely action, several times the lethal dose of a barbiturate had been pumped from her stomach and she had begun to recover. We advised her withdrawal from the university for extensive psychiatric treatment. Persistent suicidal compulsions are among the things the dean and his colleagues can do little about.

The deepest satisfactions, of course, come from the cases we know we've helped. A lad named Harry, as one example, had a most unpromising first semester. An unprepossessing freshman even in September, he deteriorated week by week, both in social adjustment and in physical appearance. The more pressure his fraternity brothers put on him to "shape up," the worse matters became. By November he was unable to hold anything on his stomach and had sunk into sullen withdrawal. Doctors found nothing physically wrong. After he'd flunked most of his mid-terms, the president of his fraternity sent him to me.

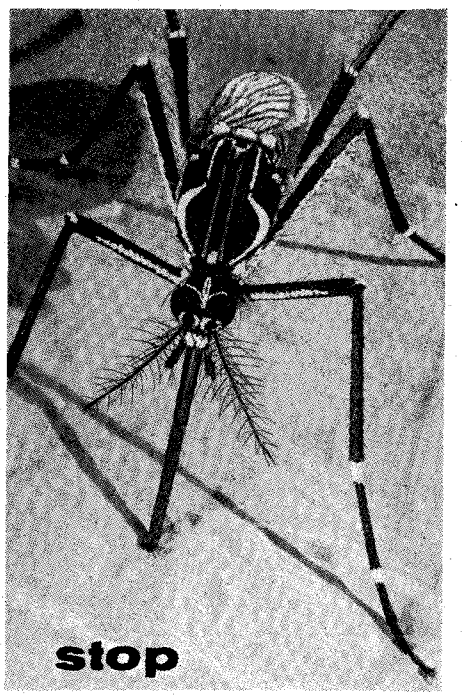
Harry had graduated in the upper third at a big-city high school; his intelligence tests ranked him in the upper intellectual fourth at college. Yet he was flunking! We had him take a battery of aptitude tests and the mystery was soon unraveled. His courses were all in a field—science—for which, the tests had shown, he had neither love nor knack. His parents wanted him to be a doctor. His intense desire to please them, working against a loathing for studies he could not master, created conflicts that literally made him sick.

I suggested he talk the matter over during the year-end holiday, then bring his folks down for a talk. The parents, when at last we met, were most reasonable. They had "thought it would be nice" for Harry to be a doctor, but had no intention of forcing the point. Entered in a program built around his main asset, commercial acumen, he has for three years been glowingly happy as a better-than-B-average student in our School of Business.

Deans' offices everywhere should be staffed to do more work of this kind. One of our most pressing problems is to help



"Do you have one just a little more spirited?"



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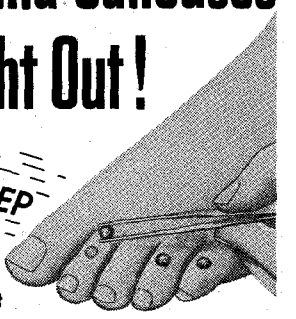

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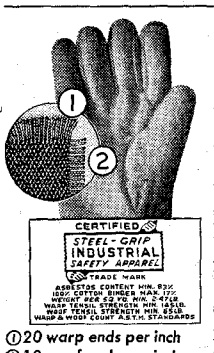

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young people of high ability to live up to that ability. Relatively few break down as Harry did, but all too many are learning to get by with halfhearted efforts at the last minute, rather than producing at a level appropriate to their endowment.

Brains aren't everything, of course, but there's no question that in college a good intellect is an asset. Not all entrants have it. I vividly recall a daughter of one of our state's outstanding families. She had many fine qualities—good looks, charm, energy (tennis champion), and a background of travel and culture. But her reading and spelling were at grade-school level. Her lack was basic and our remedial-reading clinic couldn't help. Her mother was monumentally miffed at her dismissal, and I hope she didn't make her daughter's later life unpleasant. It's grossly unfair to give a young person a feeling that because he doesn't belong on a university campus, he doesn't belong anywhere.

Many of the problems referred to our office are rooted in simple gawkiness in growing up. An ordinarily robust freshman girl began to have palpitations, dizziness, headaches and other alarming symptoms. When taken to the infirmary for observation, her ailments vanished. A counselor was asked to see if the difficulty lay in some secret worry. The trouble, it

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The older a person gets, the wilder the younger generation becomes.

DAN BENNETT

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turned out, was that the girl had picked up the notion that when you got to college you smoked—and smoked. She had never used tobacco before, and her unaccustomed system rebelled when she began to hit three and four packs a day.

Another girl freshman returned from a date glassy-eyed drunk, was reprimanded, repeated the offense and was suspended. Although we do have alcoholics at college age, this girl apparently was not one of them. She merely had the idea that people in college had to drink heavily. She returned after her period of suspension and settled down, so far as we can tell, for a steady development toward true maturity.

I wish I could say the same for her father. Beginning on the day of her suspension, he began a middle-of-the-night, long-distance-telephone hazing that went on for weeks. The opening gambit was, "Listen, squirt, who d'ya think you are?" It was followed by as many minutes of personal abuse as I could find patience for.

Freshman year, usually the young person's first extended period away from home, is a touchy time for both parents and children. Handling his own money, for example, is often the student's first real test of maturity. Some parents deny their children this important experience. Each autumn several are caught flat broke until their board, tuition and pocket-money checks, made out to the university by mistrustful parents, can be processed. At such times the dean's office comes across with a five- or ten-dollar loan.

One of the lads whose parents follow the common practice of providing lump sums for two semesters, fell afoul of the glittering campus toggery shops. He spent everything on a wardrobe and was unable to enroll even for the first semester. I believe his family acted rightly in putting him to the test, and in withdrawing him when he failed it. At some point we have to begin to let our young people be responsible for their own actions. Arrival at college age would seem to be an appropriate time.

The fast-moving events of today's world simply do not permit our society to give its ablest young people four carefree, pleasure-filled years masquerading as "college life." There needs to be less admiration for the superficial and "sophisticated," more appreciation that real thrills can be found in achievement. The greatest satisfactions in my job are dealing with students who have discovered these rewards. Some campus leaders are so busy you have to make an appointment a week or two in advance in order to see them!

At the other extreme, overprotective parents have softened many young people to a really distressing blobbiness of character. One mother, after her son had been disciplined for a fraudulent auto registration, said she didn't feel we should be so rough "with an eighteen-year-old child." We replied that, to us, an eighteen-year-old was no longer a child. Still, with cars often given as high-school-graduation presents—every other upperclassman on our campus has one—students tend to take for granted things their parents worked years to possess. This dangerous approach to college and to life, demanding all ease and no effort, has to be met head-on by our office, and students helped to buckle down to the sweat and strain of making something of themselves.

I've had parents ask, "Good heavens, dean, what do they do up there that makes them come home so done in?" This, approximately, is what they do:

During the first month, so far as studies are concerned, they don't do much of anything, but some are active in other ways. Each fall we send back at least a dozen before the term is three weeks old. This is the time when less mature spirits try the things they can't get away with at home—things like unregulated drinking, gambling, driving recklessly and being noisy at odd hours.

At around the sixth week there's a procession of stunned scholars in the dean's office. The "smoke-ups"—warnings from professors on failing work—have been received at home and at school. For nearly a month the desk lights burn faithfully at night. Usually at about this time a "scholarship" athlete or two flunk out of competitive sport, while sports press and alumni wail. It is well known, I believe, that spectator sports can be fantastically overemphasized, to the detriment of scholarship.

The campus social whirl can also be overdone. During the three weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas vacation, each of the 150 campus societies has at least one party, play, concert, dance or frolic. No social event can be scheduled without the dean's O.K., and arguments arise at the point where he decides to hold the line. Last year battle was joined on the matter of Christmas carols. Several Greek-letter groups, already socially overscheduled, wanted to sally tunefully forth on the few evenings still remaining for study. I refused permission, and was denounced in the student daily as Scrooge Shaffer the humbug dean, enemy of the Christmas spirit.

In the week before Christmas vacation at least 500 students drop in to see about a few extra days of holiday. Somewhere between a third and a half of their pleas are fraudulent, again showing the tendency to rate quick advantage above integrity. We readily grant extra time for emergencies and post-office jobs, and it's cat-and-mouse to separate the truly industrious or distressed from those who'd like a few extra days in Florida. Last December, after hearing a touching story from a

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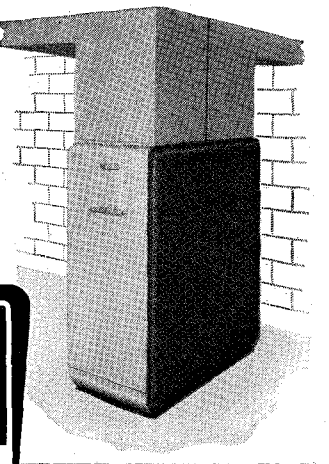

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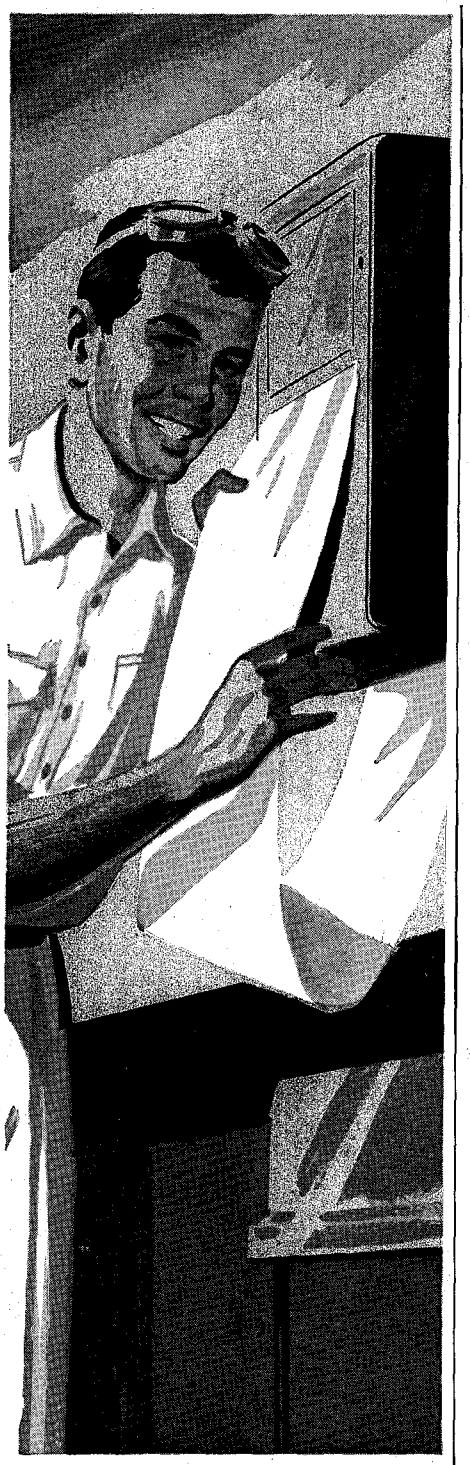

student about his father's sudden heart attack, I phoned his home in a Southern state. The home reported that the father was at his office, the office that he was out playing golf.

Just after the year-end holiday comes the season for nervous breakdowns. Our psychiatric clinic, under the direction of Dr. E. F. Hardtke, is booked to capacity. Many smoldering family and romantic conflicts reach a climax during the long vacation. There was Ed, the married student, whose wife was working as a waitress so he could get his degree. He had to tell her, after all the many months, that the authorities didn't think he was making the grade or would ever make it. Their hopes had been built high, and he was almost suicidally despondent. There was Manny, the sophomore, whose hometown girl had put it to him thus: "I'm sick of waiting. Quit school and get married or I break our engagement." Back on the campus the effort to decide was nearly breaking Manny.

Things rock along on a fairly even keel until March, when one may expect what we deans have come to know as "the spring breakout." Winter is over, spring is nigh; something must be done about it during the first warm days. One year it was goldfish-eating; another, pantie-raiding. Once it was blowing automobile horns most of the night.

It should surprise no one that in the population equivalent of a small city, immoral and sometimes criminal acts occur. Through my wide acquaintance with deans of other schools, I've learned this can be anticipated across the country. We average about twenty bad checks a month—some of them honest instances of poor arithmetic, some motivated by a larcenous intent. I was obliged recently to dismiss a practiced forger, a sophomore. We've had two student burglars this year, one known abortion, some peeping and a number of petty thefts. The usual reasons given for stealing are to finance tastes for cars and gambling. Experience has taught us to expect episodes of drunkenness, sexual misconduct, plagiarism and cheating as part of any month's grist.

The dean is concerned to limit the damage whenever he can. In drinking, for example. Scores of young men and women have stood on the office carpet as a result of having got plastered and made fools of themselves. A high percentage seem actually to learn from the experience. Many vow they "never want anything like that to happen again," and come to understand that alcohol is a potent drug, to be used with caution.

The two greatest dangers of college drinking, it appears to me, are ignorance of the symptoms of early alcoholism and the social example of periodic drunkenness. Members of the popular "Thank-God-it's-Friday Club" count it an obligation to spend part of the weekend in alcoholic befuddlement. At some parties, inebriation is the expected thing. Last autumn when a local fraternity held a picnic at a nearby lake, one member was paid ten dollars to stay sober and taxi home the helpless.

Collegians approve of alcohol, but not of alcoholism, and the boy—usually—or girl who drinks conspicuously has generally been admonished by several relays of classmates before he gets to the dean's office. That alcoholism is a disease, that abstinence is part of all promising treatments, and that lapse of memory is an early symptom are truths which have gained but little circulation. About all we can do in the three or four extreme cases we have each year is impart these facts and send the sufferer home.

The hardest to understand of all the wayward scholars are the academic cheaters. Why would a person undergo great risk to swindle himself out of knowledge he came to college to get? There are reasons, of course, but they are obscure and extremely complex. Several methods of cheating are recognized besides simple cribbing. Hardly a semester passes without a professor's office being burglarized for final-examination questions. We once had a graduate teaching assistant who rented department keys to aspiring blacklegs. Then there are the plagiarists—stupid, usually, and almost always caught. Recently a student copied an out-of-date magazine article and turned it in as a term paper. A classmate liked the idea and handed in the same article for the same course!

Many would like to see the dean take a firmer hand in all phases of student morals. One father even asked me to investigate and report on his daughter's dates. This is precisely the antithesis of my concept of the dean's job, which would be to encourage the daughter in the competent management of her own dates. Some will fail this test; few will escape it.

The standard dilemma of the adolescent is being sexually mature, but not economically so. Society bids him discipline his sexuality until he can assume responsibility for it. Most find the road arduous and a few rebel. Of these, some wind up in trouble, and we deans get the backlash. Late one night I found myself in telephone conversation with an irate local innkeeper: "Taking rooms is one thing, but when they throw a brawl that keeps the whole place awake, it's time to call the cops." And time, I must sadly add, to leave school.

I was recently asked by friends of one dating couple to dissuade them from a planned criminal abortion. These hazardous operations, the campus grapevine has it, have been made easily available by certain truant doctors of a neighboring city. Sometimes the first we know of this kind of difficulty is a girl's quiet withdrawal from the university. The more common solution, often arrived at with the blessings and financial assistance of both sets of parents, is early marriage.

I add hurriedly that only a small percentage of campus marriages are the hasty kind. Due mainly to the examples of older G.I. Bill students, young marriage is much in vogue. Children do arrive, heaven knows, but almost always after a decorous interval. Most of our serious campus courtships terminate quite properly with a bouquet and a parson.

Sometimes I'm asked how a person ever gets to be a dean.

In the single case I know well, it grew out of a suggestion of his own college dean, Louis H. Dirks, of DePauw. A boyhood interest in scouting had grown into a concern about the whole business of helping people find the best aspects of themselves—a field now called "personnel work." After graduating from DePauw in 1936, I worked with the national office, Boy Scouts of America, in New York City while earning my master's and doctor's degrees at Columbia and N.Y.U. The war took two years; then I came to Bloomington as associate professor of business administration and associate dean—later dean—of students. That was in 1946; this is my tenth year of close acquaintance with the preoccupations of college students. There has been time—barely—to be married and to note the arrival of two sons, Jim and Bruce. In common with other men who've caught a bear of a job by the tail, I'm scheming to make their acquaintance while they're still boys.

It seems apparent to me that a great deal more "deaning"—counseling—needs to be done, both in high school and in college, if we are to extract the greatest national gains from our historic expansion in higher education. Guidance at critical times can save stunted careers and shattered lives, preserving our educational investment for its intended purpose. If we are to advance, we must devote a portion of our energies to the 10 per cent that lags. When those in trouble can again shoulder their packs and fall in stride, we can all go forward together.

Yet it's part of keeping perspective, in work like ours, to bear in mind the majority, who are making the grade, and the leaders, who are well ahead. Every now and then we call in a few outstanding students, after a period of heavy counseling, just to refresh our minds on this point. They usually seem a little worried at first.

"What's the trouble, dean?"

"No trouble; just wanted to talk. How's everything going?"

"Why, everything's going along fine, dean."

Everything's going along fine! I'd take that to mean that if we can hold ourselves to our own best aspirations, things will somehow work out. To aid in this noble striving is, as I understand it, the first duty and the final satisfaction in the work of a dean. THE END

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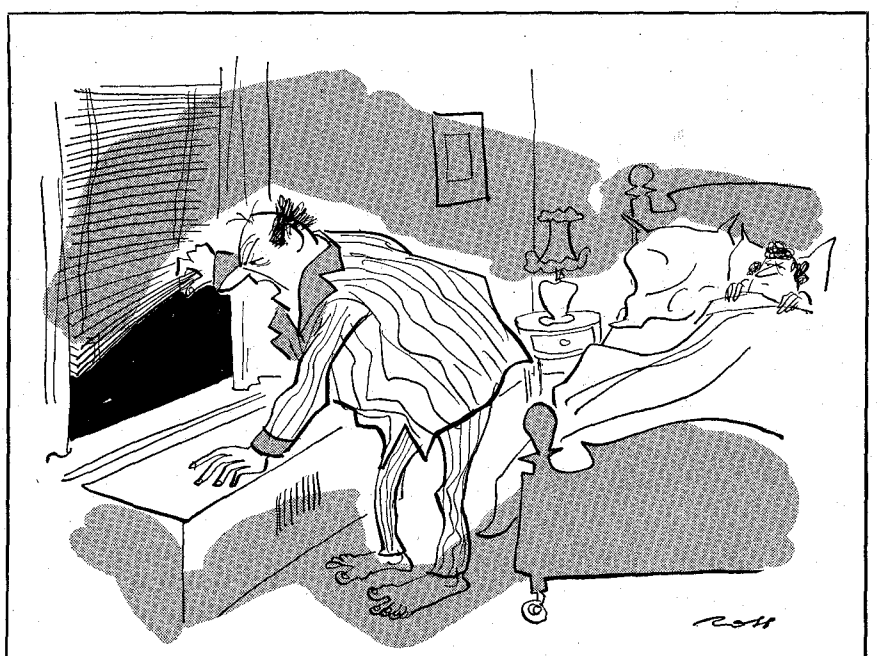

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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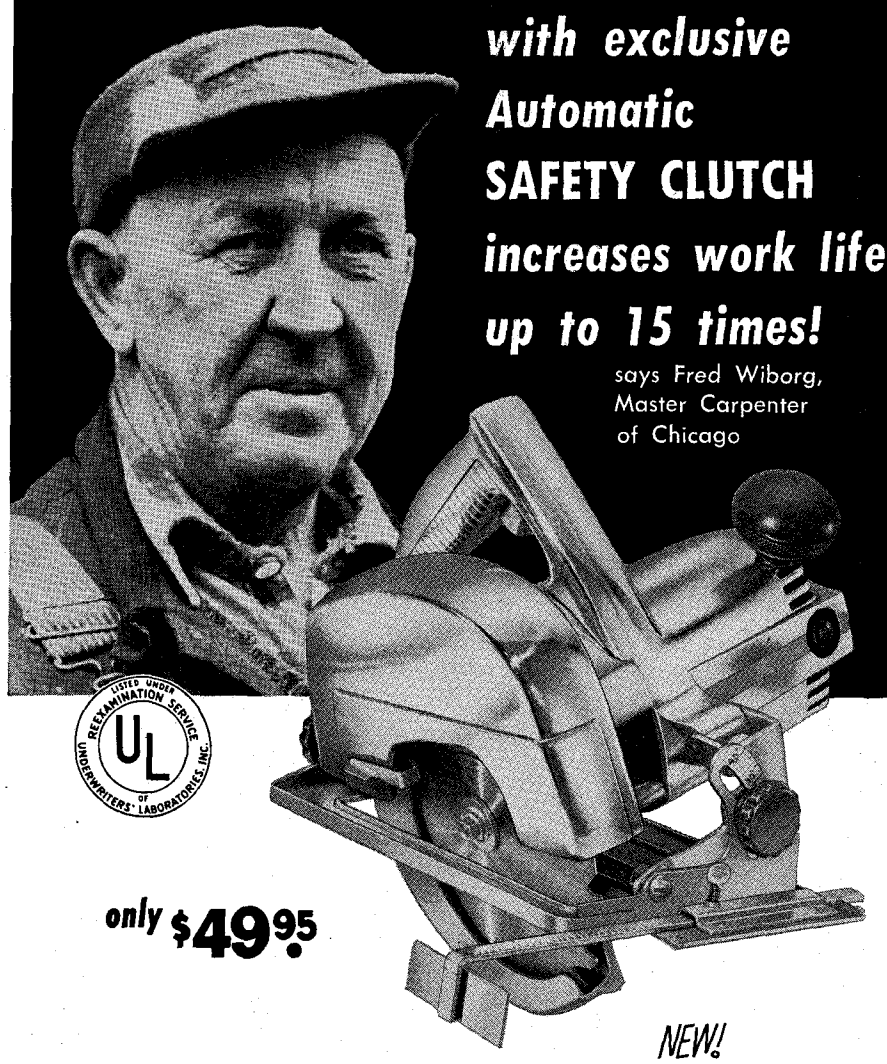

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The New Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from Page 29)

say, so I said apologetically, 'I thought the lighting the photographer used would disguise me.' I thought that worried man would have a stroke when I told him that.

"What had happened was I was behind in my rent at the Hollywood Studio Club, where girls stay who hope to crash the movies. You're only supposed to get one week behind in your rent at the club, but they must have felt sorry for me because they'd given me three warnings. A lot of photographers had asked me to pose in the nude, but I'd always said, 'No.' I was getting five dollars an hour for plain modeling, but the price for nude modeling was fifty an hour. So I called Tom Kelley, a photographer I knew, and said, 'They're kicking me out of here. How soon can we do it?' He said, 'We can do it tomorrow.'

"I didn't even have to get dressed, so it didn't take long. I mean it takes longer to get dressed than it does to get undressed. I'd asked Tom, 'Please don't have anyone else there except your wife, Natalie.' He said, 'O.K.' He only made two poses. There was a shot of me sitting up and a shot of me lying down. I think the one of me lying down is the best.

"I'm saving a copy of that calendar for my grandchildren," Marilyn went on, all bright-eyed. "There's a place in Los Angeles which even reproduces it on bras and panties. But I've only autographed a few copies of it, mostly for sick people. On one I wrote, 'This may not be my best angle,' and on the other I wrote, 'Do you like me better with long hair?'"

I said to Marilyn that Roy Craft, who is one of the publicity men at Fox, had told me that he had worked with her for five years, and that in all that time he'd never heard her tell a lie. "That's a mighty fine record for any community," I said.

"It may be a fine record," she admitted, "but it has also gotten me into trouble. Telling the truth, I mean. Then, when I get into trouble by being too direct and I try to pull back, people think I'm being coy. I'm supposed to have said that I dislike being interviewed by women reporters, but that it's different with gentlemen of the press because we have a mutual appreciation of being male and female. I didn't say I disliked women reporters. As dumb as I am, I wouldn't be that dumb, although that in itself is kind of a mysterious remark because people don't really know how dumb I am. But I really do prefer men reporters. They're more stimulating."

I asked Flack Jones in Hollywood, "When did this business of her making those wonderful Monroe cracks start?"

"You mean when somebody asked her what she wears in bed and she said, 'Chanel Number Five'?" Jones asked. "You will find some who will tell you that her humor content seemed to pick up the moment she signed a contract with the studio, and that anybody in the department who had a smart crack lying around handy gave it to her. Actually, there were those who thought that more than the department was behind it. 'Once you launch such a campaign,' they said, 'it stays launched. It's like anyone who has a smart crack to unleash attributing it to a Georgie Jessel or to a Dorothy Parker or whoever is currently smart and funny.' There was even a theory that the public contributed some of Marilyn's cracks by writing or calling a columnist like Sidney Skolsky or Herb Stein, and giving him a gag, and he'd attribute it to Marilyn, and so on around town. But the majority of the thinking was that our publicity department gave her her best cracks."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like for instance. I'll have to lead up to it; as you know, in this business you can be destroyed by one bad story—although that's not as true as it used to be—and when the story broke that Marilyn had posed in the nude for a calendar and the studio decided that the best thing to do was to announce the facts immediately instead of trying to pretend they didn't exist, we said that Marilyn was broke at the time and that she'd posed to pay her room rent, which was true. Then, to give it the light touch, when she was asked, 'Didn't you have anything on at all when you were posing for that picture?' we were supposed to have told her to say, 'I had the radio on.'"

Flack Jones paused for a long moment. "I'm sorry to disagree with the majority," he said firmly, "but she makes up those cracks herself. Certainly that 'Chanel Number Five' was her own."

When I told Marilyn about this, she smiled happily. "He's right. It was my own," she said. "The other one—the calendar crack—I made when I was up in Canada. A woman came up to me and asked, 'You mean to say you didn't have anything on when you had that calendar picture taken?' I drew myself up and told her, 'I did, too, have something on. I had the radio on.'"

"Give her a minute to think and Marilyn is the greatest little old ad-lib artist you ever saw," Flack Jones had insisted. "She blows it in sweet and it comes out that way. One news magazine carried a whole column of her quotes I'd collected, and every one of them was her own. There've been times when I could have made face in this industry by claiming that I put some of those cracks into her mouth, but I didn't do it. This girl makes her own quotables. She'll duck a guy who wants to interview her as long as she can, but when she finally gets around to it, she concentrates on trying to give him what he wants—something intriguing, amusing and off-beat. She's very bright at it.

"A writer was commissioned to write a story for her for a magazine," Jones said. "The subject was to be what Marilyn eats and how she dresses. As I recall it, the title was to be How I Keep My Figure, or maybe it was How I Keep in Shape. The writer talked to Marilyn; then ghosted the article. He wrote it very much the way she'd told it to him, but he had to pad it out a little because he hadn't had too much time with her. As a result, in one section of his article he had her saying that she didn't like to get out in the sun and pick up a heavy tan because a heavy tan loused up her wardrobe by confusing the colors of her dresses and switching around what they did for her.

"The article read good to me, and I took it over to Marilyn for her corrections and approval. Most of the stuff was the routine thing about diet, but when she came to the part about 'I don't like suntan because it confuses the coloring of my wardrobe,' she scratched it out. I asked her, 'What's the matter?'

"'That's ridiculous,' she said. 'Having a suntan doesn't have anything to do with my wardrobe.' I said, 'You've got to say something, Marilyn. After all, the guy's article is pretty short as it is.' She thought for a minute; then wrote, 'I do not suntan because I like to feel blonde all over.' I saw her write that with her own hot little pencil.

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"The magazine which printed that story thought her addition so great that they picked it out and made it a subtitle. She'd managed to transpose an ordinary paragraph about wardrobe colors into a highly exciting, beautiful, sexy mental image. Some guys have said to me, 'Why, that dumb little broad couldn't have thought that up. You thought it up, Jones.' I wish I could say, 'Yeah, I did,' but I didn't. Feeling blonde all over is a state of mind," he said musingly. "I should think it would be a wonderful state of mind if you're a girl.

"One reason why she's such a good interview," Flack Jones went on, "is that she uses her head during such sessions. She tries to say something that's amusing and quotable, and she usually does. When I worked with Marilyn I made it a practice to introduce her to a writer and go away and leave her alone, on the grounds that a couple of grown people don't need a press agent tugging at their sleeves while they get acquainted. So if

Jim Dougherty (above), a policeman, was Marilyn Monroe's first husband. She married him in 1942, when she was 16.

her interviews have been any good, it's her doing."

"One day she gave a tape interview and it was all strictly ad-lib," he said. "I know, because I had a hard time setting it up. It was for a man who was doing one of those fifteen-minute radio interviews here in Hollywood, to be broadcast afterward across the country. We had a frantic time trying to get him the time with her, but finally he got his recorder plugged in, and the first question he pitched her was a curve. He wanted to know what she thought of the Stanislavsky school of dramatic art or whatever. Believe it or not, old Marilyn unloaded on him with a twelve-minute dissertation on Stanislavsky that rocked him back on his heels."

"Does she believe in the Stanislavsky method?" I asked.

"She agreed with Stanislavsky on certain points," Jones said. "And she disagreed on others, and she explained why. It was one of the most enlightening discussions on the subject I've ever heard. It came over the radio a couple of nights later, and everybody who listened said, 'Oh, yeah? Some press agent wrote that interview for her.' My answer to that was, 'What press agent knows that much about Stanislavsky?' I don't."

In the course of my research, before interviewing Marilyn, I'd discovered that Billy Wilder agreed with Jones. "I think that she thinks up those funny things for herself," he said. Wilder's Austrian background gives his phrases an off-beat rhythm, but because of its very differentness, his way of talking picks up flavor and extra meaning.

"I think also that she says those funny things without realizing that they're so funny," Wilder said. "One very funny thing she said involves the fact that she has great difficulties in remembering her lines. Tremendous difficulties. I've heard of one director who wrote her lines on a blackboard and kept that blackboard just out of camera range. The odd thing is that if she has a long scene for which she has to remember a lot of words, she's fine once she gets past the second word. If she gets over that one little hump, there's no trouble. Then, too, if you start a scene and say, 'Action!' and hers is the first line, it takes her ten or fifteen seconds to gather herself. Nothing happens during those fifteen seconds. It seems a very long time."

"How about an example of when she bogged down on a second word," I asked.

"For instance, if she had to say, 'Good morning, Mr. Sherman,'" Wilder told me, "she couldn't get out the word 'morning.' She'd say, 'Good . . .' and stick. Once she got 'morning' out, she'd be good for two pages of dialogue. It's just that sometimes she trips over mental stumbling blocks at the beginning of a scene.

"Another director should be telling you this story, not me," Wilder said. "This other director was directing her in a scene in a movie, and she couldn't get the lines out. It was just muff, muff, muff, and take, take, take. Finally, after Take Thirty-two, he took her to one side, patted her on the head, and said, 'Don't worry, Marilyn, honey. It'll be all right.' She looked up into his face with those big wide eyes of hers and asked, 'Worry about what?' She seemed to have no idea that thirty-two takes is a lot of takes."

When I sat down to talk to Marilyn, I said, "I've tried to trace those famous remarks attributed to you and find out who originated them."

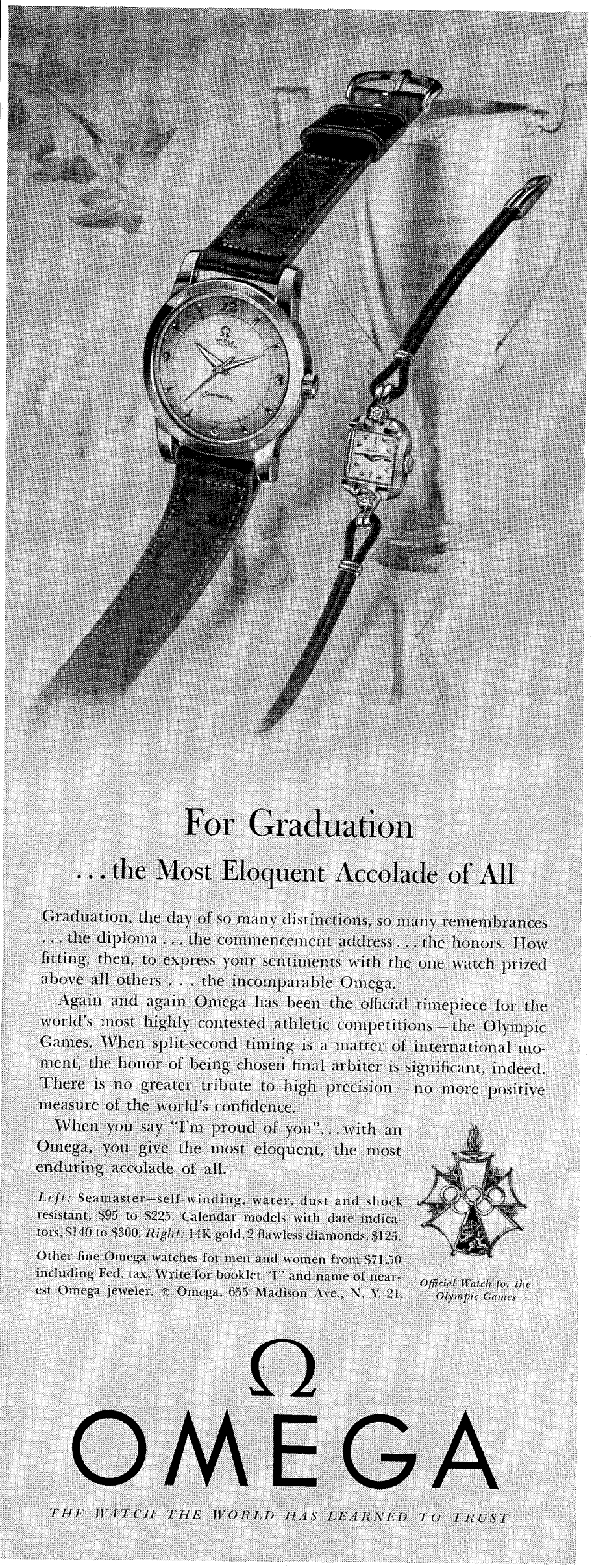
"They are mine," Marilyn told me. "Take that Chanel Number Five one. Somebody was always asking me, 'What do you sleep in, Marilyn? Do you sleep in P.J.'s? Do you sleep in a nightie? Do you sleep raw, Marilyn?' It's one of those questions which make you wonder how to answer them. Then I remembered that the truth is the easiest way out, so I said, 'I sleep in Chanel Number Five,' because I do. Or you take the columnist, Earl Wilson, when he asked me if I have a bedroom voice. I said, 'I don't talk in the bedroom, Earl.' Then, thinking back over that remark, I thought maybe I ought to say something else to clarify it, so I added, 'because I live alone.'"

The phone rang in her apartment, and she took a call from one of the handpicked few to whom she'd given her privately listed number. While she talked I thought back upon a thing Flack Jones had said to me thoughtfully, "I'm no psychiatrist or psychologist, but I think that Marilyn has a tremendous inferiority complex. I think she's scared to death all the time. I know she needs and requires attention and that she needs and requires somebody to tell her she's doing well. And she's extremely grateful for a pat on the back."

"Name me a patter," I said.

"For example," he said, "when we put her under contract for the second time, her best friend and encourager was the agent, Johnny Hyde, who was then with the William Morris Agency, although he subsequently died of a heart attack. Johnny was a little guy, but he was Marilyn's good friend, and, in spite of his lack of size, I think that she had a father fixation on him.

"I don't want to get involved in the psychology of all this," Flack Jones continued, "because it was a very complicated problem, of which I have only a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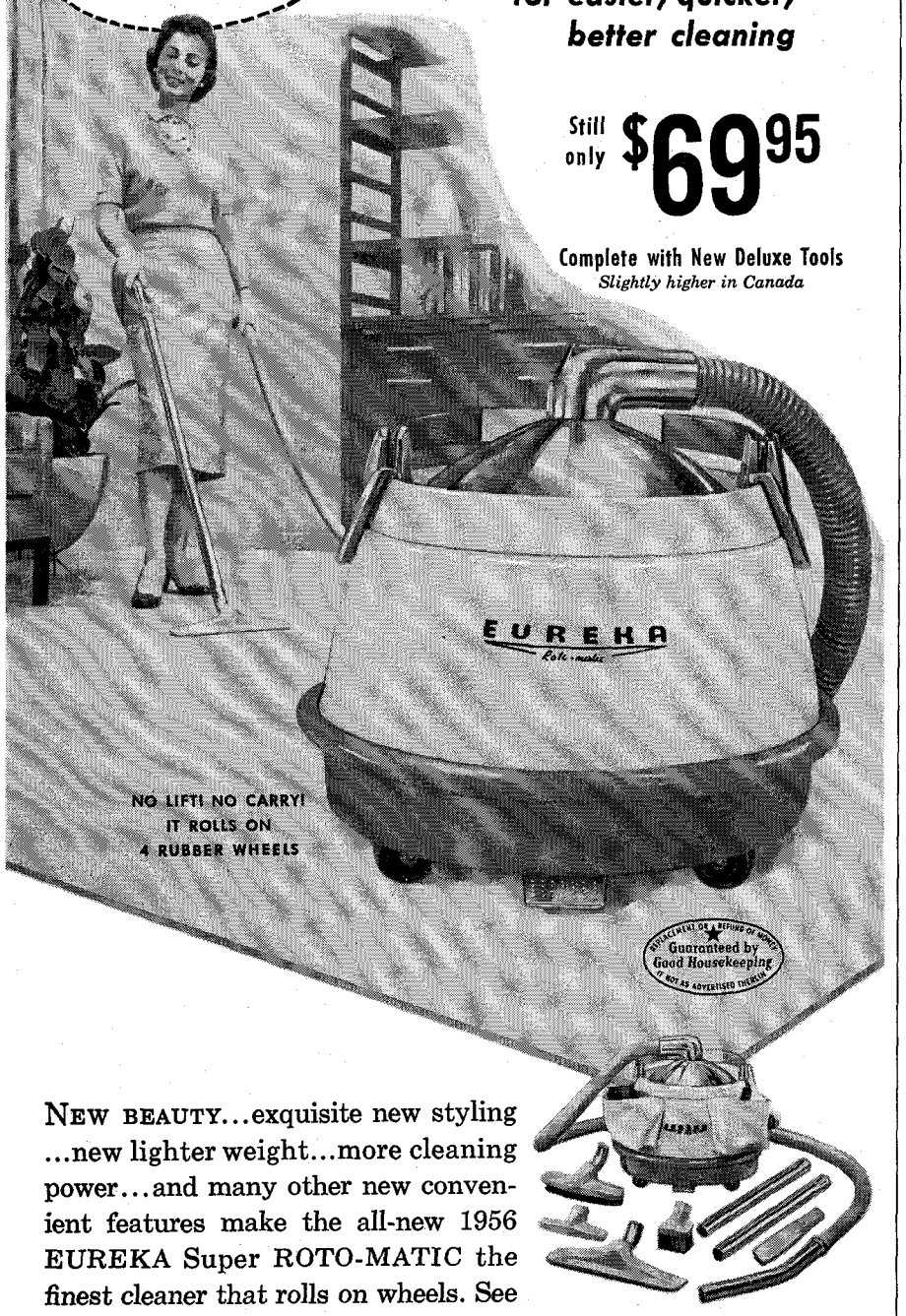

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layman's view, but I honestly think that Marilyn's the most complicated woman I've ever known. Her complexes are so complex that she has complexes about complexes. That, I think, is one reason why she's always leaning on weird little people who attach themselves to her like remoras, and why she lets herself be guided by them. A remora is a sucker fish which attaches itself to a bigger fish and eats the dribblings which fall from the bigger fish's mouth. After she became prominent, a lot of these little people latched onto Marilyn. They told her that Hollywood was a great, greedy ogre who was exploiting her and holding back her artistic progress."

I said that the way I'd heard it, those hangers-on seemed to come and go, and that her trail was strewn with those from whom she had detached herself. I'd been told that the routine was for her to go down one day to the corner for the mail or a bottle of milk and not come back; not even wave good-by.

"But she has complete confidence in these little odd balls, both men and women, who latch onto her, while they're latched," Jones said. "I'm sure their basic appeal to her has always been in telling her that somebody is taking advantage of her, and in some cases they've been right. This has nothing to do with your story, but it does have something to do with my observation that she's frightened and insecure, and she'll listen to anybody who can get her ear."

"Johnny Hyde was no remora," I said.

"Johnny was a switch on the usual pattern," Jones agreed. "He was devoted to her. He could and did do things for her. I happened to know that Johnny wanted to marry her and Marilyn wouldn't do it. She told me, 'I like him very much, but I don't love him enough to marry him.' A lot of girls would have married him, for Johnny was not only attractive, he was wealthy, and when he died Marilyn would have inherited scads of money, but while you may not believe it, she's never cared about money as money. It's only a symbol to her."

"A symbol of what?" I asked.

"It's my guess that to her it's a symbol of success. By the same token I think that people have talked so much to her about not getting what she ought to get that a lack of large quantities of it has also become a symbol of oppression in her mind. If I sound contradictory, that's the way it is."

When Marilyn had completed her phone call, I put it up to her, "I guess you've heard it argued back and forth as to whether you are a complicated person or a very simple person, even a naïve person," I said. "Which do you think is right?"

"I think I'm a mixture of simplicity and complexes," she told me. "But I'm beginning to understand myself now. I can face myself more, you might say. I've spent most of my life running away from myself."

It didn't sound very clear to me, but I pursued the subject further. "For example," I asked, "do you have an inferiority complex? Are you beset by fears? Do you need someone to tell you that you're doing well all the time?"

"I don't feel as hopeless as I did," she said. "I don't know why it is. I've read a little of Freud and it might have to do with what he said. I think he was on the right track." I gave up. I never found out what portions of Freud she referred to or what "right track" he was on.

"What happened in 1952, when the studio sent you to Atlantic City to be grand marshal of the annual beauty pageant?" I asked Marilyn instead. "Did you mind going?"

She smiled. "It was all right with me," she said. "At the time I wanted to come to New York anyhow. There was somebody I wanted to see here. This was why it was hard for me to be on time leaving New York for Atlantic City for that date. I missed the train and the studio chartered a plane for me, but it didn't set the studio back as much as they let on. They could afford it."

Flack Jones had told me that story too. "They'd arranged a big reception for Marilyn at Atlantic City," he said. "There was a band to meet her at the train, and the mayor was to be on hand. Marilyn and the flacks who were running interference for her were to arrive on a Pennsylvania Railroad train at a certain hour, but, as usual, Marilyn was late, and when they got to the Pennsylvania Station the train had pulled out. So there they were, in New York, with a band and the mayor waiting in Atlantic City. Charlie Einfeld, a Fox vice-president—and Charlie can operate mighty fast when he has to—got on the phone and chartered an air liner—the only one available for charter was a forty-six-seat job; it was an Eastern Air Lines plane as I recall it—and they all went screaming across town in a limousine headed for Idlewild.

"The studio's magazine man in New York, Marilyn and a flack from out here on the Coast boarded the plane and took off for Atlantic City," Flack Jones said. "Bob and the Coast flack were so embarrassed at missing the train, and the plane was such a costly substitute that they were sweating like pigs. On this big air liner there was a steward aboard—they'd shanghaied a steward in a hurry from some place to serve coffee—but all of this didn't bother Marilyn at all. She tucked herself into a seat back in the tail section, hummed softly; then fell fast asleep and slept all the way. The other two sat up front with the steward, drinking quarts of coffee because that was what he was being paid to serve. They drank an awful lot of coffee."

Flack Jones said that Marilyn and her outriders were met at the Atlantic City airport by a sheriff's car and that they were only three minutes late for the reception for Marilyn on the boardwalk. There she was given an enormous bouquet of flowers, and she perched on the folded-down top of a convertible, to roll down the boardwalk with a press of people following her car.

"She sat up there like Lindbergh riding down Broadway on his return from Paris," Flack Jones said. "The people and the cops and the beauty-carnival press agents followed behind like slaves tied to her chariot wheels. That is, she managed to move a little every once in a while when the crowd could be persuaded to back away. Then Marilyn would pitch a rose at the crowd and it would set them off again, and there'd be another riot. This sort of thing went on—with variations—for several days. It was frantic.

"But," Flack Jones explained, "there was one publicity thing which broke which wasn't intended to break. It was typical of the way things happen to Marilyn without anybody devising them. When each potential Miss America from a different part of the country lined up to register, a photograph of Marilyn greeting her was taken. Those pictures were serviced back to the local papers and eventually a shot of Miss Colorado with Marilyn wound up in a Denver paper; and a shot of Miss California and Marilyn in the Los Angeles and San Francisco papers, and so forth."

For a moment Flack Jones collected his thoughts in orderly array; then went on, "Pretty soon in came an Army public-information officer with four young ladies

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from the Pentagon. There was a WAF and a WAC and a lady Marine and a WAVE. The thought was that it would be nice to get a shot of Marilyn with 'the four real Miss Americas' who were serving their country, so they were lined up. It was to be just another of the routine, catalogue shots we'd taken all day long, but Marilyn was wearing a low-cut dress which showed quite a bit of cleavage—quite a bit of cleavage. That would have been all right, since the dress was designed for eye level, but one of the photographers climbed up on a chair to shoot the picture."

The way Marilyn described this scene to me was this: "I had met the girls from each state and had shaken hands with them," she said. "Then this Army man got the idea of aiming his camera down my neck while I posed with the service girls. It wasn't my idea for the photographer to get up on a chair."

"Nobody thought anything of it at the time," Jones had told me, "and those around Marilyn went on with the business of their workaday world. In due course the United Press—among others—serviced that shot. Actually it was a pretty dull picture because, to the casual glance, it just showed five gals lined up looking at the camera."

Jones said that when the shot of the four service women and Marilyn went out across the country by wirephoto, editors took one look at it and dropped it into the nearest wastebasket because they had had much better art from Atlantic City.

"That night the Army PIO officer drifted back to the improvised press headquarters set up for the Miss America contest," Flack Jones said. "He took one look and sent out a wire ordering that the picture be stopped."

"On what grounds?" I asked.

"On grounds that that photograph showed too much meat and potatoes, and before he'd left the Pentagon he'd been told not to have any cheesecake shots taken in connection with the girls in his charge. Obviously what was meant by those instructions was that he shouldn't have those service girls sitting on the boardwalk railings showing their legs or assuming other undignified poses. There was nothing in that PIO officer's instructions which gave him the right to censor Marilyn's garb, but he ordered that picture killed anyhow."

According to Jones, every editor who had junked that picture immediately reached down into his wastebasket, drew it out and gave it a big play. "In Los Angeles it ran seven columns," he said, "and it got a featured position in the Herald Express and the New York Daily News. All the way across country it became a celebrated picture, and all because the Army had 'killed' it."

He was silent for a moment; then he said, "Those who were with her told me afterward that it had been a murderous day, as any day is when you're with Marilyn on a junket," he went on. "The demands on her and on those with her are simply unbelievable. But finally she hit the sack about midnight because she had to get up the next day for other activities. The rest of her crowd had turned in too, when they got a call from the U.P. in New York, asking them for a statement from Marilyn about 'that picture.'"

"'What picture?' our publicist-guardian asked, and it was then that they got the story. They hated to do it, but they rousted Marilyn out of bed. She thought it over for a while; then issued a statement apologizing for any possible reflection on the service girls, and making it plain that she hadn't meant it that way. She ended with a genuine Monroeism. 'I wasn't aware of any objectionable *décolletage* on my part. I'd noticed people looking at me all day, but I thought they were looking at my grand marshal's badge.' This was widely quoted, and it had the effect of giving the whole thing a lighter touch. The point is this: a lot of things happen when Marilyn is around." He shook his head. "Yes, sir," he said. "A lot of things.

"Another example of the impact she packs: when she went back to New York on the Seven Year Itch location," Jones went on. "All of a sudden New York was a whistle stop, with the folks all down to see the daily train come in. When Marilyn reached LaGuardia, everything stopped out there. One columnist said that the Russians could have buzzed the field at five hundred feet and nobody would have looked up. There has seldom been such a heavy concentration of newsreel cameramen anywhere. From then on in, during the ten days of her stay, one excitement followed another. She was on the front page of the Herald Tribune, with art, five days running, which I'm told set some sort of a local record.

"In the case of The Itch, there was a contractual restriction situation," Flack Jones said. "The studio's contract called for the picture's release to be held up until after the (*Continued on Page 113*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 111*) Broadway run of the play. When Marilyn went back to New York for the location shots for Itch, the play version was still doing a fair business, but it was approaching the end of its long run. If you bought a seat, the house was only half full. Then Marilyn arrived in New York and shot off publicity sparks and suddenly The Itch had S.R.O. signs out again. The result was that it seemed it was never going to stop its stage run; so, after finishing the picture, Fox had to pay out an additional hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to the owners of the stage property for the privilege of releasing their movie.

"Things reached a new high—and no joke intended," Flack Jones went on, "when Billy Wilder shot the scene where her skirts were swept up around her shoulders by a draft from a subway ventilator grating. That really set the publicity afire again, and shortly after that The Itch location company blew town while they were ahead. The unit production manager had picked the Trans-Lux Theater on Lexington Avenue for the skirt-blowing scene. He'd been down there at two o'clock in the morning to case the spot; he'd reported happily, 'The street was fully deserted,' and he'd made a deal with the Trans-Lux people for getting the scene shot there because there was nobody on the street at that hour.

"It seemed certain that Billy Wilder would have all the room in the world to work, and he had left word that nobody was to know what location he'd selected, because he didn't want crowds. But word leaked out. It was on radio and TV and in the papers, so instead of secrecy you might almost say that the public was being urged to be at Lexington Avenue on a given night to watch Marilyn's skirts blow. Instead of having a nice, quiet side street in which to work, Wilder had all the people you can pack on a street. Finally the cops roped off the sidewalk on the opposite side to restrain the public, and they erected a barricade close to the movie camera. But that wasn't good enough, and they had to call out a whole bunch of special cops."

Flack Jones said that when Wilder was ready to shoot, there were 200 or 300 photographers, professional and amateur, swarming over the place. Then Marilyn made her entrance from inside the theater out onto the sidewalk, and when she appeared the hordes really got out of control and there was chaos. Finally Wilder announced that he'd enter into a gentleman's agreement. If the press would retire behind the barricades, and if the real working photographers would help control the amateurs, he would shoot the scene of Marilyn and Tom Ewell standing over the subway grating; then he'd move the movie camera back and the amateur shutter hounds could pop away at Marilyn until they were satisfied.

"So the New York press took care of the amateurs and made them quit popping their flashbulbs," Flack Jones said. "Wilder got the scene and the volunteer snapshooters got their pictures. Everybody was there. Winchell came over with DiMaggio, who showed a proper husbandly disapproval of the proceedings. I myself couldn't see why Joe had any right to disapprove. After all, when he married the girl her figure was already highly publicized, and it seemed odd if he had suddenly decided that she should be seen only in Mother Hubbards."

I asked Marilyn herself if she thought that Joe had disapproved of her skirts blowing around her shoulders in that scene. I said I had heard his reaction described in two ways: that he had been furious and that he had taken it calmly.

"One of those two is correct," Marilyn said. "Maybe you can figure it out for yourself if you'll give it a little thought."

Something told me that, in her opinion, Joe had been very annoyed indeed. And while we were on the subject of Joe, it seemed a good time to find out about how things had been between them when they had been married, and the unbelievable scene which accompanied the breaking up of that marriage. "Not in his wildest dreams could a press agent imagine a series of events like that," Flack Jones had told me.

When I brought the subject up, Marilyn said, "For a man and a wife to live intimately together is not an easy thing at best. If it's not just exactly right in every way it's practically impossible, but I'm still optimistic." She sat there being optimistic. Then she said, with feeling, "However, I think TV sets should be taken out of the bedroom."

"Did you and Joe have one in your bedroom?" I asked.

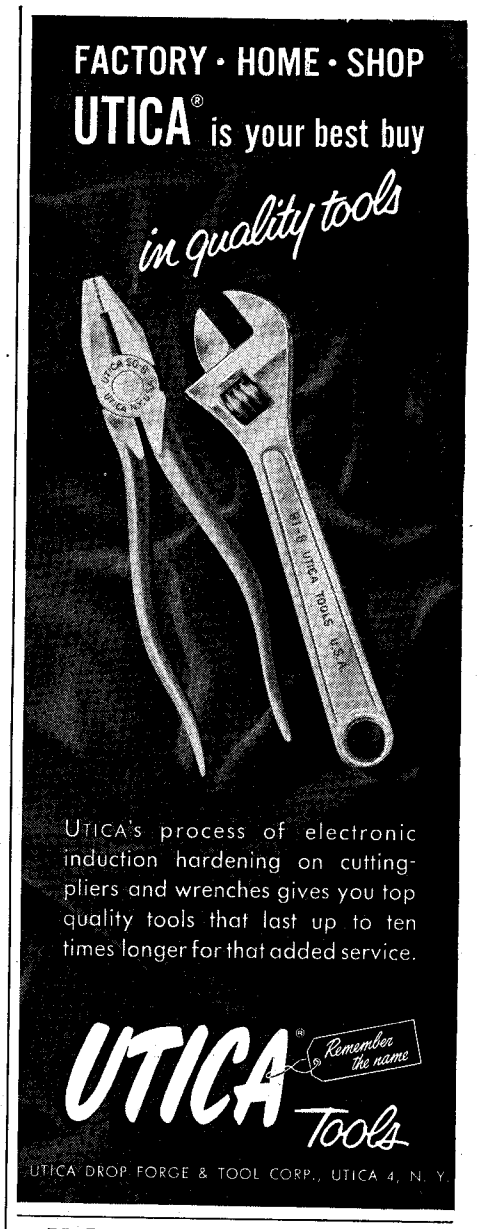
"No comment," she said emphatically. "But everything I say to you I speak from experience. You can make what you want of that."

She was quiet for a moment; then she said, "When I showed up in divorce court to get my divorce from Joe, there were mobs of people there asking me bunches of questions. And they asked, 'Are you and Joe still friends?' and I said, 'Yes, but I still don't know anything about baseball.' And they all laughed. I don't see what was so funny. I'd heard that he was a fine baseball player, but I'd never seen him play."

"As I said, the final scenes of All-American Boy loses Snow White were unbelievable," Flack Jones told me. "Joe and Marilyn rented a house on Palm Drive, in Beverly Hills, and we had a unique situation there with the embattled ex-lovebirds both cooped in the same cage. Marilyn was living on the second floor and Joe was camping on the first floor. When Joe walked out of that first floor, it was like the heart-tearing business of a pitcher taking the long walk from the mound to the dugout after being jerked from the game in a World Series."

This is the second of three articles. The concluding article will appear next week.

An Army recruiting officer tried to "kill" this shot of Marilyn posing with four servicewomen. Naturally, the picture was then widely reprinted.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Big, Busy Mountain (Continued from Page 24)

What they found there made their eyes bug out. Whitney's summit was flat and almost as large as Yankee Stadium. Sprawled among the granite slabs—some gasping for oxygen in the rarefied atmosphere, some listlessly eating lunches—were scores of hikers, horsemen and rock climbers. When the five San Franciscans revived enough to want to sign their names in the United States National Park Service register, they had to wait in line.

"I've seen smaller crowds in Grand Central," Leigh said.

Mt. Whitney is not only our loftiest mountain but, because of its accessibility, it is by all odds the busiest. Mt. Rainier, in Washington, is a snow cone that requires crampons and ice axes. Mt. Williamson, in California, a neighbor of Whitney, is not blessed with a trail. Mt. Elbert, Mt. Massive, Mt. Harvard and other 14,000-footers in the Colorado Rockies don't get much attention because, as one mountaineer put it, "Why take second, fifth or sixth highest when old Number One is there to be climbed?" Pikes Peak, sometimes erroneously assumed to be our tallest, is lower than at least twenty-one others.

Mt. Whitney is also our most-photographed mountain. You've probably seen it many times on motion-picture and TV screens. Since the early 1920's its rugged face has appeared in more than 1000 movies, usually as a snowy backdrop for horse operas filmed in the Alabama Hills of the Owens Valley. It has also served as a substitute for the Himalayas in such pictures as Gunga Din and King of the Khyber Rifles.

Mt. Whitney's popularity has grown in recent years for three reasons: It is located within a day's drive of Los Angeles, San Francisco and other California cities; a paved road carries motorists to the 8300-foot level; and the thirteen-mile foot and horse trail makes it a "walkup" instead of an expedition.

While many blithely start up Whitney, it is a rugged climb, and not everyone is able to boast, "I made it!" Last year, according to Ranger Roy W. Saarni, of the United States Forest Service, some 6010 persons scribbled their names in the register at Whitney Portal and tackled the trail. An estimated 5000 toiled as far as Mirror Lake, and 2100—from forty-two states and eighteen foreign countries—puffed to the summit.

Whitney's climbing season opens in June, when the snow melts off the trail, and closes down in October, when drifts pile up again. The biggest weekends, of course, are holidays. Last year 270 persons reached the top over the Fourth of July, and 350, including the writers of this article and photographer Bob Spring, made it over Labor Day. We went up for a look-see at our highest mountain—and the people who struggle up it.

The oddest character on the trail that weekend was Walter Pagels, a skinny, frizzy-haired electronics engineer from San Diego, who trudged all the way up and down again barefooted!

"Why?" we asked him.

"To win a ten-dollar bet," he grimaced as he examined a painful bruise. "Go barefooted around home all the time, and my feet are tough. Figured I could climb Whitney without shoes—and I did!"

After twenty-six miles, the bottoms of Pagels' leathery feet were in fair condition, but his toes were swollen and bloody from continuous stubbing on jagged rocks. He couldn't begin to pull on his *Size 9½-F* shoes.

Pagels' barefooted frolic had already been topped. Several years ago a band of nudists set out for Whitney's summit during a quiet midweek period. The grizzled guide who mule-packed their equipment as far as Outpost Camp in Ibex Meadow sternly forbade them to shed their clothes until after this point.

"My wife's cookin' fer an outfit up there," he said. "When ye get out of her sight, ye kin go nekkid as the jay birds."

They did.

At the opposite sartorial extreme, we spotted a gentleman hiker outfitted in a snazzy gray fedora, bow tie and fashionable business suit—carrying blankets and food in a suitcase. Also, a stalwart female wearing shorts and a halter headed for the top with a pennant bearing the simple message DISNEYLAND.

Even when compelled to use their feet, some persons can't forget wheels. In 1940 a group of college students, taking turns, pushed a bicycle to the top of Whitney. Several years ago a man trundled a wheelbarrow all the way up as a "first." In 1953 Robert Rudholm, of Fresno, lugged a unicycle up the trail and stunted on the summit. And in 1954 four youths from the Aces of Clubs Motorcycle Club in Los Angeles attempted to ride, push and pull an 1800-pound motorcycle to the top, but were unsuccessful.

Countless dogs have trotted up Whitney with their masters. Last Labor Day weekend, Suvie, a "mostly Airedale," gamboled along the trail with Marion and Elizabeth Israel, of Los Angeles, and their son and daughter. Mrs. Israel sewed a set of chamois-skin moccasins to protect Suvie's feet from the rocks.

"She didn't need them going up," Mrs. Israel said, "but they came in handy on the way down."

A toughened Army infantry unit from Fort Ord, California, marched up the Whitney trail two years ago, guidons fluttering, to a "hup-hup-hup" cadence. Another time, an Iowan, who had spent six months in bed with a heart attack, rode a horse to the top "to see the highest chunk of real estate in the United States before I die."

The youngest person known to have climbed Mt. Whitney was towheaded, four-year-old Bobby Mohr, who made it on July 31, 1954, with his father, Don Mohr, of Fogelsville, Pennsylvania. Little Bobby walked the entire distance, his father claims, except for a three-mile piggyback ride during a sleet storm.

The oldest Whitney conqueror is thought to have been Thomas E. Clark, a Hemet, California, orange grower, who made his fourteenth ascent in 1950 at the age of eighty. His chief complaint concerned overeager younger hikers who brushed past him on the trail, occasionally knocking him down.

"I don't get up as quickly as I used to," he remarked wryly.

Most people give themselves three days to climb Whitney, as did the Millers and their San Francisco friends. On the first day they drive to Whitney Portal, park their cars and back-pack four dusty miles to the Mirror Lake campgrounds. This is near timberline at 10,600 feet. Some prefer Ibex Meadow, just below Mirror, because wood is more plentiful there; others go beyond Mirror and camp along the trail, so as to get a head start the next morning.

The nine-mile march to the top usually starts at dawn. In the oxygen-thin air, leg muscles become wobbly and hearts pound. The trail climbs up in a long series of switchbacks, crosses over the Sierra Crest and then barber-poles around the back side of Whitney. The average hiking time for these rugged nine miles is six or seven hours. After a couple of hours for lunch and rest, the hikers start back for Mirror Lake—arriving in four or five hours. This is a taxing day, and many city-soft pilgrims are so exhausted by the ordeal that they have scarcely any appetite for dinner.

On the third morning, camp is broken and hikers return to their automobiles at Whitney Portal to drive home. Essential equipment for such a three-day trek includes sturdy shoes, sleeping bag, rucksack or pack board, dehydrated foods, canteen and warm clothing.

Some, like the Armstrong and Merth families of Covina and Duarte, California, plan their Whitney adventure a year or more ahead. In the summer of 1954, Don Armstrong, a chemist, and Vic Merth, an elementary-school teacher, began to build pack racks and design extra-warm sleeping bags for the four adults and six children of their combined families. Caroline Armstrong and Esther Merth experimented with dehydrated menus. Both families went on long practice hikes. In spite of year-long preparations, the trail was too demanding and only three of the adults and two of the children reached the top.

"But we'll all be back next year," Don Armstrong promised.

"Nine!"

TED KEY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the other hand, Whitney is sometimes a spur-of-the-moment proposition. E. K. Ogilvie and O. T. Garner, two flight-line mechanics from Chino, California, decided to climb Whitney on briefest notice. They borrowed equipment and bought a back-breaking load of canned goods—then drove all night to Whitney Portal. Through sheer will power they struggled to the summit.

Mt. Whitney is the southern anchor of the John Muir Trail that meanders south from Yosemite, and lies near the eastern end of the High Sierra Trail which winds over Sequoia's ridges from Giant Forest. For Boy Scout troops and Sierra Club trippers, reaching the top is often the climax of a week or more of hiking. Hunters and fishermen sometimes include an ascent of the peak in their plans. The Trail Riders of The Wilderness, sponsored by the American Forestry Association, spur their mounts up Whitney each summer at the start of a ten-day, half-circle ride through the Sierra. More and more Geiger counters are appearing in the vicinity of Whitney—but as yet have remained unexcited.

In spite of its popularity, Whitney is a rugged and sometimes dangerous mountain. Two summers ago Henry Mandolf, of San Diego, slipped in an icy spot on a secondary trail and skidded 200 feet down a steep slope. His companion, James Prichard, hiked back for help while Mandolf shivered all night on a narrow ledge. He was spotted from the air the next day, and a rescue crew brought him down to Whitney Portal on muleback.

"No broken bones," one rescuer reported, "but he was as skinned, scratched and cut as if he'd fallen down a giant carrot grater."

Those who have ridden up Whitney compare the experience to negotiating the parapet of the Empire State Building on horseback. After the trail climbs over Sierra Crest, it skirts the rocky needles south of the main peak. While bridging the "windows" between these pinnacles, the three-foot trail is flanked east and west by dizzying drops of nearly 1000 feet. Some riders grow so jittery astride a fiddle-footed horse on these narrow ledges that they dismount and crawl over them on hands and knees. There is no record of a horse or rider ever having been killed, but occasionally a spooked pack mule tumbles to his death.

The first ascent of Whitney's tremendous 2000-foot, clifflike east face was made in August, 1931, by four members of the Sierra Club—Glen Dawson, Jules Eichorn, Norman Clyde and Robert L. M Underhill. Since then, several hundred rock hounds have clambered up routes outlined in the Climber's Guide to the High Sierra. Nancy Sollecito, of Los Angeles, wisecracked to us, "There'll be so many ropes up there today, I won't know which is mine."

Whitney is a Class 4 climb—a terrifying thing for anyone unfamiliar with piton and nylon ropes, but only a good work out for experts. In August, 1950, Steven Wasserman and Christopher Smith Reynolds, son of torch singer Libby Holman Reynolds, fell to their deaths from Whitney's massive ramparts. Sierra Club rock climbers say the two seventeen-year-old youths lost their lives because they took "reckless chances."

Geologists believe that Whitney's gently sloping summit is the vestige of an ancient range of rolling hills perhaps 45 000,000 years old. The fine-grained white granite at the summit—known as aplite—has stubbornly resisted erosion. During the ice ages, giant glaciers chewed away half of the mountain, creating the sheer east face. The summit, however, has always stood (*Continued on Page 11*

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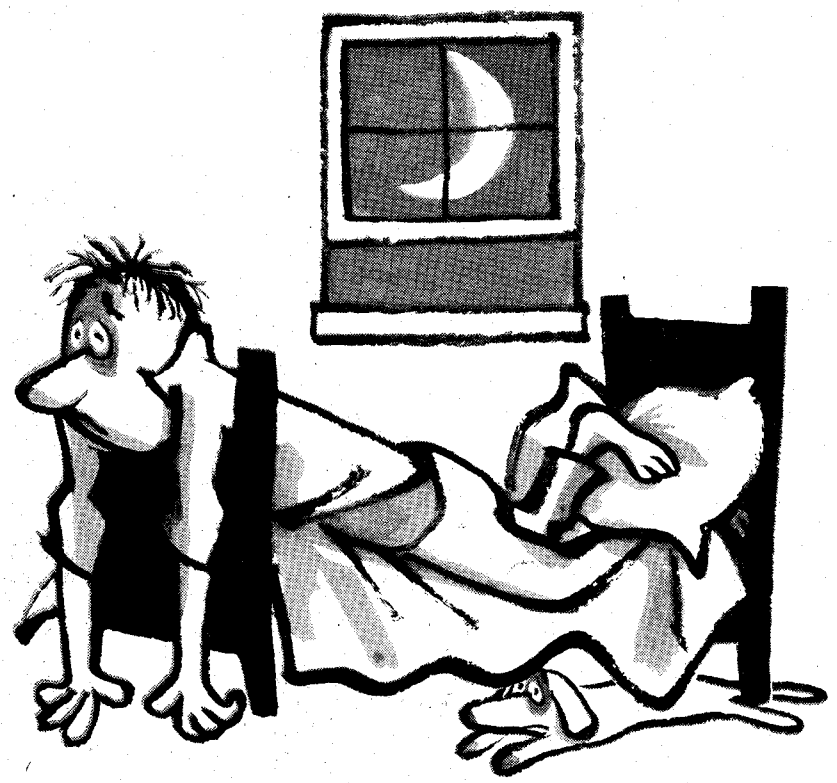

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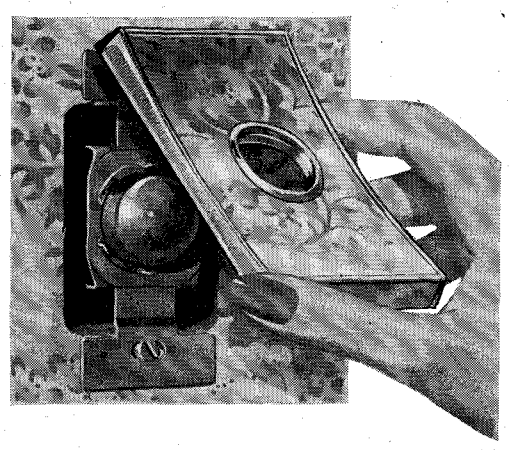

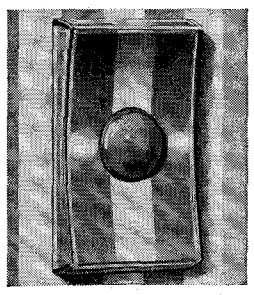

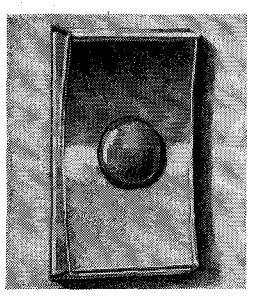

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(*Continued from Page 114*) serenely above the upper limits of grinding ice.

Even today the snows of winter rest lightly on top. High winds blow most of the dry, white powder into the eastern abyss in spectacular "snow banners" which can be seen fifteen air miles away.

Whitney's summer weather can be awesome too. Although thunderstorms are infrequent, they are capable of truly Wagnerian effects. Anders Angstrom, a visiting Swedish scientist, once reported that during a heavy storm "every point of rock and the tips of the nails and hair emitted an electrical discharge."

One other hazard must be braved by anyone who attempts Whitney—altitude sickness. The cause of this mysterious malady isn't known for certain. It may be lack of oxygen or an oversupply of carbon dioxide in the blood—or both. But in the thin air above 10,000 feet, altitude sickness can produce dizziness, headache and nausea, and about the only cure is to "go back down where you came from."

The cluster of Whitney and neighboring peaks was first noticed in 1864 by a field party of the California State Geological Survey, working several miles northwest. Clarence King, a young assistant, hiked over for a closer look. From the top of what is now Mt. Tyndall, he picked out the highest peak and named it after Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney, a distinguished scientist who had been brought from the East to be California's state geologist.

By custom, the privilege of naming a mountain goes to the first man who scales it. King lost no time in trying to establish his claim. Returning to the Sierra a few weeks later, he tackled the mountain—but had to turn back after he worked himself into a cul-de-sac within three or four hundred feet of the top. No further opportunity arose until 1871, when King again was doing geological surveying in the West. This time he approached Whitney from a different direction and scored a clean miss. Climbing in storm and cloud, he blundered instead up Mt. Langley, a nearby peak of similar configuration—leaving as evidence of his visit a half dollar with his name scratched on it.

King's flamboyant account of his death-defying adventures on "Whitney" was deflated two years later, when W. A. Goodyear, another geologist, rode a mule to the top of Mt. Langley and found King's half dollar. Shaken by the disclosure of his colossal mistake, King rushed back to try again. He was too late. The first ascent, a comparatively offhand junket, had been made on August 18, 1873, by three Owens Valley fishermen—John Lucas, Charles D. Begole and Albert H. Johnson. They hadn't the slightest intention of naming the peak after California's state geologist.

Professor Whitney had been brought to California at considerable expense to locate new gold fields. But the first published result of his geological survey was an erudite volume entitled Paleontology, which dealt with such matters as Carboniferous and Jurassic fossils. When the astonished miners of the state regained their composure, they chorused: "Yah, but where's the gold?"

Since Professor Whitney had fallen from public favor, the three anglers proposed to name the mountain Fisherman's Peak. Others suggested Dome of Inyo, after the county in which it was located.

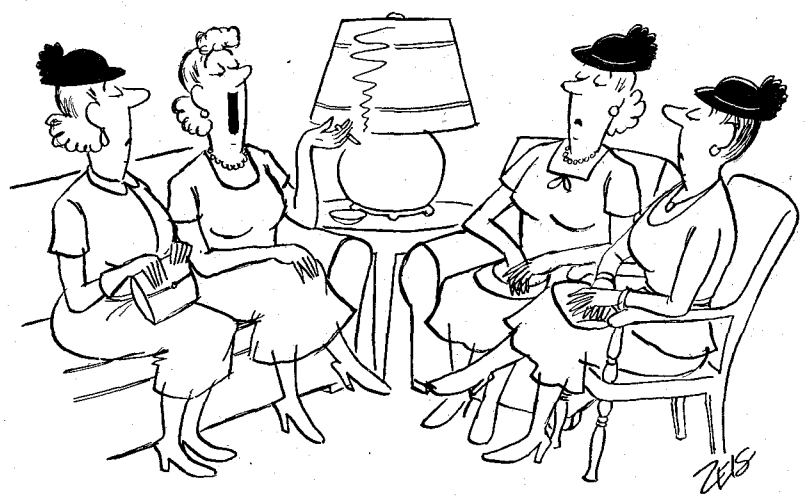
In 1878 a bill was offered in the California Legislature officially designating the mountain as Fisherman's Peak. The measure might have become law—except for the curious accident of coming up for final consideration on April Fools' Day. In a playful mood, the legislators switched the name to Fowler's Peak, after the senator from Inyo County. By the time the bill reached Gov. William Irwin, the joke had gone stale and he refused to sign it.

Though the name Whitney has persisted, the mountain's altitude has popped up and down like a Mexican jumping bean. The first barometric measurement, made in 1873 by Carl Rabe, a camp cook-turned-scientist, put the height at 14,898 feet. In 1902 a Southern Pacific Railroad advertisement boosted it to 15,800 and bragged that the mountain was "taller than the Matterhorn." For a while the height rested at exactly 14,500 feet—which would have been a wonderfully easy figure for schoolboys to remember. But surveyors couldn't leave it alone.

Today the official United States Coast and Geodetic Survey elevation is 14,495 feet—although on top you'll find a green-and-white National Park Service tablet indicating the height as 14,496.811 feet, and a battered aluminum Geological Survey plaque apparently marked 14,502 feet. The Coast and Geodetic Survey's two bronze bench marks are cagily unmarked—just in case of further changes.

Whitney's lofty summit has attracted a number of scientific expeditions that have studied everything from high-flying butterflies to cosmic rays. A few years ago the University of California considered building a high-altitude research laboratory on Mt. Whitney, but abandoned the idea in favor of 14,246-foot White Mountain Peak in the White Mountain range to the northeast, which has a jeep road to the summit. The decision was greeted by a happy sigh from wilderness lovers.

Whitney's trail was originally built by Owens Valley residents, working under the supervision of G. F. Marsh. Its completion in 1904 was celebrated by a signal



"Well, girls—what's new?"

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fire on top and an answering burst of fireworks in Lone Pine. Winter snows have periodically destroyed portions of the trail. The most recent rebuilding was done during 1947 and 1948, when a series of 106 switchbacks was cut on a dry hogback because snow had ruined the original trail up a coulee.

The job cost the Forest Service $90,000 and was something of an engineering miracle. It involved the piecemeal transport on muleback of a 6000-pound air compressor to the 12,500-foot level. Then jackhammer men dangled over rocky precipices, which fell away 500 feet below, to drill holes for pipes that supported the trail.

The most serious criticism of the Mt. Whitney trail is that there is little or no supervision of the thousands of people who tramp up and down it each summer. It starts in an undermanned National Forest and ends in a remote corner of Sequoia National Park. Neither service seems able to accept the responsibility for patrolling the trail, providing first-aid facilities or organizing rescues. When accidents do occur, volunteers from nearby Lone Pine—storekeepers, ranchers, teachers—must drop whatever they're doing and spend two or three days playing Good Samaritan. They receive no pay, and sometimes not even thanks.

Why do people persist in climbing Mt. Whitney? We put this question to a number of individuals last Labor Day weekend. The answers seemed to fall into three categories:

"I saw a picture of the mountain in a sixth-grade geography book," said Ted Vincent, a college student from Brooklyn. "Ever since then I've had the urge."

"We heard friends talking about the trip; we came up to see what it was like," Bill and Joy Gage, a young married couple from Burbank, California, told us. "I climbed Whitney in 1933 and again in 1936," said Louis Turner, of Pacific Palisades, California. "I swore I'd never climb it again; but here I am. It gets you."

If nothing else, the view from the topmost pinnacle of the Sierra Nevada—"The Range of Light"—is worth the price of painful muscles and tenderized bunions. To the north stretch the saw teeth of the mighty High Sierra, and at your feet is Tuleinyo, highest lake in the United States; to the east is the hot, desert-brown Owens Valley, with the gray thrust of Telescope Peak above Death Valley in the background; far to the south the horizon is smudged with Los Angeles' industrial smog; and to the west lies the fertile San Joaquin Valley.

The famous California naturalist, John Muir, considered by some to be a "birds-and-trees man," was unimpressed by the above-timberline rockiness of Mt. Whitney. He dismissed it with the statement: "Geologically or even scenically considered, it possesses no special importance."

But others, who have come to appreciate Whitney's special beauty, disagree. A later authority on the Sierra, Dr. François E. Matthes, of the United States Geological Survey, said, "Upon it I have never set foot without a certain sense of reverence."

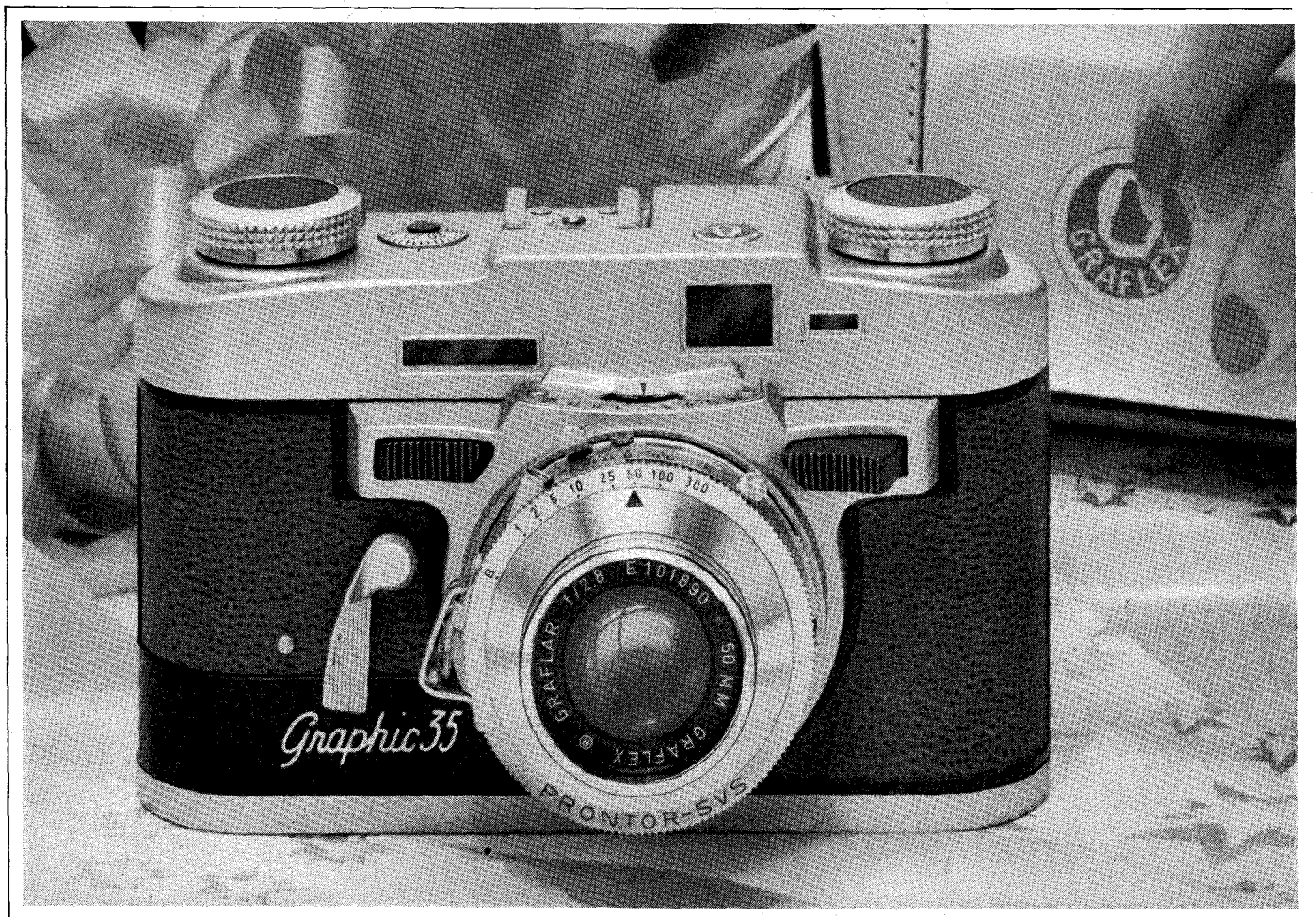
Bruce Morgan, the lean, bronzed six-footer who operates the pack trains that toil up the trails of Mt. Whitney, knows as much about the mountain as any man alive. He sides with Doctor Matthes: "Some of these characters you see on the trail are right out of the funny papers. Others are good, average folks like the Millers. But hikers, horsemen, rock hounds or skiers, they're all a special breed—bitten with the bug of wanting to climb the highest peak in continental United States. Man, there's a mountain!"

THE END

For Falling Asleep

By Jane Merchant

In far-off woodland ways tonight
The new-eyed fawns are taught the lore
Of silence and the cool delight
Of rippling waves; young skunks explore
The fields in courteous single file;
And baby porcupines descend
To feed on water plants awhile
And make the universe their friend.
Earth's youngest ones are wide-awake
To learn its immemorial themes,
And of their venturings I make
Myself a nest of pleasant dreams.



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The Trinidad Treasure

(Continued from Page 27)

She bestowed on him her sweetest smile. "Then, frankly, there is no reward for either of us. But I hope you will feel, as I do, that our time was not wholly wasted."

In the face of this courtesy, Tio, a hard man to melt, was melted. She gave him an old-fashioned iron key, about four inches long, which belonged to the rear door of the *palacio.* It was agreed that to avoid any appearance of conspiracy, they would travel separately, she by train and he by car, and would not meet there. She drew him a street map and a picture of the mansion, so he would know where to go. They shook hands on their venture, and Tio returned to the Mosca.

"I had a visit with a friend of George Young's this morning," he remarked to Amelia.

She was on her guard. "Not one of his American gangsters?"

"No, my tuberose. A former Cuban, now in the entertainment business in Miami. Entirely honest. They want me to go to Trinidad tonight to help recover some property."

"You mean, I suppose, stolen property?"

"No, indeed. Property honestly earned and hidden away, to await the present heir. That's all I can say now. I'll be back the morning after tomorrow."

Within its limits this statement was true; but Amelia was only partially reassured by it. It had that vagueness of detail characteristic of statements that are designed to appease rather than inform. But the evening press of business had begun, and she let the question pass. Tio engaged Sam, the American taxi driver, a Mosca habitué and an old companion, to drive him the two hundred miles to Trinidad in return for a case of rum, and Amelia bade them a restrained good-by. By midafternoon of the next day she was suffering from an acute sense of being neglected; and at that opportune moment Capt. Raoul Molina, of the Secret Police, a long-time admirer, called at the café. The captain—a handsome man with broad shoulders—was making one of his periodic checks of the Mosca. If these were more frequent than his inspections of other similar places, it was not because he liked the Mosca less, but because he liked Amelia more. In the field of love, as in the field of duty, the captain believed that the rewards went to the persistent.

"I have never seen you looking better," he addressed Amelia.

"Well, there have been times when I've felt better," Amelia replied. "But it's a pleasure to see you, captain."

"I confess I've missed you. A police officer's life is a lonely one."

"I'm puzzled as to why you haven't asked someone to share it with you."

"It's hard when the girl of one's dreams is married to someone else."

"It must be even harder when the dream changes from week to week."

The captain laughed. He turned to survey the room, and the eyes of the customers dropped to the tables in front of them, like those of boys in a study hall.

"I see some old acquaintances," the captain said. "And where is my good friend Tio?"

"He is away," Amelia replied. "He's in Trinidad."

"In Trinidad!" Molina was too surprised to conceal it. A couple of hours ago the police had received a call from an old man in Trinidad—one Varona, whom they knew as a crank—who said that a stranger had arrived in town to rob him; had called at his house, in fact, pretending to be a writer. The local police, the old man said, were untrustworthy. Molina had intended to ignore the message, but now he wasn't sure.

"How long has Tio been there?" he inquired.

"He would have arrived this morning."

"To stay for some time, I suppose?"

"No, he returns early tomorrow."

Amelia misinterpreted the captain's interest as being directed toward her. He had tried to date her before, and since she had just indicated that she had an evening alone, she expected him to extend an invitation, perhaps to a night club, after restaurant hours. It would serve Tio properly if she should accept; she had not yet decided whether she would say yes or no; and she was naturally indignant when the captain failed to give her the opportunity to say either.

"Well, I must resume the weary round of duty," he said, giving her a bland smile, and departed.

This abrupt departure did not, in fact, indicate any lack of interest in Amelia. Molina was thinking that, with Tio behind bars—and it had long been his belief that, sooner or later, Tio would find an honest living too strait a jacket for his imagination—the occasions for entertaining Amelia would be multiplied. This prospect added flavor to his mission as he went down to the water front to take the police seaplane to Trinidad Harbor.

In the meantime, Tio, in Sam's taxi, had arrived in the little town that morning, bouncing down a cobbled street, which had been laid while Columbus was still sailing the Spanish Main, and halting in a square where Cortés had once reviewed his forces for the conquest of Mexico. Since that historic day, the town had waxed and waned. The once rich and busy port was idle now; the sugar mills were closed; the vast plantations of coffee and tobacco were gone or dwindled in size.

There were left only a cluster of sun-baked little houses on a mountain slope; and small formal parks with marble urns and tall green-plumed royal palms; and a dozen *palacios*—the homes of the old *hidalgo* families, with their once-beautiful patio gardens now crumbling into dust, despoiled of their Tanagra figurines, their delicately painted murals, their Sèvres porcelain, their bronze lamps and Baccarat crystal, their enamels from Limoges, their carved Chinese jade, their ivory crucifixes by Benvenuto Cellini.

No worshiper of the past, Tio, nevertheless, had a sense of this tattered glory as he walked along the sun-drenched stones to the Palacio Varona. The setting was certainly appropriate for the kind of adventure in which he was engaged, lifting it out of the drab categories listed on the police blotter. The *palacio* was a square one-story building of a faded blue, surrounding a patio. The entrance was a large double door of cedar, studded with iron. There were iron-grilled windows running from floor to ceiling, a distance of sixteen feet. The walls were three feet thick, for coolness as well as strength, made of clay mixed with rocks, and then plastered and painted.

An aged Negro woman admitted Tio into the hall, which was cool and dark after the blazing sun outside. There were some heavy carved mahogany chairs, for ornament rather than utility; a table of the same type; a massive chest; a tapestry, and two ancestral portraits of Spanish gentlemen. An arched doorway, as Joan had said, opened on the patio, where the red bougainvillaea vine, the pink and yellow frangipani and the green and lavender orchids had been allowed to run wild over the small palms and thick banana trees, obscuring the ancient wellhead, the stone benches, the broken statuary.

Varona, Joan's uncle, padded out in black felt slippers—a bald, lumpy man with suspicion etched on his face, aggravated by his nearsighted, peering eyes. He greeted Tio in Spanish with a cold courtesy, but Tio replied in English. He was an American writer, he said, doing an article on the old houses of Trinidad. Would it be possible to look through the house?

Varona regarded him silently, plucking at the loose skin of his throat. "There's nothing to see," he said finally. "I live simply because there are many thieves."

"It's a type of house very interesting to Americans," Tio replied. "I merely wish to see the arrangement and style of the rooms."

"Very well."

He led Tio through the rooms around the hollow square of the patio, passing the kitchen in the rear, where the old slave entrance was located, to which Tio had a key. A path led from there across the patio to the front door. Varona talked in a monotone, saying only a sentence or two about each room. The tour took no more than a few minutes.

"As you see, there is nothing here," he said. "Nothing that anyone would want to have. But I have written a description of it, as it was. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, I would."

"I will get it for you."

He disappeared through the rooms off the hall. Tio took a quick look at the arched doorway. On the inside, the wall was all of the same color and smoothness; there was no telltale spot where the plaster might have been removed and renewed half a century ago. It was more likely that the hole would have been cut on the patio side, where the surface was rough, and the weather would shortly make any new spot indistinguishable from the original. He stepped into the patio to inspect the wall from that side: there was one spot that had a crack in it, as if perhaps the masonry was not so strong at that point. It was almost hidden by a bush. He was about to push the bush aside when a movement, caught by the corner of his eye, warned him: Varona was standing at one of the windows, watching; he had come back quickly and soundlessly in his slippered feet; and his nervous rabbit's eyes had become hard and suspicious.

"How well this house is built!" Tio remarked.

"Too well for anyone to break into," Varona said coldly.

He handed Tio a manuscript and escorted him to the door, in an obvious desire to expedite his departure. Tio did not venture to look back, but, if he had, he was sure he would have seen the old man at the long window, plucking his throat and watching him.

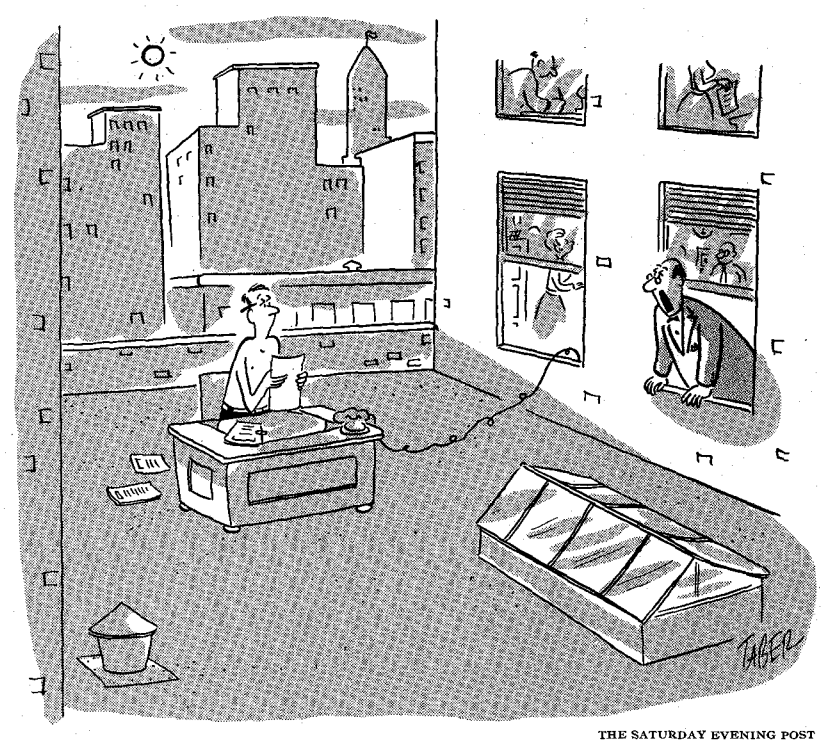
He would have to be careful not to rouse Varona's suspicions further. He returned to the car, where Sam was catching up on his sleep. There was a whole afternoon before them, with nothing to do—a situation in which Sam would certainly get drunk; so Tio decided to drive to the port, several miles out of town, where they might pass the time messing about with a boat.

The docks, smelling of brine and fish, had the sleepy look of small fishing ports at midday. The sound of a hammer, the shrill voices of two fishermen in argument were only tiny interruptions in the vast sunny silence. On the deck of a battered but sturdy fishing boat with a small cabin, a barefooted sailor lay asleep. Tio woke him. The boat was not for rent, the sailor said. It was for sale. But they rented it, anyway, returning at evening with a sunburn and no fish.

Shortly before eight, as dusk was falling, Tio went to the church across the little park from the Palacio Varona, and watched until Joan and her uncle left. Then, on an uninhabited street behind the mansion, he unlocked the door that led to the kitchen. He had with him wrapped in a newspaper, a wooden mallet and a wrecking bar.

He crossed the patio, in a luminous gray light from the starry sky. The house itself was dark. On the outside of the arched doorway that gave entrance to the hall, he began to tap the wall with his mallet, listening to the response. Near the crack which he had seen in the afternoon there was an unmistakable change of sound. He set the point of the wrecking bar there and hammered it. The masonry yielded slowly until he penetrated far enough to use the bar as a lever, breaking off a chunk. He sank the bar in again—and suddenly it slipped through. His heart jumped. At this point the massive wall was only a shell four inches thick. He dug out a little more until he could shoot a flashlight beam into it.

Yes, there was a metal box squatting there—about (*Continued on Page 120*



"I'd like a word with you, Martin!"

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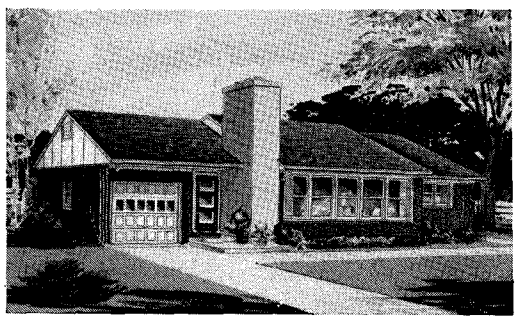

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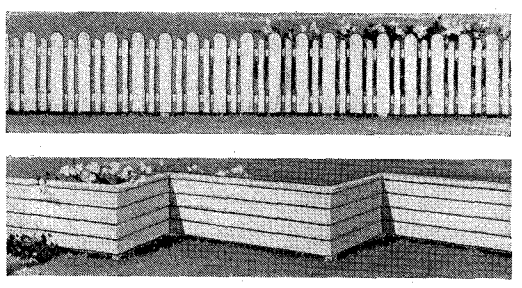

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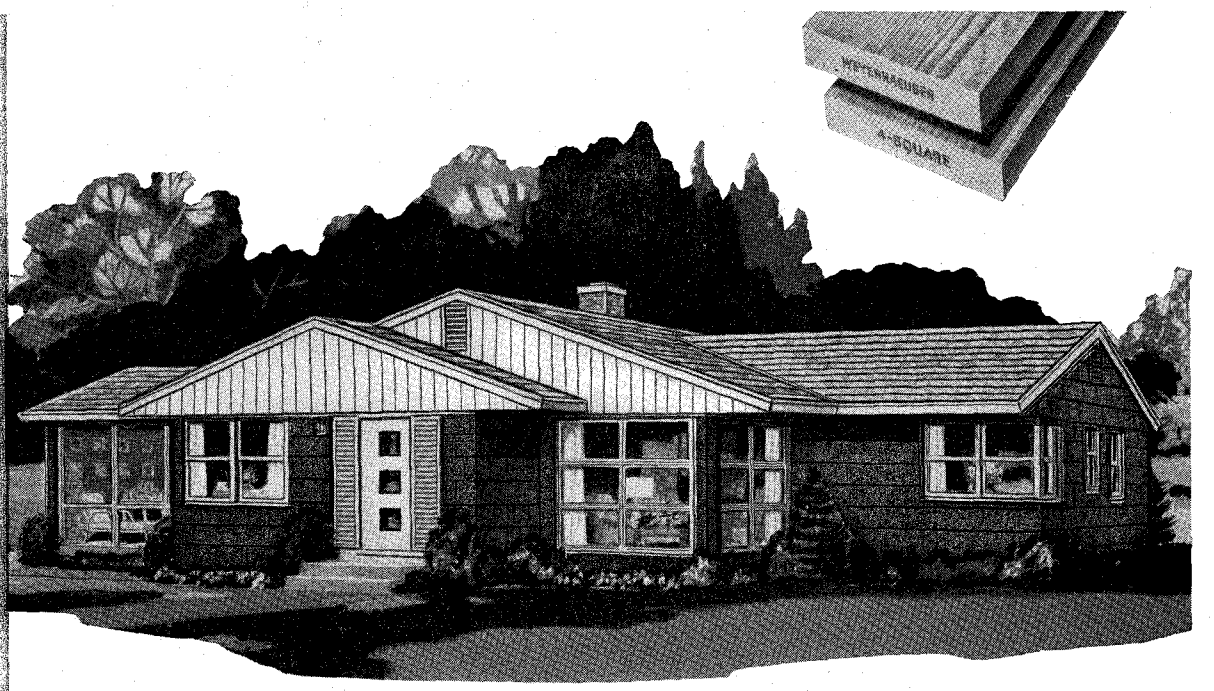

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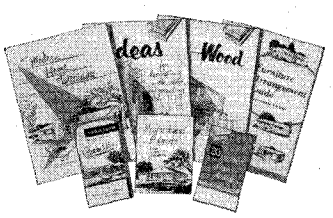

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(*Continued from Page 118*) eighteen inches long by twelve wide and six high. He stared at it for a moment with a tight triumphant smile. It was true! The clue had worked! The gold must be there—he could almost feel it slide through his fingers.

He started to widen the hole when he heard a thud on the ground behind him, and as he wheeled with his flashlight, he saw an object—a stone—roll into the shrubbery. He stood still, for a second, on guard, and then guessed that it might be a warning—that Joan must have thrown it. Grabbing his tools, he ran down the patio path toward the slave quarters. He reached the ancient well head, rising three feet from the ground and covered with vines, just as he heard the front door open. He barely had time to toss his tools down the well and drop behind it. A flashlight shot down the path and swayed to right and left. Then the hall light was switched on and, peering through the vine, Tio saw Capt. Raoul Molina, with a gun in his hand.

In an instant, what had been merely a promising adventure had become a dangerous trap. Tio knew the captain as an able police officer. If caught, Tio would not be able to talk his way out of it, particularly since he had a police record from the old days; he would be hauled in for housebreaking, and a virtuous, if short, career would come to an end. He had to get out. Crouched tensely behind the well head, he saw two other people enter behind Molina, and heard with relief Joan's voice, speaking with an unusual loudness, "You go through the rooms, captain, and I'll take a look at the back." Without waiting for Molina's reply, she started down the path. Molina turned into the hall on the left. Under cover of Joan's approach, Tio slipped into the kitchen—barely in time, because Molina, changing his mind, had returned to the patio.

Tio whispered to Joan, "Meet me in the church across the park if you can," and she nodded.

As he went out the rear door, he heard her call to Molina, "There's nothing here, and the rear door's locked!"

He locked it after him, dropped the key in a bush nearby and walked to the church, deserted now, and dark, except for one electric-light bulb hanging in the nave and a few votive candles flickering in a side chapel. He waited there for about half an hour. It would have been wiser to leave Trinidad at once, since the police were now aroused, but he disliked the idea of giving up before he knew what had happened.

From the dark portal of the church he could look across the park to the Varona *palacio*, and he saw Joan slip out the front door and glide hurriedly through the palm trees toward him. She ran up the steps of the church and almost bumped into him with a startled gasp. She pulled him back into the darkness and caught her breath for a moment before speaking.

"Listen, Tio; I have only a minute," she whispered. "That police officer is talking to my uncle. Somehow, he knows you are here, and he's going to arrest you. You must leave at once."

"Yes. Did he find anything?"

"Yes. He found the hiding place. Oh, Tio, it's all for nothing!"

"What happened?"

"He broke open the wall, and there was a metal box. My uncle almost went crazy. But the box was full of stones!"

"Of stones!" Tio was really shocked. No man should play so grim a joke upon his fellows.

"Perhaps my grandfather did it to mock those who hunt for treasure—or as a lesson to me, to teach the folly of money. I do not know. Anyway, we can't talk about it now. Good-by, Tio. I'll call you in Havana."

She was gone, flitting across the plaza. Tio stood for a moment, weighted with disappointment; then shrugged his shoulders and set off down the street to find Sam.

There was only one road out of town. Sam's taxi jerked its way over the cobblestones to the point where the road began. Tio was looking forward to the comfort of a paved highway, when he saw, ahead of them, the jeep of the rural guard blocking the road. Two men in khaki uniforms came up on either side of the car and flashed a light on their faces. Then one got into the rear and ordered Sam to drive back to the local police station. Captain Molina was waiting for them, a gleam of malicious pleasure on his face.

"Why, Tio!" the captain cried. "How do you happen to be in Trinidad?"

"Well, we came just for the day," Tio replied, trying to keep the meeting on a social basis. "How do you happen to be here, captain?"

"I came because you did."

"What a pity we didn't meet sooner! You might have gone fishing with us. Now we are about to leave. But these men sent us back."

"I didn't want you to leave without at least exchanging a few words," the captain said reproachfully. He nodded to a policeman. "Search him."

"May I ask why we are being investigated?" Tio inquired.

"For breaking and entering, with intent to steal," the captain answered crisply.

"You are misinformed, captain."

"No. This morning you called on Señor Varona, the Marqués de la Rivera. After looking the place over, you went back this evening. True, you got nothing. But at least you tried."

"There must be some mistake in identity, captain. We were fishing. You can check with one Manolo at the dock."

"Well, we shall check it shortly when the *marqués* identifies you," Molina said yawning. "Lock them up for the night," he ordered the policemen.

The clang of the cell door meant nothing to Sam, who spent a few nights in jail every year, mostly for brawling, and who had never found that it did him any harm. Tio had heard it before, too—once or twice—when it was merely a temporary interruption in a career too skillfully practiced to be really bothered by it.

The sneakiest thing about "women drivers" is the way they turn out to be men, right after you've criticized their driving to your wife.

HAROLD COFFIN

Now, however, it had an ominously fin ring; for it was much worse to fall fro virtue than to fall from vice. He wou certainly be charged and convicted. V rona would identify him; he would n be able to account for the evening; the would be this bit of evidence and that. I would get a year, perhaps; no less. T underworld would smile and welco him back, and never again take him se ously as a restaurant keeper. Amelia ah!—Amelia, deceived and broke hearted, might look elsewhere for a bet husband. And all this mass of misfortu followed from an undertaking that h been lost from the beginning, since th had never been any treasure at all.

While Sam snored in the cell next do Tio sat on the wooden shelf that served a cot and chewed the bitter bread defeat.

In a small recess in the wall was only item of interest in the cell—a Bibl placed there by the local priest in hope, sometimes fulfilled, that men their dark hour might be ready for demption. It was not piety that mo Tio to examine it, however. He wishe check on the quotation that had prec tated this whole enterprise. He had ne actually read it himself. It had occur to him that a stern moralist like Joe grandfather would not use the Bible mislead.

What he found was extremely in esting. He was reading it a second t when the jailer stamped down the co dor and threw open both cells. "Yo released," he said. "No charges."

Sam was rocking on his feet. blinked.

"You heard me," the jailer said. " on back to Havana."

Tio pushed Sam ahead of him ou the car. He did not know what had h

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pened, but when the luck changed like that, the wise man grabbed it and asked the questions later. But there was one thing he wanted to do before he sucked in the sweet air of freedom on the open road. The Varona *palacio* was only two blocks off their route. He told Sam to stop for gasoline at one of the sidewalk pumps. It was midnight. The houses were asleep; the *palacio* was dark; the back street, with its piles of rubble, was deserted. This was the last gamble; the bold, the unexpected venture that the weak in spirit never made; the stroke that wins. He found the iron key in the bush without difficulty and went inside. It took him only three or four minutes to do what he had to do. Then he and Sam drove through the night without mishap to Havana.

He slept at the Mosca during the day and emerged to take over the bar at suppertime. Harried with work, Amelia was short in her greetings. He had had no chance to report to her on his trip. The phone rang.

"Are you all right?" Joan's voice inquired.

"Never better," Tio said. "Are you the one who got me out of jail?"

"Yes. When Molina came to tell my uncle of your arrest, I said that you were

Political-Science Note

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

An appointive office is that
which is held by someone
Who helped an elective
officer to become one.

nnocent—that I had done it. I told him he whole story—except your part of it—nd showed him my grandfather's message. He said that since no harm had been lone and since I had a moral right in the natter, the police would forget it."

"You are quite a girl," Tio said. "You eserve a reward."

"I'm afraid that there are no rewards or either of us."

"Oh, but there are," Tio said. "Tell ie where you are. I have to see you."

She gave him her hotel room number. Ie hung up and took a paper bag from eneath the counter. "A girl wants to e me," he informed Amelia calmly. I'll be back soon." He was gone before melia's mouth could utter the words in er mind. Joan was waiting for him in a izzled anticipation.

"You should read your Bible verses ore carefully, *señorita*," Tio told her. You left out the last sentence."

"Yes?"

"It said: 'and when I had digged in the all, behold a door.' So I went back. nd in the floor of the hole there was a etal door, covered with dust and oken plaster."

"No! Oh, Tio, how clever you are. Go i. What then?"

"What then? There were five hundred aban gold eagles, worth twenty dollars iece." Tio lifted the paper bag and ured the golden hoard upon the table. an watched him, speechless.

"I kept fifty of them, as you said I ght," Tio said.

Joan flung her arms around his neck d kissed him. "You are a wonderful n, and I thank you from the bottom my heart."

"You deserve it. I think your grandfaer put the box of stones there to fool any linary thief who might tap the walls."

"I wished to let you know I was here, Little Flower."

"I trust you had a pleasant time in Trinidad."

"It was mostly work. I had a brief conversation with your friend Molina. I don't know why he happened to be there."

Amelia felt guilty. That always seemed to happen when she was about to be critical of Tio. She tried to shift the balance. "Who is this girl you say you went to see?" she demanded.

"She's George Young's friend. A beautiful blonde."

"Don't talk like a wolf."

"Well, she likes me, and she gave me a large sum of money for helping her."

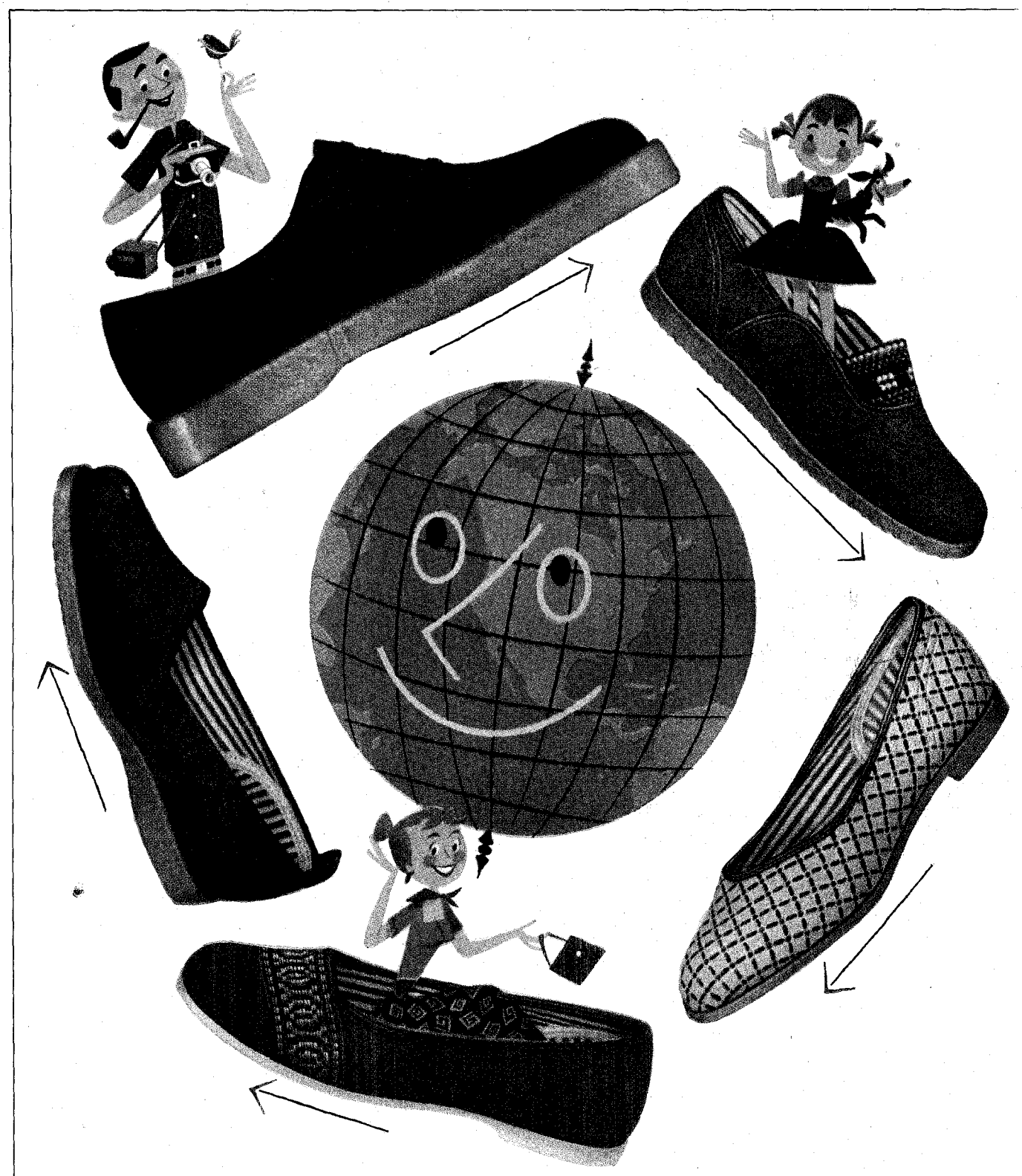
"I should think you'd help her for nothing," Amelia declared sarcastically, watching his hand.

"Yes, but then I wouldn't have the money for your freezer."

"For the freezer! Oh, Tio, are you serious?"

"Not if you call me a wolf."

"You are a lamb in wolf's clothing!" Amelia cried happily. THE END



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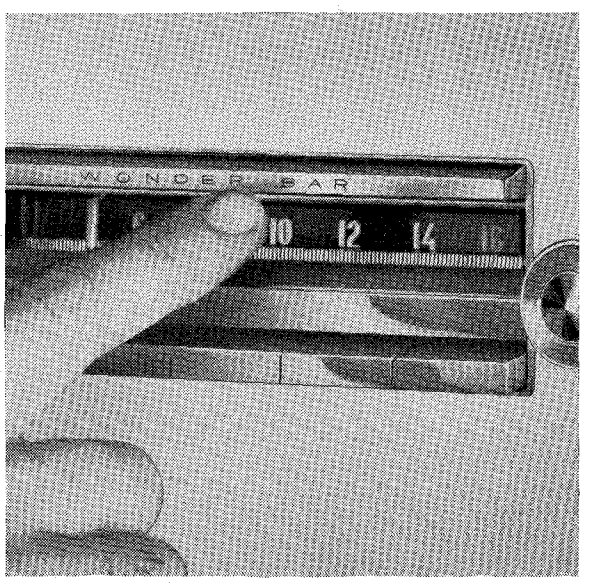

WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

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Spotlight (Continued from Page 35)

two evils. I had to rationalize a bad situation by hoping against hope that I might be wrong about what we would find in that town. In the studio street outside Sound Stage 8 a bunch of people were standing, girls in hoop skirts and young men in powder-blue swallowtail coats and white beaver hats, sweating in the sun. Willie was finishing a big musical. When Al got through talking to me about my expedition, I went downstairs, and Andrea was waiting for me in my office.

My office is a practical place. Andrea looked very decorative in a shadowy blue linen dress with a wide white formal collar. The tailored hang of the skirt gravely suggested that she had lovely long legs of youth and swiftness, and also a great deal of money now. She stood in the middle of the room with her fists jammed into the deep slash pockets, looking with delicate brows of laughter at my stormy face. We had been waifs of show business together, back yonder in the poor days when we were kids, and we had not forgotten. She was ready to go, so we went on out and got into my car and headed toward the beach for lunch. On the way, I told her that we had to make that lousy junketing location trip.

"But, Jake, dear," she said, "I think it's kind of wonderful. In an odd sort of way, I've got a deep thrill about it. I know you leer, but it means something—well, something basic and very quiet to me. I've sometimes thought of going there, just to go, alone."

I had a bad, cold feeling at the pit of my stomach. "Lot of trouble and confusion," I muttered. "You told Al too darn much."

"I told him only what mother always told me when I was little," she said. "I—wish she were still here, to go with us."

I didn't say anything. I had known her mother on Broadway.

Another mile, and Andrea was looking at me wonderingly.

"Andrea," I said suddenly, "before we go, will you marry me?"

It was a block before Andrea said, "How curious! Why before we go?"

"No why," I said, "except that I'm asking you to marry me. I ——"

"This doesn't sound quite right for a proposal, somehow," Andrea said. "Jake, what is it?"

This was my day of futility. My producer, and now my star.

"I don't mean to be awkward," I said. "Honey, it's just that I ——"

She motioned me to silence. I guess because she sensed that all of a sudden I was motivated by something she did not understand.

"Jake, let's keep on believing each other, at least," she said. "So the answer is no."

"Andrea."

"It would be no, anyway, you funny thing. You smoothly nonmarrying fellow. We've heard too much about you, these last few years. So we won't talk about it any more. I've always been the kid sister. Remember?"

He put a hand quietly on mine on the steering wheel. After quite a while, she took it away again. In the open convertible, her hair, filled with light, sometimes blew about her face, and once it blew almost straight out behind, like wings to her profile.

But Andrea was dressed with great dignity the day we all rode in a day coach back into the hills toward that town. A navy pin-striped suit of New York distinction; and her hair was brushed to a gently burnished smoothness, like cool old-English gold. Day coach. We could have hired cars and trucks in the state capital. But Andrea wanted to come home the way her mother had left, years ago. It was more than just an actress's superstition; she was strangely wistful about it, as if it were a sort of gentle pilgrimage. On the back trail of her mother's life—a girl, now lost in time, named Meg. Andrea said she did not want us to arrive like a motorized African safari or like a rout of gypsies. And I said, "O.K., O.K., my dear." I was afraid it wouldn't make much difference how we arrived.

Anyway, here we were. Actors and actresses and resigned-eyed technical men, watching rusty-streaked limestone bluffs and patches of autumn woods and a lazy little river go by in whipping tatters of coal smoke.

With Andrea sitting beside me on stiff and cindery red plush, I could sense her growing tension. Once I saw her fingers ever so slightly shaky with her compact, as we got deeper into the hills and the town came nearer. I knew she hoped to find there some real echo of her mother. And I—staring with hard eyes at the dismal scenery, I was sure she would.

When we got there we saw people waiting on the platform of the depot. Andrea hung back for a minute, suddenly timid, fumbling with her violet gloves, looking at me with wide and silent eyes. From the platform I turned to help her down, but she didn't see my upreached hand. She was gazing out at the town and the broken blue hills beyond.

But the people of the town were all staring at Andrea now. Not quite the way they would stare at any other top actress. The younger ones with a strange nudging and whispering curiosity, the old people with eyes as splintery as the depot platform. My worst fears were confirmed.

Our big, hooded equipment was coming out of the baggage car. From forty years ago, a museum-piece hotel hack was backed up to the platform in the deep dust. It was greeny-black, with gilt lettering: PLANTERS HOTEL. We all filed decorously up the worn wooden back step and into the hack, like filing into a police-patrol wagon, and sat facing one another in two long rows. On the way to the hotel I thought about using this hack in the picture, but I couldn't. Al would say it was just something I had dragged in for atmosphere. Al would say it wasn't authentic.

At the hotel desk, Andrea bent her head to sign in the old register. The clerk stared at her with the same open curiosity, not quite veiled insolence. Andrea glanced up and encountered that raw crudeness, and I have never seen a more bewildered human face than hers. And then the clerk noticed me and I looked at his flat, bilious eyes for an appreciable time. Silently.

In my room I unstrapped my bag and got out a bottle of Scotch. With the glass from the bathroom I sat on the edge of the brass bedstead and had a stiff drink, looking at a dusty window.

I had known Andrea's mother when I was a very young rehearsal pianist in a second-rate booking office in an old building just off Broadway. Meg was still a pretty woman, but tired and beginning to fade a little, and not an awfully good actress. I knew vaguely that she had a young daughter in school. My loose and tinny old piano was in a bare room where the people of the road could work up their acts if they had no other place, and I remember the afternoon Meg laughed. I remember the gray January light, and the snow slush on the sidewalks outside. Meg was poor and frightened, and she suddenly stopped in mid-phrase and buried her face in her hands in laughter. The wrong kind of laughter.

I had some black coffee sent up from the joint below, went into Sid Salmen's office because I knew he was gone, got his private bottle out of his bottom desk drawer and laced a cup good and strong. And with the cup in her hand and a little color coming back into her face, Meg talked to me. Maybe because I was so young, only a nameless kid of Broadway, and knew for myself how strange and how tough people and the breaks could be. Meg told me near enough to everything that day; and a lot of it was about her girlhood in that remote town among the hills, beside a lazy river.

"I can never go back," she said. "I wouldn't let my little Andrea know for anything. I would die first. And I think I would kill anyone who tried to tell her. Jake, promise me."

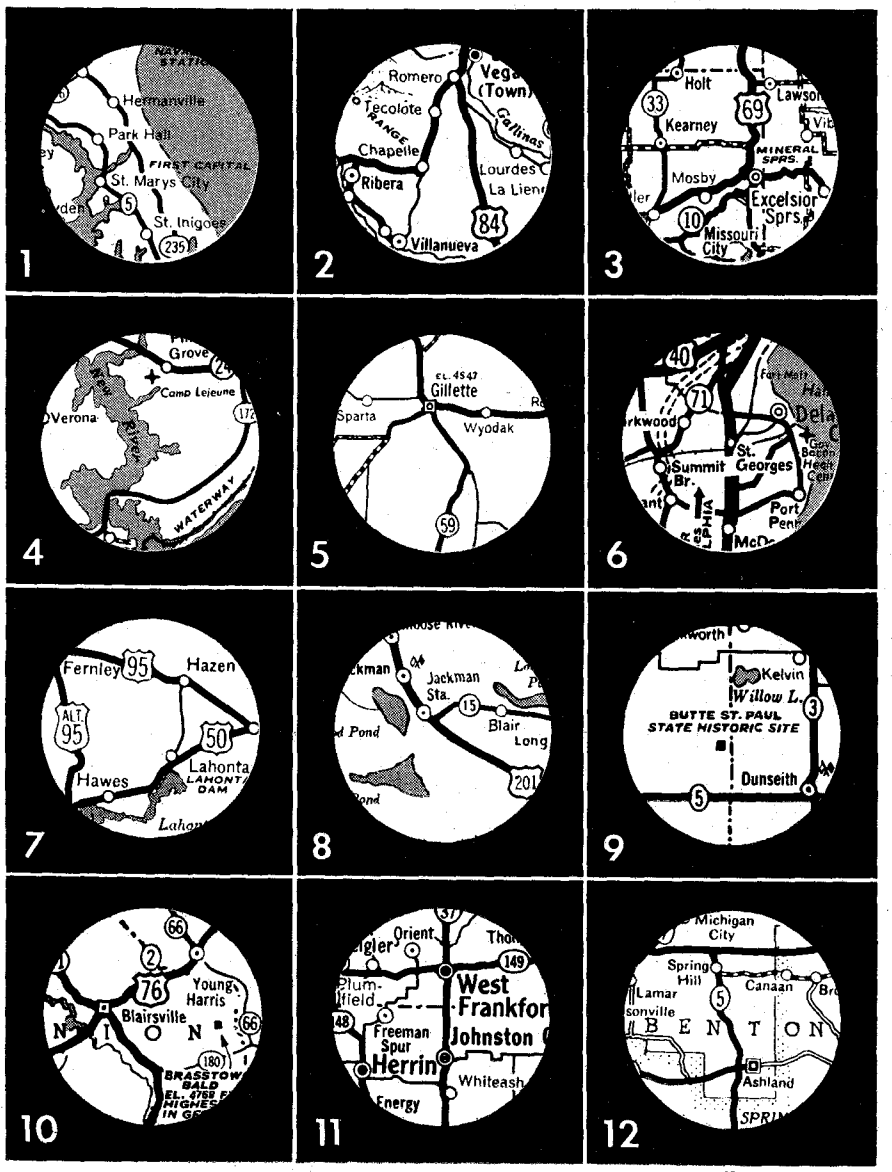
"Sure," I said. "Sure. I promise."

The well-laced coffee had warmed her, and after a while she gave me a quick, startled glance, as if she knew she had said too much, and I turned back to the keyboard and we went on with her routine. A rehearsal pianist hears them come and hears them go. But other evenings that winter, Meg asked me to supper in their furnished room; the first time, I think, to pay me back for Sid Salmen's whisky, but after that because she was a motherly woman and I had no home and no folks of my own. And in that shabby room, over the cluttered kind of supper table that people of the road know, I have seen Andrea give her mother such a clear and shining look of belief as maybe many a better woman never sees on the face of a child.

When Sid Salmen booked her out for four months on the road, playing a comedy and singing act in highway spots through the West, Meg had to leave Andrea to board with a family in Brooklyn. She asked me if I would keep an occasional eye on young Andrea—I was only nineteen myself, but I guess she had no one else to ask—so sometimes on Saturday afternoons I would take the subway over to Brooklyn with a sack of caramels in my pocket.

Andrea, at fourteen, had a way I shall never forget of coming down the high stone steps of the moldy brick-front where she boarded. She would poise at the top, and then come down in a series of swoops, with clatters of her scuffed old school shoes. A creature of springtime and of light. The final long swoop would land her on the sidewalk, and after that we would usually walk to a little neighborhood park and sit on a bench.

Out on the road somewhere, the rakish slant of Meg's hat was meeting the weather of places like Spokane and North



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on page 124*)

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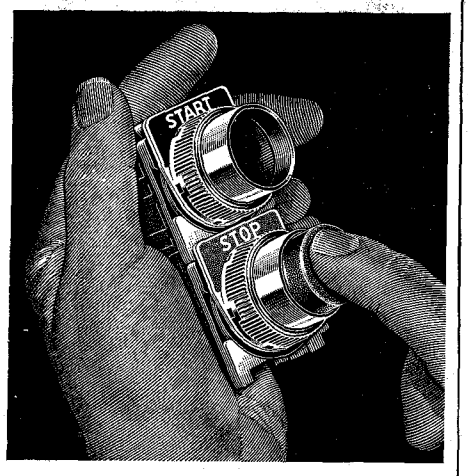

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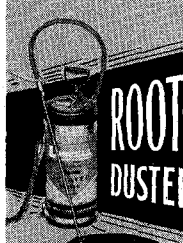

ROOT-LOWELL DUSTERS-SPRAYERS
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SEE YOUR DEALER

Platte and Broken Bow. She lived years enough to see Andrea on Broadway.

Sitting there in that crummy hotel room with a tepid Scotch and water, I watched the blue of the hills deepen beyond Meg's town, and the river darken in twilight. Until the grown-up Andrea came along the hall.

The next day we started to work. We were cost-figured at twenty-eight thousand a day, and it was only the second time I'd ever had Andrea in a picture of mine. To start off with, I had picked a short sequence on the main street, a scene between Andrea and Jim Latigan, our leading man. We got a block of the street roped off, leaving a small crowd at each end of the block gawping at our setup of equipment. My assistant directors had hired some of the people of the town as extras, for passers-by; and also a slovenly knot of sidewalk loafers. There were about a dozen of these, a bunch of the town's no-goods, just what we wanted. Ralph, one of the assistant directors, told them all they had to do was to act natural, but not spit.

We started a silent run-through for timing. But they knew that none of the equipment was working yet, and as Andrea came on along the sidewalk to meet Jim Latigan, an old poolroom lout answered something to a heavy, boar-shouldered yahoo we had hired off a farm truck. Unfortunately, the crowd noises had died away, so his rasping voice carried. They had all probably passed around a raw bottle in the alley back of the poolroom. The old guy had a dirty-looking stubble of gray on his lean jaws.

He pulled the back of his hand across his mouth and said, "Yeah, it was her mother. Some would say she was a fast number around here. And I served my slow twelve years in the pen because of it. She left town by night, but I'd already left in handcuffs. And a leg iron."

He fumbled with a limp little bag of tobacco and a brown cigarette paper, but the tobacco shakingly spilled and he threw the paper fluttering to the sidewalk and turned bitterly away. But not to go. You could see he needed the eight dollars we were going to pay him.

A thick snigger came from the heavy-shouldered man, and he eyed Andrea knowingly up and down. As Andrea passed me she looked as if she had taken a blow across the face. I guess that in the comparative silence most of the others had heard it, too, and the old loser from the poolroom suddenly looked sickly defiant, realizing the same thing.

I called him over to me. "Get off the set," I said as evenly as I could.

"This is not your set," he snarled thinly. "This is our sidewalk."

There was a stir and mumble among the other loafers, some of them eased off to one side, out of the way, but I was left facing a half dozen opaque stares from bitter, failure-stained eyes. And then Jim Latigan was crowding up close behind my shoulder. For once, it was pleasant to remember the times he had made the gossip columns for his famous free-swinging brawls in Hollywood and New York. My two young assistant directors came in fast and smoothly, though startled-white around the lips; and by the time they got there, the cameramen and the soundmen—all the technical crew—had left their setups and were drifting nearer. It was like what you've read about—the old circus and carnival days when the immemorial cry of "Hey, rube!" brought the toughs of the show running to do battle with the toughs of the town. But I—my hands were weak with pity. Because I knew.

For a minute it looked ugly, and then the regular and ordinary men of this town who were to act as passers-by were closing in around us, leaving the women at a distance, and I saw one woman timidly pat Andrea's shoulder.

A citizen with a craggy, humorous, early-American face—I found out later that he was the local hardware dealer—reached out a substantial hand to tap the old gray poolroom lounger.

"We'll have no trouble here," he said genially. "You, Rufe! You get away from here, like the man says!"

Rufe hesitated, and then pushed his way through the silent people and went off alone, a shambling, tragic exit.

"Thanks," I said, and the hardwareman nodded. One glance at Andrea's white face and I called, "All right, everybody in their places again! We're going to be shooting this time!"

I figured we could always retake later on, if we had to. But Andrea played it fiercely, dry-eyed. And Jim Latigan very gentle. It was swell for the picture. We couldn't have done quite that with any number of rehearsals. I took advantage and shifted one scene in the sequence so they played their close-up and dialogue in front of the bunch of no-good loafers—those still sullen, slack faces in the background of a tense, half-whispered scene. And that was good for the picture too.

Andrea came to my room that evening. She slipped in quietly and closed the door behind her and stood there looking at me. I was marking my copy of the script for the next day's work, and with a slow effort I raised my eyes from the rickety hotel-room table and looked at Andrea. Still quietly, still holding my eyes with hers, she walked, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

And after a while, that low husky voice. Which sometimes with beautiful monotony and sometimes with passion can tear the roots out of a sound track. But now she said so little. And it tore the roots out of me.

"Jake! Jake, dear?"

"Hello, kid."

"Jake, is it true?"

I shoved the script aside and got up. I fixed her a bathroom glass of Scotch and water, and she reached out one hand and took it, and I was remembering the little paper sacks of caramels. She took one swallow and then she handed the glass back to me, quite courteously, and turned sidewise and put her face down on my pillow. Her shoulders shook only ever so slightly, and she made no sound.

So I told her, because now I had to, as Meg had told me in a bare rehearsal room long ago; and it was the hardest thing I have ever had to do, in a life filled with things that haven't come easy.

I had so little to go on, trying to tell Andrea about her mother. So frail a charity—and I had been so young when I knew her. But I had to make Andrea believe, as I think I truly believe, that Meg was not a loose woman, nor an easy one, but she was a born gambler of her life.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 123

1. Md.	2. N. M.	3. Mo.
4. N. C.	5. Wyo.	6. Del.
7. Nev.	8. Me.	9. N. D.
10. Ga.	11. Ill.	12. Miss.

Two men of the town had had a fight over her, and one man had killed. An April night in the woods; after a rain, Meg had said carefully. When, I imagine, the dogwood blooms would be like large, uncertain stars among the boughs, and the shy, piercing smells of the wet and growing earth. But there could have been nothing dim or dreamlike about a stab of dirty orange flame from a gun in the hand of—I remembered the name, and I should have done the hiring of the extras myself today—in the hand of Rufe Willoughby. Young and black-browed then; staring down at the body of an older man lying on last autumn's fallen leaves. Rufe, slowly opening his hand, letting the revolver fall to the ground. And blood is black by new moonlight, and the one wavering scream of a girl would echo forever in those woods for the people of that town.

Rufe got off with second degree, because of an element of self-defense. After the trial, Meg ran away from the town on the night train with a necktie-and-novelty-jewelry drummer. But she divorced him sometime during her first vaudeville years, and Andrea's father was a song-and-dance man from the English music halls, who abandoned Meg and the child in a Pittsburgh rooming house and vanished toward Australia. Maybe somewhere he is still playing, but I don't think so, because with Andrea's stardom we'd have heard. Thinking about those people, and looking down at Andrea's shining head, I stopped trying to explain anything and harshly poured myself a quarter glass of Scotch.

Andrea didn't take her face from the pillow, but she wiggled the little finger of one hand as if to say "Hello" and "Thank you," and I touched it lightly with my own fingertip.

"You've known it all along?" she said. "You've always known it?"

"Yes, Andrea."

"Oh. And that's—why you asked me to marry you ——" Her voice was muffled because she still didn't move her face. "So hurriedly. Before Al made you bring me here. You thought maybe you could protect me better if you were my husband. Oh, Jake!" After a long time she added tonelessly, "But thank you, anyway."

The Scotch was sticky and unwarming in my throat; it was like trying to swallow the remembrance of smooth mistakes I've made in my life, as an easy bachelor in show business. Which, this bitter night with one girl, had left me the most tool late guy who ever looked silently into the bottom of an empty glass.

And I should have so meager a charity for Meg, whose mistakes were not smooth. Who once, with her last year's weathered hat sort of gallantly askew, had stared into the bottom of a coffee cup?

With a heavier finger, I only touched Andrea's hand again, and said, "Look kid; this picture is for the sound stages. Let's clear out of this town now. This is all too damned much for you. Me included."

"We'll stay," she said.

"I'll phone Al," I said, "and tell him just enough. Not too much. Hardly anything. He'll agree. Because I'll lay it mostly on myself, and on that basis I can talk plenty tough. I'll tell him it's either my way or I'll blow the job."

Andrea turned her face on the pillow and was watching my face with slitted gray eyes. She sat up.

"We stay," she said.

So we did. They were iron days, under the soft blue of the autumn hills, in the sunlit dust of a hostile town. Every outdoor scene she played was played before the eyes of that town. And those close-lipped people saw a fine and suddenly maturing artist (*Continued on Page 12*

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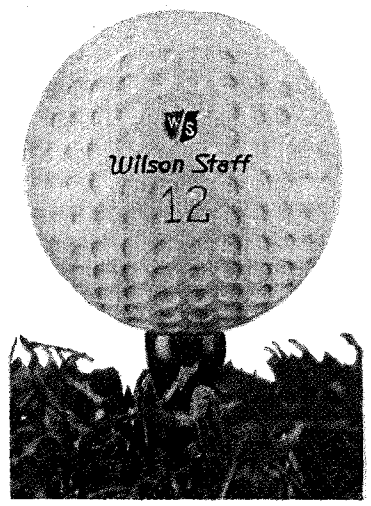

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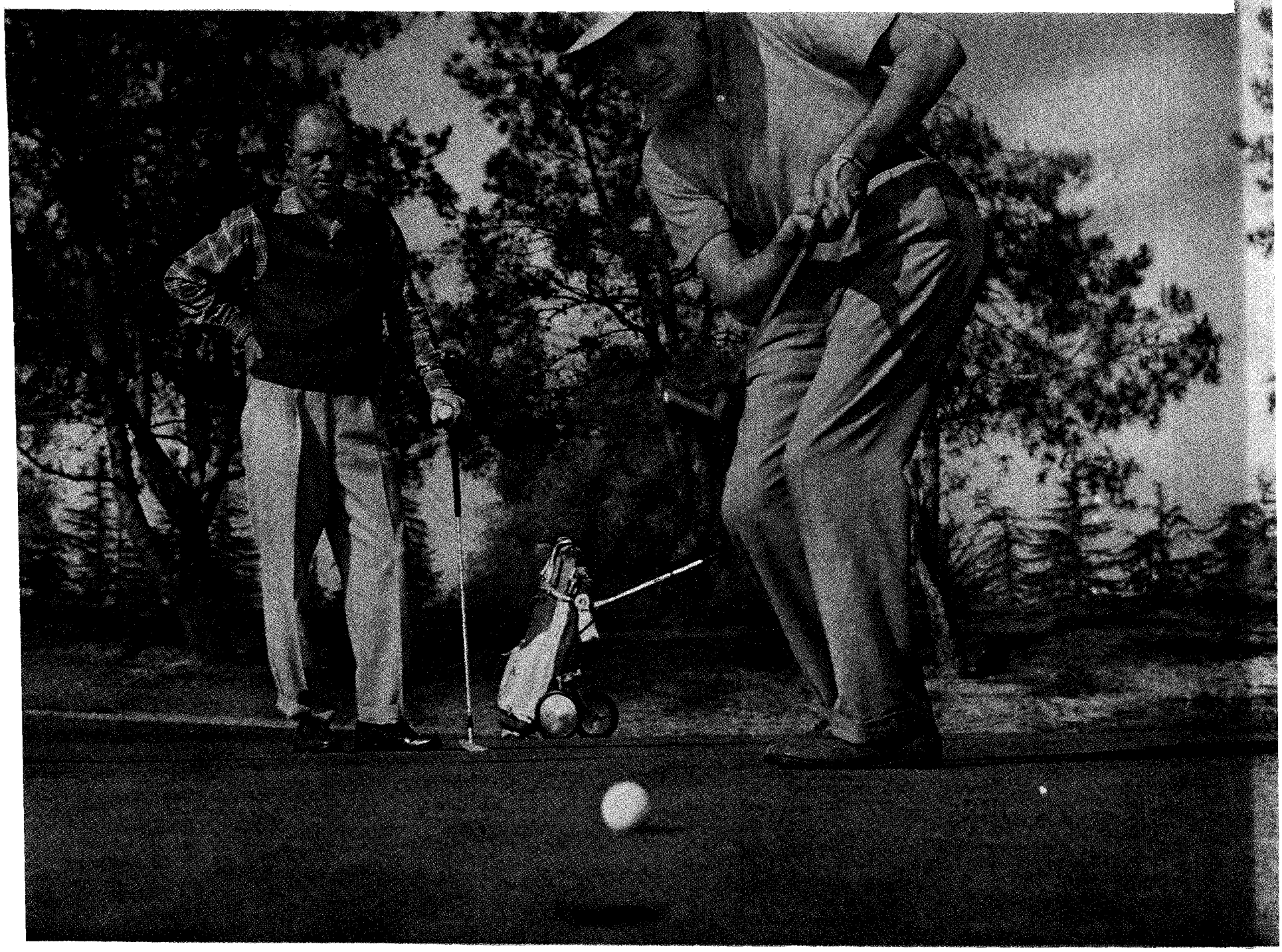

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Falls Products, Inc. Genoa, Illinois

(*Continued from Page 124*) quietly at work. I had to be wearily remote and too curt, to keep our whole company from overplaying to her—our Hollywood people, to a man and to a woman, were backing Andrea. They knew, and they honored what they were seeing.

The old women and old men of the town—those who had been neighbors of Meg's family—still had hard and disbelieving faces. They remembered Meg, and this was her daughter. Yet, as the days of work went on, I began to notice a difference in the younger ones and the substantial middle-aged. It was nothing ever said, nor any real gesture made; it was a new and quiet way that they were aware of Andrea, especially the way the housewives and young mothers of the town followed Andrea with their eyes, and sometimes the shadow of a smile unconsciously on the lips. Of all the town, it was these women who saw first, and proudly, the woman that Andrea is.

One afternoon Andrea came walking toward me where I was sitting with a cigarette, in the dust and the sun among the cameras and the sound equipment.

"Jake," she said in a curious voice, and then she told me that a committee of four women had come to her on the set; and they had come to ask us all to the Harvest Home festival of the town and the countryside. In the basement of the Methodist Church, next Friday. All of us were invited, but they had come to Andrea. "They were almost shy," she said in wonder. "They asked me if maybe I'd sing a little something. Just anything, they said. From one of the shows I've been in."

"Are you going to?" I said, thinking of the unthawing faces of the old.

"Jake, I'm going to sing them our big song from this picture," she said. "It will be the first time people will ever hear it, and I want it to be that way. Please, Jake. May I?"

"Well," I said, "but how about orchestra? We've got no ——"

"That's for a sound stage when we get back. For this, I want country music," she said. "I want the music of these hills."

"Well," I said, and watching her face I was already beginning to think on a wild maybe-so gamble, "if you're going to simplify, Andrea, always simplify utterly. One guitar. But a good one. I'll have Larry Danos flown from Hollywood and ——"

She shook her head. "Country music," she said.

I got up and we walked down the block and into the store and talked to our friend the hardware dealer. I told him what Andrea wanted. The hardwareman looked at us both for a long time. That strange silence lengthened.

"Get Rufe Willoughby," he said slowly. "It's all he's good for. But he's the best around here at the guitar, howbeit he's a loafer and a bum. All the years since, he's been no good. But I'll ask him, if you should wish. It—well, it would help him in the eyes of the town."

But now he was looking straight at Andrea alone.

I began, "No, I won't have that—and if I know Rufe, he won't do it."

But Andrea said quietly, "Yes. He will. Send him. If he's the best."

So Rufe from the poolroom knocked on my door that evening, and he was carrying a very old guitar. He had on a blue serge suit, and new tan shoes which squeaked. Andrea turned from the window.

Rufe didn't say anything, but he swallowed heavily, staring only at me, to avoid Andrea's clear gaze. I motioned him in and closed the door, and Rufe became the third one of us who had sat unhappily on the edge of that brass bedstead with a Scotch and water in the hand.

"I'm not sure about any of this," he mumbled, his eyes fixed glassily on his guitar where he had leaned it against the wall. "I'm no great shakes at the sight reading of music, Miss Andrea, but given time for the study of it—and if in some way I can be of ——"

"Never mind, Rufe. Listen," Andrea said, and softly began singing.

With the third phrase of her low, beautifully casual voice, Rufe reached a big mitt for his guitar. Hesitantly, chording, losing it for a beat and then chording again, Rufe began to follow; and by the end the guitar was singing, too, as simply and as naturally, and Rufe's eyes looking up at Andrea were not the eyes that a poolroom ever saw. But maybe his cell ——

"All right, Rufe; now here's the music," Andrea said, and handed him the score that Gregor Jones had written for her, for this picture.

"Nice tone your guitar has," I said.

"It was my father's," Rufe said with a strange, grave dignity. "And a long way back of that, before him, in time."

He put it down on the bed beside him, and said carefully, "Your mother—when I knew Meg, she had the gift of laughter. Sort of breaking in the throat. With you, it's song. Even when you're only speaking. It pleasures me to hear it. I ——"

With the bottle in my hand, I reached for his glass, but he shook his head. He got up with his guitar and walked out of the room with the pages of music under his arm.

The Harvest Home was something that people like us have never had, but when our bunch from Hollywood came in, I think a little timidly, the town as timidly made us welcome. The basement of the church had been decorated with the fruits and the grains of the earth and with the autumn leaves of the hills. It was a time of tall talk and mountain fiddles and long trestle tables waiting for the food of country kitchens. Back-yard ham and buttermilk biscuits and brown mountain honey; and another good summer past.

I'd had a hunch all along, so, with the serious help of the minister, who was gently old in human generations and I think secretly amused at my stratagems, I had some sound equipment hidden, even from Andrea, in a back storage room of the church basement, with the back corridor blocked off by a screen of cornstalks and grapes and beech leaves.

And when, in a deepening silence, the night of the Harvest Home, Andrea, with her fists in her gray jacket pockets, sang for them, I knew that I had guessed right about the way of this song. The minister knew it, too, and gave me a most unscholarly wink, and then suddenly turned his face away.

Because Andrea, walking a couple of steps nervously to one side, and then back again, watching all the silent faces, would never sing it so well again. As she was singing it now, to a back-hills guitar, in big and tune-wise hands. And I—I had the most expert sound technicians in the world catching this—this one time of this song. In that storage room. Making a sound track. I saw Andrea glance once at the watch-size black microphone, hanging above her by its V of dark small wires. But she thought it was only for the church basement hall, only for—well, for the people she was singing to:

All the good songs have been written,
A thousand songs,
A thousand streets,
A thousand years,
Of song ——

And Rufe with his head bowed over his worn guitar. When we were back i

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Hollywood, we would make the interior cenes on the stages. And Andrea would ing again, to big, expensive background nusic. For the sake of the visual shots. But for the scene where Andrea sings this ong, in the finished picture we would rim off that sound track with its sym-honic music and throw it away, and we would dub this one in, the way Andrea was singing it now:

"I walk in the country dust
And see your footprint
Like a quarter note ——"

For our purposes I already knew that his was better than anything we could o on a sound stage with a muted or-nestra. I would see to it that Rufe and is unseen guitar got a line of billing on ie screen—to him, immortal—and I hink that all his days now will be differ-nt. This song would be played by or-nestras enough in years to come. But ufe had played it first.

It was nearly midnight when Andrea id I walked alone back toward the

. ...

"But, Doctor ——"

By Lucille M. Bonaiuto

Behold the hypochondriac,
He of the ever-ailing back,
Eater of multicolored pills
Which never mitigate his ills;
Prepared for constant disappointment
In capsule, therapy and ointment,
Clearly relieved to be assured
That he may be helped, but never cured.

... ...

el. At the far end of the street a ng hunter's moon was setting over rough dark ridges. The thing that still in my ears, thinking of that on hanging over the California coast yonder across the continent, was the anny rustling silence of nearly a whole n rising to its feet in a church base-it. I remembered that silence more n the strangely hushed applause when last note of the song had died away, e than Andrea's gesture beckoning e to get up and stand beside her.

t an uneven place on the sidewalk, lrea's sleeve brushed mine and she , "I didn't know it would be like this, ."

Neither did I. I guess we've both id out a lot," I said.

n the corner ahead, under a dim-ning street light, we saw for a moment e people walking on the fallen leaves. hardwareman and his wife, and e. The woman touched Rufe's arm said something, and Rufe looked n at her to answer. I guess it was the time in years that a decent woman walked at his side in friendship.

nd, for a moment, I thought of the c ahead, and I quietly wished that I d be here to see the faces of the town n the first great orchestral chords ed the picture on the screen of the rside Theater, across the street from otel. About seventy minutes through picture, and the screen would dis-slowly into the scene where Andrea, e in twilight, sings that song. A deeply shadowed scene, and Andrea would have sung it on a sound stage with a full studio orchestra out of sight off the set. After that, my crew and I would have done our switching of our sound tracks—putting in the song as Andrea had sung it this autumn night. I wanted to see the faces of the town when they heard that lonely guitar again.

"What did you mean, Jake? That you've found out a lot too?"

"Well, about you. I've watched you here in this town. For what you are. Beyond Broadway. Beyond the sound stages."

"I've seen you, too, Jake. Beyond Broadway. But just what are you trying to say now?"

I looked at her quickly. She didn't turn her face. For that minute, I had only her profile to guess by.

"I know I muffed my lines when I asked you to marry me," I said. "I've chewed out good actors for less. And made them do their lines over again."

"And I muffed my answers, I think. May I do mine over again? Because this time I know you mean it."

A while later, walking up the creaky stairs of the hotel, I said, "I'll have to tell Al. We wouldn't want him to hear it from somebody else. I'll tell him we're going to be married as soon as we get back to the Coast."

"No," Andrea said. "I think I'd like for us to be married here. In that church. How about Monday?"

The night clerk was watching us from below, so all I could say for the next few steps was "Well, I'd better tell Al right away."

In my room, waiting for Al's home phone across the continent to ring, I watched Andrea, leaning in the open doorway. And she was watching my still-startled face, with her mouth forming a slow smile.

"So you don't really know much about women, after all," she said protectingly. "But that's all right, dear. Just give me time."

When Al sleepily picked up his bedside phone, I told him hurriedly and he said, "Fine. I'll be there. I'll catch a plane this morning."

He took a minute to think something over, then went on: "I told you it was a smash idea, boy. What a picture! Think of it, Jake! Just think of it! That little town among the hills is swept up into big time. Because a girl named Meg had to beat it out of there in tragedy and scandal, and because another girl came back."

I swallowed once, and found my voice. "What?"

I heard Al give a low, uncertain laugh before he said, "Sure, Jake. I know all about Meg. I knew it all along. The guy I sent to scout the town photographically came home here with the whole story. But I didn't dare tell you and Andrea. . . . Now be still, Jake! I knew she is an artist, and it wouldn't make any difference. I knew she would come through. And that you would, too, Jake. I said I wanted this picture authentic. And the rushes I've seen, from the cans flown out here, are the beginning of a real American classic, son, and a great—woman."

"Al," I said, "I'm going to ——"

"No, all you're going to do is explain to Andrea that I wasn't really a heel to send her there. Because there's another thing," Al said slowly. "Jake, she was bound to find out anyway, sooner or later. Better for her to find it out with your protection, and mine. I'll be seeing you, Jake."

I put the phone down softly and turned to Andrea. Al's office—dreamlike.

"What is it?" Andrea asked.

"I'll tell you in the morning," I said. "After breakfast." THE END

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Orphan Pup (Continued from Page 37)

had made the noise. It was a pup of some sort, with a funny-shaped head and dark fur, and the most appealing blue eyes I had ever seen. I tried to pick it up, but the little thing was frightened and ran off a little way. I kept clicking my tongue and whistling and calling, but it would just crouch with its nostrils twitching wildly and run when I approached.

Finally I outran it and picked it up. I sat down in the grass and put the pup between my legs and stroked it until its growls subsided, trying to figure the thing out. I knew that some people just turned dogs loose in the woods to die, and this idea was foremost in my mind. The pup shook itself and looked around, and finally tried the edibility of my pants leg. I teased it with my book strap and it was delighted, stalking the strap with narrowed eyes and fat belly close to the ground.

The fact that the animal was a wolf came to me like a faceful of cold spring water. I had been looking at it from the standpoint of a dog, and suddenly the pointed ears, furred on the inside, the large feet, the dark, solid-colored fur and the blue eyes all added up to one thing. The woods became strange about me, and even the light changed in some subtle way, so that I remember looking about me with an odd, prickly feeling, as if I expected to see a dark, sinister shape slinking among the trees. But there was nothing. The birds sang in the redbuds, and a woodpecker drummed fretfully at a dead sycamore.

I can still feel a part of the confusion I felt then, when I think of it. I know I got to my feet and the pup shrank back from my height. I backed up a few steps and it whined again, deep in its stomach, sharing my confusion. However, when I walked a little way, it trotted after me and whimpered, and I picked it up and stuck it in the neck of my sweater. I picked up my books carefully, so that I wouldn't scare it, and started home.

It was an odd feeling that the wolf pup gave me, one I can't even explain now. I only know that it was wild and so was I.

Mine was a lonely wildness, like the forest hollows in January when the ice glistens and the woods are frozen and silent. I was an orphan, and had been ever since I was five years old, when both of my parents were killed in an automobile accident. I suppose I would have been a lonely, overly sensitive child anyway, but the horror of the accident and its consequences were so firmly impressed upon me that I retreated completely into an unemotional shell, and rejected everything that might draw me out.

Carl and Bea, my foster parents, took me immediately, and, like most childless couples, gave me all of the heartfelt love and sympathy such people have stored up. I, in turn, loved them, and I think they always realized it, although I never said much outwardly to prove it. They did everything I think could be possible to make up for the thing that had happened to my childhood, but there just wasn't any way to push me into a world I resented and feared. I suppose, from what they have said, that I was a little owl of a boy at six, shy, lonely, and afraid completely confused at the events I had gone through.

I do know myself, however, that I began to discover the woods when I was ten and I found in them some of the solace needed. I would play for hours in little grassy clearings where my only companions were the sun and a host of woodland birds.

I loved the scent of wild violets and mint, and the dark pools in the deeper hollows of the woods where I sailed my boats of autumn leaves. School didn't change me much. I walked the three miles to school through the woods, even after they changed the school bus route to run only a quarter of a mile from the farm.

I loaded my lunch pail with frogs and garter snakes when I was small, and when Carl let me have a gun, I carried it to school, hiding it in a hollow tree before I went into the school yard.

It would be hard to say what my teachers thought in those days, because I remember being quiet, and hard to draw out, and I would let no one, even Bea, invade the privacy of my mind.

The farm life I loved then, and still do. The boy hours spent knee-deep in a gravelly riffle catching minnows, tramping the woods or lying, reflective, on a haystack to watch cannon puffs of August clouds chase across the sky—all these things were part of the little, secret nest of happiness in which my mind curled up on stormy nights when the April rain thundered against the roof above my bed.

As I grew older, though, my feelings about civilization were upsetting to Carl and Bea, who were community-minded farm people. I hated to go to town on Saturdays—a thing unheard of in a farm boy. I had no enthusiasm for movies, which mostly depicted a violent and aggressive world, and invaded my mental privacy, and in a dozen other ways I contracted my poor foster mother, who was designed by nature to raise a boy of normal inclinations.

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There was actually so little that she and Carl could give me of the things they thought I needed that they couldn't deny me my independence, and at sixteen, normally a noisy and exuberant age, I was a polite, backward, soft-spoken boy, as lean and solitary as a swamp crane.

I don't suppose that I had ever been much excited about anything, except the first morning when frost whitened the fields, and the high, wild honking of geese when autumn came, or the first good tracking snow in the woods. The excitement I felt, however, on that afternoon when I headed home with the wolf cub in my sweater, I can still feel today in recollecting it.

The sun was red in the west and the cows were lowing down at the barn when I got home. All the way I had been preparing what I would say when I got there, but somehow, when Carl and Bea had come to my urgent summons, I could think of no words to say to make them look at the little ball of wildness from my point of view.

In the end, I simply handed the tousled cub to Bea. "It's a wolf," I said. "I found him down in the woods toward Troublesome Holler."

My foster mother cuddled the frightened cub in her careful hands and stroked it between the eyes. It was a baby of sorts, wolf or otherwise, and babies were her failing. I could see by her eyes that I had one person to persuade instead of two, and I turned the full fervor of my desire into eloquence on behalf of the cub.

Carl had seen too many of the lean, rough-coated killers that are wolves to be much impressed with the innocent appearance of a young one, and he was too much a farmer to forget how many of his geese and turkeys had fallen to its ancestors. He took the cub from my mother, and scratched its diminutive chops doubtfully while he looked from it to me. I explained that I would singlehandedly feed, watch and be responsible for the animal as long as I lived, and that he would never know it was on the place.

Carl, of course, knew better, but he was at a disadvantage in holding to reason. He was a big, generous man, and I know now that it always graveled him inwardly that he could give me so little that I wanted. If he had had a normal child, he would have spoiled him beyond reason.

He looked at me quizzically, but his eyes were kind. "Well," he finally grunted, "the neighbors will think that I've gone plumb crazy, but I guess you can keep it. Mind you keep it away from the chickens, though!" he added, as I gathered up the cub to leave, in great fear that he might think better of his decision.

I nodded rapidly and turned to Bea.

"His name's Lonesome," I told her, and then I fled to the barn to chain him up while I did my chores, which I did with such vigor that the cows were stripped and the horses nearly foundered, and the wood box groaned under the unprecedented load of stovewood that I piled in it.

I think that no one but myself understood why I had named him Lonesome. The name reminded me of the way he looked when I first found him, and I guess it carried a little of the feeling of the wild that the cub represented to me.

Lonesomeness was a dark, musical spring feeding a secret hollow in the woods; a crane, patient and solitary in autumn marshes; the cry of wild geese in the night. And in a way it was my own quiet pattern of life, of which the wolf was a symbol to me.

In his first nights at the farm, Lonesome slept with me, nibbling at my toes deep in the warm cavern of the covers or curled as close to me as he could get. In the early mornings, when the little birds would be cheeping the dawn into being out in the woods, he would whimper softly and run to and fro, listening for something that was gone. He could not be housebroken despite my every effort short of whipping. I couldn't whip him when I wanted so badly to have his confidence, and I don't think it would have taught him anything. I wanted to keep him in the house, however, until he got used to the strange noises and smells of humans, and I faithfully cleaned up after him so that Bea would have no reason for disliking him.

For the first few weeks Lonesome was shy, suspicious and nervous. When a door slammed or something was dropped, he would shrink together like a mouse that hears the voice of an owl, and always he ran to me for protection.

It was painful to both of us when I left for school in the morning, and the day was only bearable for me because of the wonderful excitement of anticipation that started in after the noon recess and built up all afternoon, until at last I could break away from my schoolmates and run all of the long way home.

I told no one at school about the wolf. As proud and knowing as I felt about him, it still would have been necessary in the telling to share a small part of my feelings with the teachers and my classmates—to give them a piece of my happiness—and, as yet, I couldn't share Lonesome with anyone. I had no close friend to tell and, because of my uncomfortable shyness, was unable to bring myself to making a friend for that purpose. My schoolmates seemed boisterous and silly to me, engrossed in a fantastic world of girls, basketball games and comic books, unable to tell a deer track from a hog's, and unworried about this amazing fact.

But soon school was out and I was able to solve the problem of sharing Lonesome by having no one to share him with. I was less alone with the cub than I had been among my high-school class, I felt, and I spent all my energy in devising things I could do for him.

I bought him a forty-foot chain and drove a post in the back yard, and Carl, to show me his interest, erected a twenty-by-twenty-foot pen around it. I played with him so much, leading him around

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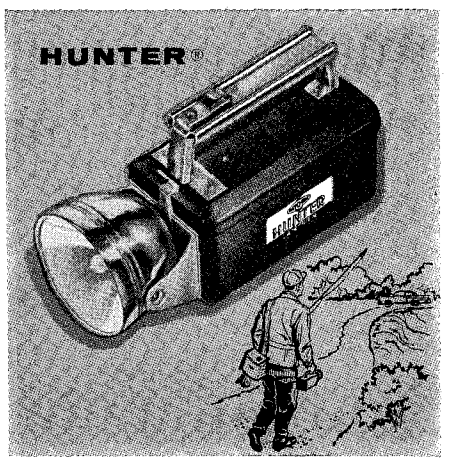

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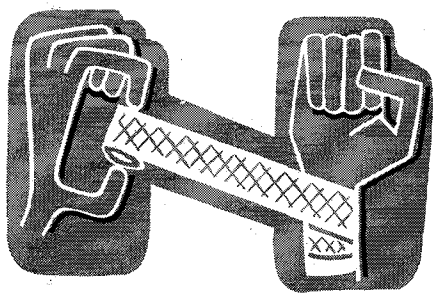

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the fields and down to the barn to hunt mice, that he never lacked exercise, and never paced his pen, like most wild things.

But the wolf was wild. It showed in his eyes as he grew, the way it shows in the eyes of a hawk. He would lie, motionless as a gray rock, watching the chickens as they scratched in the grass of the yard around his pen. He soon found that if he left a portion of his food uneaten, the birds would come into the pen to eat it, and it was fearful to watch him wait, long after a cat would have lost patience, to let a bird walk near enough to his still form so that he could be sure of it.

He played like a pup, but yet always with a subtle difference. He chewed on gloves and slippers, and chased moths that got through the screens; puplike, he cocked his head at every unfamiliar noise. But unlike a dog, he hid or buried everything he chewed, and with the saving knowledge of his ancestors, always interred everything he couldn't eat at one meal, although I always fed him enough for two pups his size twice a day.

When he caught an insect, he always swallowed it with great relish, as a hunter who has earned his game, and he always stalked the sounds he heard until he was sure what made them.

As the spring turned to summer and summer chilled with fall, Lonesome grew a powerful, lean body to match his long head, and his eyes turned from blue to gray, and then to that clear amber I shall always remember. They were a hunter's eyes, fierce and hypnotic. The dark fur faded to a neutral gray, splotched with dark guard hairs on his back and shoulders, and his blunt, kittenish muzzle lengthened and grew powerful, until he could take a hambone between his great back teeth and splinter it into shards with a few crunches.

He would come at my whistle, but that was the only thing I was able to teach him. Most dogs learn with food, but food was always desperate business with Lonesome, despite its abundance, and his discomfort was evident if anyone stayed near him when he was fed. He put up with Carl and was devoted to Bea, who gave him a lot of petting, but I think the feeling he had for me was the closest to love that a wild thing can feel, and I, in turn, made him a substitute for all the love I had felt and never known.

By November of that year Lonesome was as big as a shepherd dog, with great feet and a fast-thickening winter ruff at his jowls. I built him a doghouse of epic proportions and a variety of materials, which he completely ignored, except to lie in the lee of it when the wind was in the north.

In the mornings I would look out my window to see him curled up like a gray doughnut with a white icing of frost, a little plume of steam showing where his long nose was tucked. The restraining chain wore a path in the wolf's neck fur as the months passed, and somehow it had a shameful look to me, as if I had banded an eagle.

One winter night he howled for the first time, and the sound was lonely, a desolate, frightening thing that made me sit up in bed with goose flesh pimpling my arms. Awesome to hear from a distant hill, it was a thousand times more potent from the darkness of the yard, for it made an issue of life and death, and brought the insistence of instinct echoing into the night-filled hallways of the house. I think I was aware, too, that the wolf was undergoing some timeless change in which I wasn't included, and the full meaning of what I had done in bringing him home began to come to me in all its enormity.

That year, the last year of high school, began, however, to effect changes in my own life that overshadowed Lonesome for a while. Late, and with difficulty, I began to grow up. I met a girl and began to attend social gatherings. I slicked my hair down and bought my first suit, and my steel traps began to rust where they hung in the barn, for I had too much to do to keep them set. I began to take a real interest in the world which went on outside the quiet farm, and to study seriously. A great loneliness in my soul was being pushed away, and the warmth of human companionship, the knowledge that people liked me, began to crack the shell I had built about myself in my childhood. I drove the car to school, became a 4-H Clubber and brought girls home to see the farm.

I still kept a corner of myself for Lonesome, though. I am sure that Lonesome got me through the difficult time of my changing years. Into him I poured all the feeling I had had for the wild things, the companions of my childhood. He had been the recipient of my secret thoughts, my friend who for a little time helped me bridge the fearful gap between self-sufficiency and self-love. He absorbed my wildness and became that part of me that sought the lonely solace of the woods to escape the realities I feared. Only before Lonesome could I pour out my innermost thoughts about my dead parents and the world they had left me in, and once told, those thoughts had hurt and worried me no longer, and I could think of other things.

During that last school year, Lonesome and I would go each morning for a run in the fields. He was nearly grown now, with a rug-thick pelt and incredible muscles. Lean and darkly feathered, his legs lifted him in effortless jumps of ten feet or more when he ran, and when he started a rabbit, I would release the chain and let him catch it to keep my arm from being wrenched out of joint. I don't think, in retrospect, that either of us ever knew more joyful times than those early-morning runs when the snow lay smooth and bright on the hay field and the cold air carried our breath in clouds.

The time flew, and one day, entering the yard from school, I saw the green spikes of daffodils around the gate, and realized with a start that spring was almost there. For many weeks I had been wrestling with the problem of what I would do when school was out; not just that, but over. At school all the talk was of college, and although a lot of my friends weren't going, I found that I had a great desire to learn more; to reward in some way these two people who had given part of their lives to raising me, and for whom I had never been able to do anything that I could see.

That they wanted to do things for me I couldn't doubt, for I don't believe that any natural parents tried harder to give a child a set of worth-while values than Carl and Bea did. But Carl had worked hard for his security, and I had no intention of asking him to send me to college.

As it happened, however, I didn't spend long wondering how to manage the problem. That same evening at supper I could see by my foster father's open face that he had something on his mind.

"Randy," he said abruptly, while Bea cleared up the dishes, "I've been thinkin' a lot lately about your dad." He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "Your dad was a smart man," he continued, "with a good education, and he planned for you to go to college, come time for it. Your ma and I, we want you to go too."

Carl toyed with his fork and looked at me with a little apprehension and continued, "That is, if you're a mind to."

I looked for a moment at the kind face of this man who had been a father to me

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for twelve years, at his rough hands and the worn bib overalls. Bea suspended a plate in the kitchen, waiting.

"I've thought about going, dad," I said finally, "but I thought I'd try to find work first so that I could pay for my board and tuition. That way, it wouldn't run you and mom short."

Carl understood me. "Money doesn't enter into it," he said quickly and with some relief. "Your dad had enough insurance to send you, and the money's put away for you. But your ma and I—that is, I mean, Bea and I—we'd like to send you. It wouldn't put us out any. We want to."

And thus it was settled. I graduated, and my folks sat in the audience and clapped without a dry eye between them, and I was proud, but not just for me. I made my application for the university at Farmington, for courses preparatory to a major in wildlife, and settled down to work all summer on the farm. It was a least a trapper, who wanted the wolf for an honest reason—to train his wolf dogs to fight.

After I had told him no, like the rest, and stood watching his old truck rattle off, leaving a yellow dust that blew against my face, I saw at last what I would have to do, and for the first time in weeks I felt at ease with myself. For Lonesome, freedom would probably mean death, for I had taken his only protection from him. He had known only humans, and wouldn't know that he must fear them. But death is sometimes a small thing, and wild things live with it always. Lonesome had died a little, like everything that lives, every day he existed.

That evening in my life is very clear to me now, and I recall every moment of it—the smell of blooming althea in the yard, and the lilting monotony of a whip-poorwill from somewhere, the cool breeze that whispered in the orchard as I went out to the wolf's enclosure. Lonesome rose fluidly at my coming, and swayed his thick brush in just the suggestion of a wag. I squatted beside him, leaning my back against the thick post, and I ran my hand over his coat while he regarded me with deep, mild eyes which reflected the rising moon. The smell of fresh-cut hay drifted from the meadow, and over on the hill an owl took silent, breathless flight to look for mice in the windrows. The moon rose, tremendous and yellow, flooding the warm hills with its light, and the lightning bugs flashed against the dark shadows of the woods.

I unsnapped Lonesome's chain and let him lead me from the yard. We followed the silver curve of the meadow, the wolf hunting erratically, moving boltlike to catch a mouse, listening to sounds I couldn't hear while I waited. We moved on and entered the woods, where tendrils of moonlight and shadow lay entangled on the forest floor and the sweet odors of moss and fern permeated the night. We walked for miles, Lonesome eager and excited at this new hunting, investigating every new smell. We walked until there were no sounds of the farm except the chirping crickets.

I was almost surprised to find myself climbing the ragged ridge of Troublesome Hollow; I had lost all track of time or distance in the magic of that summer night. We stopped, Lonesome and I, on a pine-strewn crest and listened to the quiet woodland spring that trickled somewhere below us. I sat down, and the wolf turned to look at me, his nose twitching in a silent analysis of the night scents. The moon peeped through the pines, and down the hollow I heard a screech owl laugh cruelly at a mouse.

I don't know how long I sat there. I scratched the wolf's jowls and ran my hand over his lean muzzle and between his eyes, feeling the wildness, the life spirit pulsing beneath my hand.

I think I talked to him a long time, and I'm sure he listened, for he looked at me the whole time.

"I borrowed you, Lonesome, and I needed you," I said finally, "and if I've done wrong, at least I loved you." I unsnapped his chain.

I waited, leaning against the fragrant bole of the tall pine long after he had gone, and then without willing my voice to speak, I heard myself say, "Good-by, Lonesome." In my mind I could see the wolf, head turned back, his amber eyes questioning, and then I thought I heard a short, plaintive whine, almost like the whimper I had heard the day I found the dark bundle of wildness under the cedar tree, and then silence.

I walked the long way home slowly, and never once did I look behind me.

THE END

Profit and Loss

By Norma Smith

One pink azalea in an
earthen pot
You bring on Mother's
Day, child, knowing not
The books already balance
to your credit,
For every hour that I've
known motherhood
Has held within it less of
ill than good.
Or, if we must turn back
the page to debit,
This red-inked column,
long as it may be
With worry, sickness,
pettinesses too,
And unremembered items
charged to you,
Will never total half your
gifts to me.

od summer and a good life. The corn routed, thickened and shot toward the y, and the sun ripened it, and the bob-ite called from the multiflora hedge in e evenings as I brought the cows down milk in the barn lot. The summer grew d, and young mice squeaked in the thick alfa, and the corn leaves rustled dryly the August wind.

There was, of course, only one thing at dimmed my anticipation for college—nesome. There was no real affection in e wolf's heart for anyone but me, and ly I could take him out in the meadows the early morning for a run, letting him e his caged muscles for a little space of edom.

Bea knew how I felt, and she promised it she would care for Lonesome, but I ew in my heart that no one would or uld care for him as I had, for they ren't me, and his days would be a list-s eternity of waiting, chained to a sty post, for the bright hours of my cations. I knew, now, that I had done a fish and thoughtless thing in keeping n, for I had robbed him of what was , and given him only a handicap in re-n, and the terrible chain of ownership. Carl suggested that I sell him, and I did an ad in the county weekly, but I was gusted with the people who wanted n—one for a plaything, another for a elty to lead in the streets. I disliked

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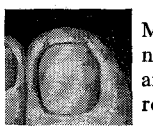

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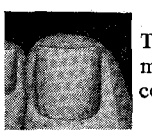

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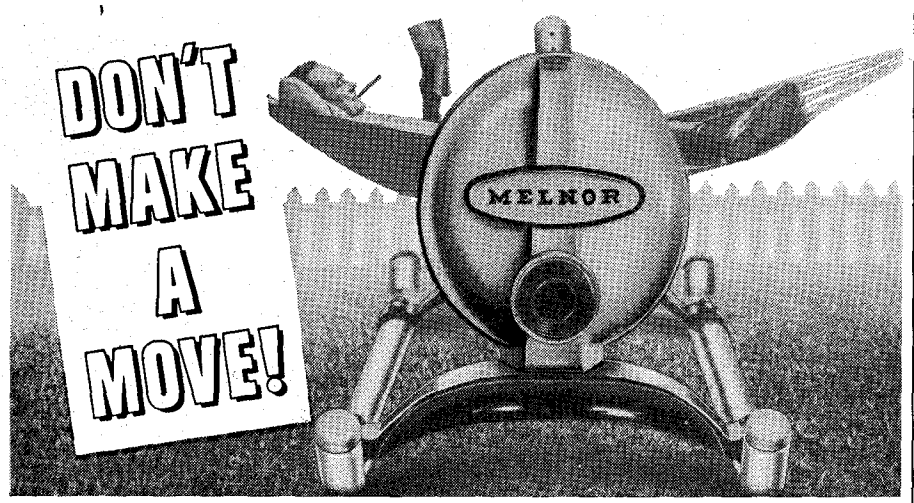

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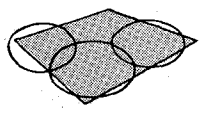

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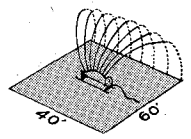

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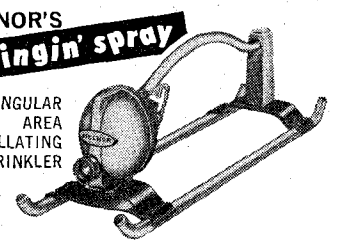

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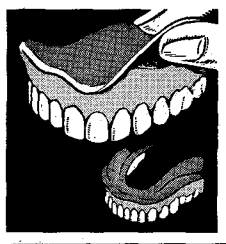

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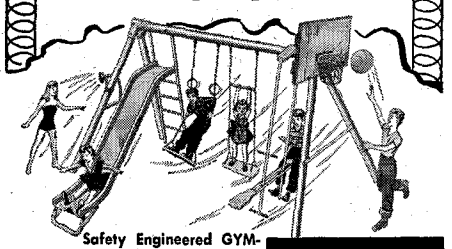

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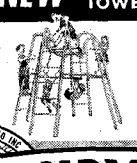

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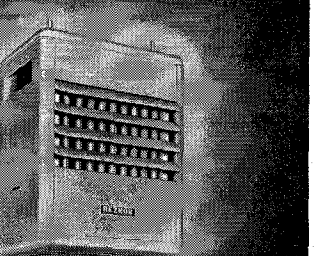

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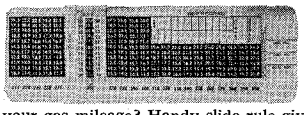

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My Life in Bellevue (Continued from Page 36)

that very few hospital patients feel they cannot benefit in some way from a minister's presence. Those who protest loudly that they want no religious solace are often the ones who desire it the most.

A Protestant was admitted recently—a fifty-five-year-old man who had suffered a heart attack. He was put on the critical list and the chaplain's office was notified. When the chaplain reached his bedside, he was met with bored hostility. The chaplain asked if there was anything he could do to make the patient more comfortable.

"No." The man gazed bleakly at the ceiling.

"Would you like me to pray with you?"

"No."

Then the chaplain became conscious of a high-pitched dispute being carried on just outside the doorway. Two young women were arguing.

"You live in New York. Why can't you come to see him regularly?" asked one of the voices.

"It's more expensive for me to get a baby sitter and come down from the Bronx than it is for you to come in from Philadelphia," the other voice complained.

It was clear that they were the stricken man's daughters, both unwilling to take the time to visit their father in the hospital. And he was overhearing the dispute.

The chaplain did not feel that he could intrude on this family squabble. He quietly adjusted the patient's pillow, and held his glass while he drank from a straw. Then the chaplain said that he thought he'd be going along, since there was nothing the patient wanted him to do.

"Do you have anything more important to do now than to be here with me?" the patient asked abruptly.

"No, of course not," the minister said. He realized that while the man was spurning religious prayers, he felt an urgent need for consolation. His daughters were slighting him; the chaplain could help by showing that someone cared.

He pulled up a chair. The man reached out for his hand, and the chaplain grasped it, feeling it tremble. For fifteen minutes the chaplain sat this way, neither he nor the patient speaking. Gradually the patient's hand relaxed, and at length he fell asleep.

The man died early the following day. He had asked, in his own way, for the love he wanted. He received it from the chaplain. It was not a formal ministration, but it served a deep need which perhaps only a religious person could have understood and supplied.

Patients at Bellevue, like people everywhere, are in various states of reconciliation with their own religion. If a patient were to see his chaplain only when he sent for him, many people might suffer. The patient may be too sick to call a clergyman—in most cases, he is. Or he may feel that it is an imposition on the chaplain, or he may be indifferent at the moment, not thinking of his spiritual condition, but of physical pain. Yet many people are only too glad to see the chaplain and settle difficulties that may have been troubling them for years.

Since 60 per cent of Bellevue's patients are Catholic, we have five priests working here full time. We also have four Protestant and four Jewish chaplains. Whenever a patient indicates his belief in an uncommon religion—whether he be a Buddhist, a follower of Confucius or a Moslem—Bellevue sends out for a pastor of his faith. We keep a list of representatives of all religions who can be summoned from the New York area.

I have known many people, lifelong agnostics or atheists, who have become very receptive to the teachings of the church when they came under the shadow of death. As I write this, we have in the hospital a woman in her fifties who has had an operation for the removal of an arthritic hip joint. Eventually she will be given a plastic joint, but convalescence and rehabilitation will be long and painful. The woman was visited by a Protestant chaplain soon after her admission to Bellevue. She told him that she had been brought up in a religious household, but had lost interest in religion since adolescence.

Three years earlier she had attempted suicide while in a state of depression over her health. She told the chaplain that her psychoanalyst was paying her a weekly visit at Bellevue. Psychoanalysis had helped her to face many of her emotional problems, she said, but it had not provided her with a new outlook on life. She felt she was now ready for religious guidance, and she asked the chaplain for formal instruction. The pastoral relationship sustained over a period of six months, has resulted in the patient's desire to be received into the Episcopal church as soon as she leaves Bellevue.

Religion at Bellevue is more than a commodity dispensed to patients. Doctors and nurses in daily contact with suffering and death need the support of faith as much as any other group of people. The Catholic chapel, for example, has a special mass at midnight on Saturday just for the Bellevue staff. I attend whenever an emergency keeps me on late duty at the hospital.

Our Catholic choir, made up of doctors, nurses and attendants, may borrow a couple of Protestants with the required vocal timbre, or vice versa. The Jewish chaplains make their synagogue available for periodic entertainment programs for patients of all faiths.

A touching instance of faith and tolerance took place recently on one of the women's medical wards. There was an elderly Jewish patient there with a severe heart condition and diabetes. Her neighbor in the next bed, a middle-aged woman who had an undiagnosed illness, was in the habit of visiting the Catholic chapel every day. On the day that the Jewish woman was placed on the critical list, her neighbor made the daily trip to Chapel Hall. On her return, she stopped at the Jewish woman's bedside.

"I dropped into the synagogue today and said a prayer for you," she said. She repeated these prayers for several days until she herself was diagnosed as a tuberculosis victim and confined to bed.

I believe that a doctor who practices religion practices better medicine. Even when medicine has done its utmost for the human body, there is still a spiritual factor that can be decisive in controlling our will to live or our ability to die in peace.

I had a private patient recently—a woman in her forties, who had a tumor of the spinal cord, and I had her admitted to Bellevue. An exploratory operation showed that the tumor could not be removed without killing the patient.

Inevitably, she became bedridden. Today she is completely paralyzed and in constant pain. Medicine can do nothing for her, beyond giving partial relief from pain, yet this woman must somehow find the strength to endure her life. Where does she turn for such strength, except to religion? I visit her from time to time, and when I last saw her, she asked, "How long do I go on?"

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I could only tell her, "You must not lose faith in yourself or God. Maybe He will help you." Obviously, that's not medicine. But the patient expects help of some kind from her doctor; in such a case, if the doctor has no faith, he can offer his patient nothing.

Take the call received by the Protestant chaplains' office not long ago. A forty-year-old man was about to undergo emergency chest surgery. He was in such a state of anxiety, almost bordering on shock, that the surgeons delayed the operation for ten minutes, while the chaplain tried to help the patient.

The man's mental state was such that at first he could not tell the clergyman his name. But a change soon came over him. He asked the chaplain to pray for him, reaching out both of his hands for those of the minister.

The chaplain prayed, in the patient's behalf, "Heavenly Father, Friend and Companion to me at all times, cause me to feel the comfort and strength of Thy presence in these moments. Help me to use my faith in Thy greatness, and my trust in Thy love, to gain the quietness and confidence I need here. Bless the anesthetist, the surgeons, the nurses with the sure command of their skills. Let me feel Thy completeness flowing round my incompleteness. And around my restlessness Thy rest; through my strong and living Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen."

The patient's response was a visible release of tension and anxiety. He began to talk about himself, the history of his illness, his fears of death. When the nurse came to say that everything was ready, he smiled confidently, as though a Presence had come to join forces with him.

Another recent case in point concerned a woman cancer patient. She had undergone an exploratory operation the day before the chaplain's visit, and was about to undergo another, the first findings having been inconclusive. When the chaplain reached her bedside, the woman was pale and trembling.

"Oh, chaplain," she moaned, "don't let them take me to the operation. I just can't do it. Don't let anyone talk me into signing a release for another operation."

The chaplain realized that the operation must be urgently needed if the doctors had called for it so soon after the one before, but didn't argue the point. Instead, he asked, "Do you go to church? Do you have a religious faith of any kind?"

"Yes, I believe very strongly."

"Do you believe that God's power can come to people?"

"Yes, I believe that too. But I don't often have enough strength to ask for His power," she replied.

"But," said the chaplain, "you have reached out to me for help, and you and I together can reach out for God's strength."

Holding her hands in his, he prayed aloud that God's strength and healing power pour into her. As the prayer drew to a close, the woman relaxed against her pillows.

"I can go to the operating room now," she murmured.

The chaplain called on her the next day. She told him that the prayer had sustained her as she was being wheeled into the operating room, and that she had felt a sense of serenity even upon awakening from the anesthesia.

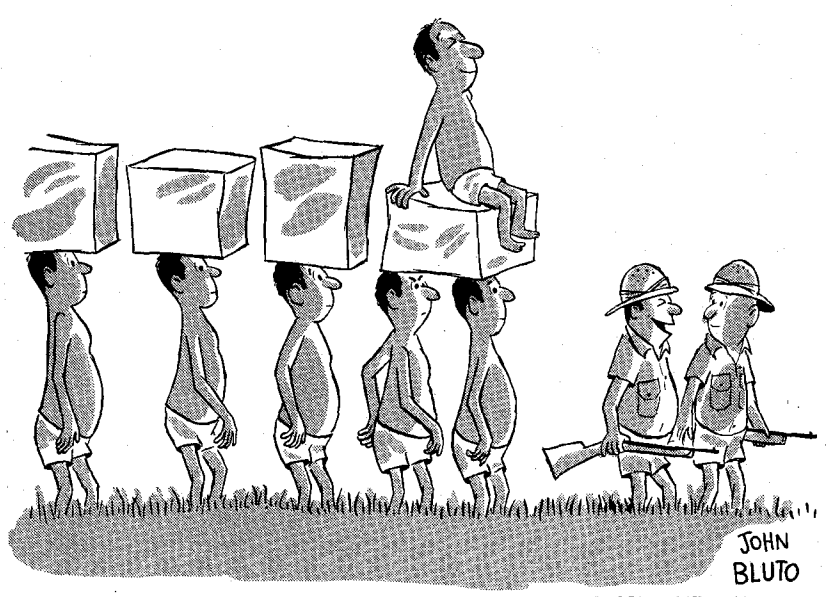
Each of the major faiths has a senior chaplain who co-ordinates the activities of his Bellevue chapel—Father Gerard McCarthy, of the Carmelite Order; the Rev. Armen D. Jorjorian, an Episcopalian; and Rabbi Henry A. Schorr. All three are erudite, gentle and quietly forceful. Rabbi Schorr has been with the hospital for almost thirty years, Father McCarthy has been here since 1949, and the Reverend Jorjorian came to us in 1953.

When the first Bellevue building went up at the hospital's present site, after the War of 1812, the structure was dedicated by the Rev. John Sanford. He became Bellevue's first chaplain, although he had no chapel in which to hold services. The first Protestant chapel was built at Bellevue in 1889, with funds donated by Mrs. Richard H. L. Townsend. Four years later, the first Catholic chapel was erected, a gift of Anne Leary, who was made a papal countess by Pope Leo XIII. The Jewish chaplains were active at the hospital for many years, but had no synagogue at Bellevue until 1940, when three modern chapels were constructed in the new administration building.

As the majority of our patients are Catholics, the chaplains of that faith are busiest. They make between 20,000 and 50,000 bedside calls annually, about 2000 for the purpose of administering extreme unction, and another 2000 for baptism. Baptism is also an important part of our Protestant chaplains' work. In addition to routine baptisms, they christen all babies born under five pounds—automatically placed on the critical list—if the parents so desire.

The spiritual growth of older children is provided for by chapel school programs. Children who have been confined to the wards for a long time look forward to Sunday-school class with eagerness.

Probably the most active period in a chaplain's schedule at Bellevue comes during the religious holidays, especially Christmas and Easter. On those days the



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Catholic and Protestant chapels are filled with nurses, doctors and patients. Many of the patients arrive on stretchers; the aisles of all the chapels were built especially wide to accommodate them.

On the high Jewish holidays, the synagogue is the scene of impressive ceremonies. Down the hall from the chapels is a large conference room that becomes the site of a massive Seder on Passover. A huge table running the length of the room is laden with traditional dishes, and a rabbi conducts the service for patients and staff.

In addition to such duties, the Jewish and Protestant clergymen conduct clinical pastoral-training programs at Bellevue. (The Catholic priests receive equivalent indoctrination as part of their seminary training.) The Protestants initiated this program at Bellevue in 1940, and in 1947 the Jewish chaplains followed suit. The idea is to give theological students a chance to have pastoral relationships with hospital patients, to prepare them for work in institutions or simply to broaden their understanding of human situations as they will arise in their parishes. Chaplain training is given in about twenty other hospitals in this country. The first program was started thirty years ago at the State Hospital for the Insane in Worcester, Massachusetts, by a minister named Anton Boisen, who is today chaplain emeritus at the Elgin State Hospital in Illinois.

At Bellevue, the Reverend Jorjorian is in charge of the training program for Protestants. During their stay at the hospital, the chaplains in training spend their full time working on the chaplaincy staff. In addition to theological students, we also have in training ordained clergymen who have been working in their own parishes.

All the enrollees in this program wear white jackets with armbands that say "Chaplain-Intern." They make bedside calls and record their pastoral relationships in detail. At periodic intervals these recorded cases are discussed with the Reverend Jorjorian and the other Protestant chaplains, with a view toward determining how successful such a relationship has been. The chaplains in training are encouraged to ask themselves: "When the particular need of this patient becomes obvious to me, how do I react to it? Do I want to run away from it or sidestep it, or do I want to meet it squarely and attempt to minister to it?"

A couple of years ago the Protestant group had a clinical enrollee who had been a successful pastor for twelve years. He had run good programs and built up his churches. But people were coming to him with problems he felt ill-equipped to handle—deep emotional problems involving mental and physical health. Seeking special training, he came to Bellevue for a three-month period.

During his time here, the Reverend Jorjorian noticed that his recorded histories of pastoral relationships usually followed the same pattern: the patient would say, for example, "I'm afraid," and the pastor's perfunctory response would be, "There's nothing to be afraid of." And then the pastor would go away, believing that he had solved the patient's problems. When this fault was pointed out to the pastor, he worked to overcome his failing. He began to see that the things he thought were solved early in the relationship were not solved at all—that the patient still had the same problems. Little by little, the pastor was able to respond ever more fully.

The pastor went on to a mental hospital for another three months' training, and to a Federal detention headquarters for three months more, and then came back to Bellevue to round out a year. This time he impressed the Reverend Jorjorian with his ability to minister to the most difficult patients. He could be so patient and tolerant that the sick freely confided in him.

A novice in the field of hospital ministering has much to learn. For instance, there was the man whose foot had been amputated because of gangrene. Now he faced a second operation to remove part of his leg. A pastoral trainee asked the patient how he felt, then offered to pray with him. Immediately after the brief prayer, the minister left. A week later the man was scheduled for yet another operation, and this time a more experienced chaplain made the call. His attempt to greet the patient was cut off abruptly.

"You are a minister. You have come to pray. Pray!" the patient said.

Aware that the patient's feelings must have been previously ruffled, the clergyman asked, "Well, what would you like me to pray about?"

The patient at once grew responsive. He began to talk about himself, of the way life had dealt with him—in a foul manner, he felt—and how his happiness with his wife had been disrupted. What was there to pray about? Nothing was going to help, anyway. At the end of half an hour's conversation, minister and patient were able to join in a prayer that was really meaningful to the patient.

From time to time our pastoral students hear talks by Bellevue staff members regarding specific areas of medical knowledge. This is to give them an understanding of what the patient with a particular illness is going through. If a patient tells the chaplain, "I've had a heart attack," or "I've got arthritis," and the chaplain has no comprehension of the physical effect of the illness or how it is likely to warp the patient's emotions, the patient's response to the chaplain may be cool. This kind of understanding is particularly important with psychiatric patients.

The Jewish program of clinical pastoral training is set up along lines similar to the Protestant program. Rabbi I. Fred Hollander, associate Jewish chaplain, is in charge. Bellevue is currently the only institution which offers such training to Jewish theological students, and it was Rabbi Hollander who launched the program here, after taking his own training with the Protestant group. This interfaith co-operation is evident throughout the growing network of pastoral organizations in various institutions throughout the country. Rabbi Hollander, for example, was president, in 1954, of the American Prison Chaplains Association, which is comprised of 75 per cent Catholic priests, 15 per cent Protestant ministers and a handful of Jewish chaplains.

The Jewish trainee program at Bellevue has been built around the times in a person's life when a rabbi is likely to be sought for religious counsel: In sickness, in mourning, in courtship, in marriage, in middle age and in old age. Apart from this outline, the Jewish training follows pretty closely the practical applications of the Protestant.

Rabbi Hollander has a deep interest in psychiatric patients and does some of his best work with disturbed adolescents, who he feels have a great need of spiritual guidance. Recently, he followed the case of an eighteen-year-old girl I will call Linda, who was sent to the Psychiatric Pavilion through New York's Girls Term Court. This is a special court which has the power to detain any unmarried girl between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one whose parents swear out a warrant for her detention.

A girl who refuses to attend school, or who stays out late at night against her parents' wishes, or who exhibits other wayward tendencies, is often sent by the court to a shelter in Manhattan that is licensed by the city's Welfare Department and run by Catholic nuns. She stays there four weeks. During this time she undergoes psychiatric examinations through Bellevue's mental-hygiene clinic; or the girl may be committed to a psychiatric ward for a full-scale study, as in Linda's case. In the meantime, the court investigates the girl's home, to see if it is a fit place for her to live.

Linda was pregnant when she came to Bellevue. She had fallen in love with a shiftless boy, who shared her parents' conviction that he would not make a good husband. Linda knew she would not marry him, but she was overjoyed to be bearing his child. Her parents, respectable middle-class people, had taken desperate measures when they had failed to persuade Linda to live quietly until th baby's birth and then arrange for it adoption.

Linda at first refused to see the Bellevu rabbi.

"I don't want to be preached at and b told I did wrong," she complained to th nurse. "I'm not interested in religion, an preaching and prayers aren't going t help me."

She was surprised when the chaplai arrived and began asking casual questior in a sympathetic, uncensorious wa Rabbi Hollander holds the view that fo mal religious indoctrination is the last many steps, not the first, in dealing wit patients. He feels that religion involv much more than going to church and li tening to a sermon. He tries to show th patients he visits that religion calls f being gentle, kindly and respectful one's fellow humans. Making no effort censure, Rabbi Hollander gradually wo Linda's trust.

The psychiatrists, at the end of fo weeks, couldn't say whether Linda w psychotic; she was certainly a borderli case. Since her parents insisted that sh receive institutionalized care—Linda st refused to see the folly of wanting to ke her baby—she was sent to a state instit tion. The state hospital kept her for se eral months. They decided that Linda w a severe behavior problem, but not ps chotic. Within a few days of her relea Linda came to see Rabbi Hollander. found her greatly subdued and mo amenable to guidance. She had contact a foster-home agency, although she s wavered about giving up the child, wh was now almost due. She and the cha lain discussed her home situation, wh she felt had been in some respects an u happy one. She had felt a deep resentm of her parents. But recently her father h suffered a heart attack, and Linda w sorry for the hurt she had caused.

Linda wrung her hands and asked chaplain, "Why can't I keep the ba when I want to so much?"

He answered, "As a mother, you w to do what is best for your baby. Will be able to get the kind of help you n to raise it? Will you be able to give y baby the kind of emotional strengt needs?"

This sort of quiet, logical inq seemed to bear more weight with Li than her father's dictum, "Give up baby or get out."

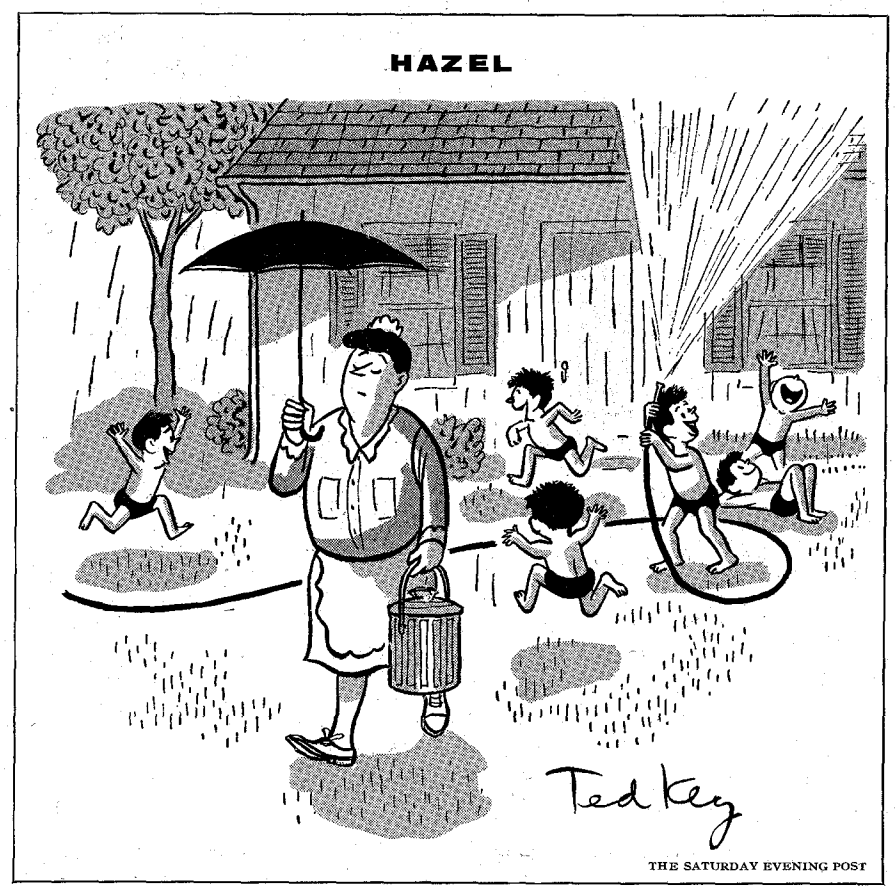
Finally, Linda capitulated. She d ered her baby in a private hospital, family bearing the expense. She placed child with an agency which found foster home. Having gained a new res for herself, she was able to examine parents' feelings with less fury and pity; she began to see qualities in t that she could respect and love, and could forgive their shortcomings.

A person's ability to respect hin and love others, tolerating their faul the basis of all religion. It's good m cine too. I am certainly not advoca that a doctor thrust his religious belie his patient, but he should recognize man and medicine have limitations. manner must convey his faith in the itual strength of his patient and his erance of human failings.

Even in the little rubs of family life principle of tolerance is important. cently, for instance, after a busy da the hospital, I found myself acting lik administrator in my own apartment. wife softly chided me. "Just a mi Bellevue is on Twenty-Sixth Street. happens to be Seventy-Fourth Street

The gentle way she put this qu brought my geography into focus.

Editors' Note—This is the five articles by Doctor



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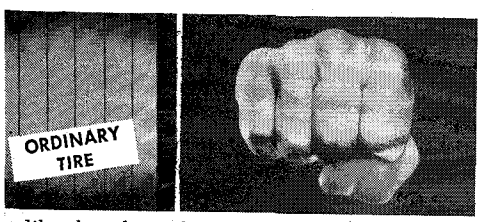

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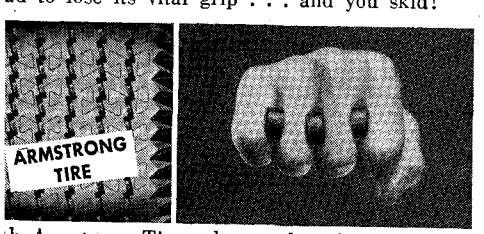

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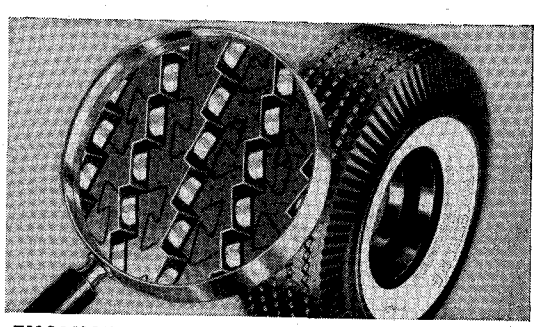

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PHILLIPS' TABLETS

Keeping Posted

Michael Foster Found a Home Town

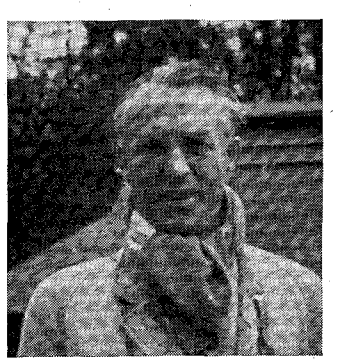
In 1949 Michael Foster, who had lived in many places, wrote Keeping Posted, "My wife, Jane, and I are wandering again, but we hope to find a home town. We believe we'll know it when we see it." Not long afterward, he reported that they had found it; between wanderings, they had returned to the same place four times, and now they would stay there—Reno, Nevada. He wrote, "We live on a steep hillside. We look out to the mountains—from the snow and blue timber of the High Sierra to the west, around the horizon toward the high desert peaks and ranges which are Nevada. It is a country of sunlight, and immense, clear distances, and history: it is a good place to seek the elusive adverb. Our morning coffee-talks in the sun, the days of work, evenings watching the shadows grow miles long across these hills—it's the life we have both always wanted to have."

Novelists Michael Foster and Jane Hardy always enjoyed their wanderings together, but it is good to think that for several years they were able to savor their home town in the high country. On March twenty-fifth Foster died in his home of a heart attack.

Although Mike Foster was only fifty-four, he had wrought long and successfully with his typewriter. His years of journalism led to an editorship with the Seattle Post Intelligencer; the finest of his novels was the highly successful American Dream; his motion-picture scripts included collaboration on Gone With the Wind; and many of his superlative short stories have graced the pages of the Post. On page 34 is a recent story by the author whose passing is so deeply regretted. And on this page is a picture which Mike sent to be used when the story came out.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Saw Communist China"



Robert Guillain begins a notable report from inside communism's Asiatic stronghold, telling how China, having for centuries imitated nobody, has really gone overboard in its Russification.

The Author and the Untamed Wolf

Let's start with the picture, which presents Mitchell Jayne, page 37, his family and, in Mrs. Jayne's arms, a wolf. The author, a country schoolteacher, explains that to augment his income he writes; is an announcer at the Salem, Missouri, radio station; hunts, fishes and traps in

the nearby woods; and paints pictures and sells same—see sample in the photo. "Confidentially," says the author, "it's a wonderful life." He fears the Jayne portrait may look a bit posed, wherein he is a bit right; but it was taken for a special reason, with nary a thought of it winding up here, and it is the only available family picture containing a wolf.

One evening while trapping, Jayne found a wolf den with five cubs, and brought home one, a docile and playful male. The cub grew up in the bosom of the family, slept with the children, played happily with them and the dogs. But he maintained a reserve of natural wildness, never making friends with anybody or thing outside the family. Jayne says, "He would play tug of war with the baby's diaper; then, if a neighbor came too near, bare a depressing set of teeth." Once when a friend of the author's tried to feed the wolf, those teeth clamped in a tentative but warning way on his leg. The friend did not sue Jayne, but he has scars to use for evidence if he ever changes his mind.

Eventually the Jaynes sadly but prudently gave their playmate to a wildlife refuge, where it was placed in a large enclosure. Later Jayne went to visit his pal, to see if he would still be friendly. His pal had escaped and vanished into the woods—wherefore Jayne composed his first Post story about another wolf that also did what came naturally.

No Use Stopping at a Milestone

Mr. and Mrs. Frank.

On page 32 abides this week a cl
who not only is interested in an amaz
number of different aspects of life,
writes about it—or them—whatever
word is. This multistoried man has c
posed Post pieces on crime, opera, b
ball (he's on that kick this week); on e
cation, movie stars, geriatrics, anc
scholarly essay on barbershop singi
also, on politics, show business, sociolc
tourists, and World War II campaign
"Please," says he, "no snide rema
about age and World War I." He
contributed "signers" with Marg
Truman about her singing career, v
General Vandenberg on the truth al
the Air Force, with Charley Dre
about why the Dodgers blew a pen
and wouldn't do it next time. And
various exposés of racketeering have
cluded one which caused Carl Sandl
to exclaim in a letter to editor Ben Hi
"That story is a classic, good as an Il
play!"

Let's burst right out and say tha
name is Stanley Frank. And also
break the news that good old Stan,
had his first article in the Post in
"when I was a mere child," is this v
having his 100th.

Well, well, and how does it feel to
centenarian? Frank groans, "I fee
morose as a bride—this experience,
getting married, may never ha
again. The thought of wrestling witl
next hundred leads is the most depre
thing that has happened to me in th
twenty minutes." He adds with a mi
lous switch to soaring happiness,
finished research on the next story an
material is great!" That's our boy.
tations to him on his bright past an
bright future.

Mountaineer's Triumph

Messrs. Harris, Spring, Hamil

With this photo, intrepid Andy H
ton, page 24, lays claim to having ca
the first copy of a Post to the very su
of Mt. Whitney. "To fortify the cl
says he, "make it the first copy
September 3, 1955."

Printed in

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Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796 –Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner.
1848–Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether. 1929 –Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

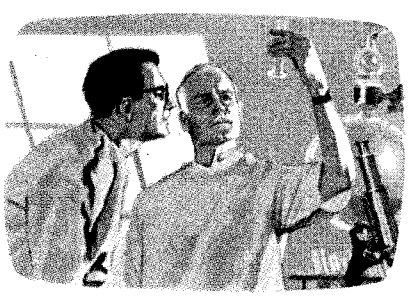
Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

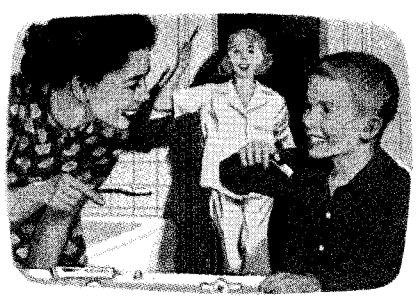
Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula—proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste

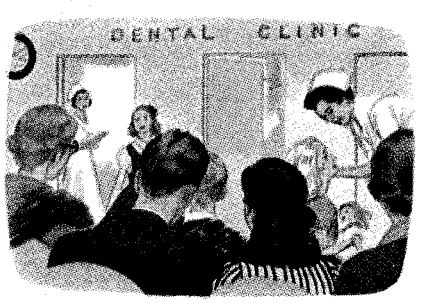
Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride – only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan* – the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Crest protects all permanent teeth, both of adults and of children, six years of age and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years on 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth themselves*...to actually *fortify* teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of brushing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of the teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE ***CREST!***

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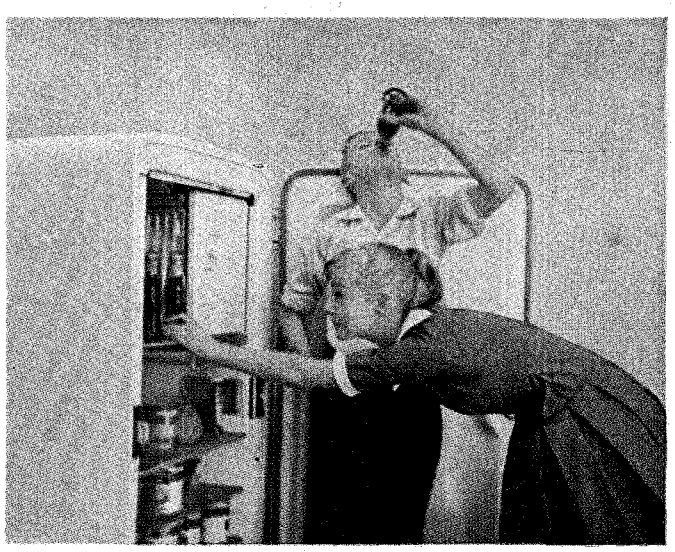
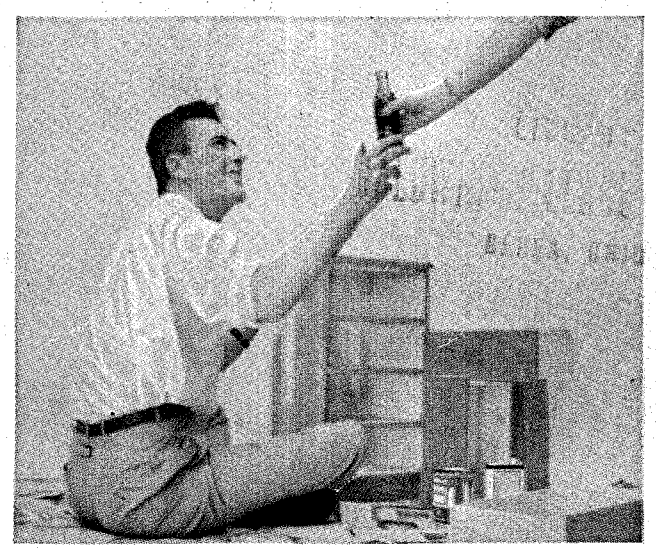
that Great Taste of Coke

It puts you at your sparkling best!



You taste the difference—There's real refreshment for you in Coca-Cola. Even the bubbles taste better. No wonder it's America's family fun drink.



You feel the difference—That bright little lift brings you back refreshed . . . puts you at your sparkling best. What better reward than a Coke!

They appreciate the difference—Watch y guests sit up and take notice when you serve ice- Coke. Serving Coca-Cola says you do things ri

Bring home the Coke toda

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